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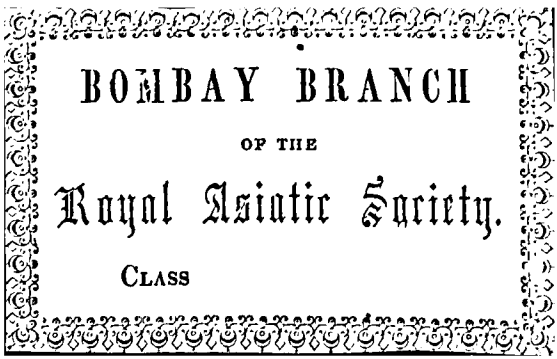

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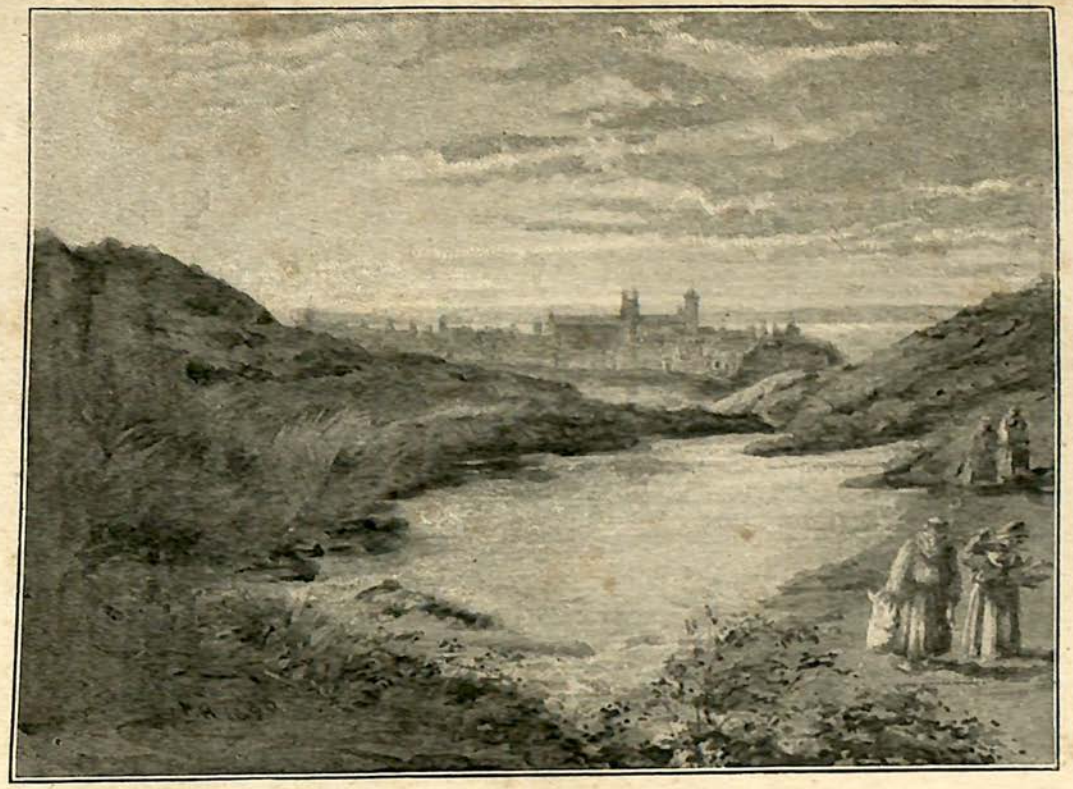

ST. ANDREWS BEFORE JOHN KNOX

ST ANDREWS

BY

ANDREW LANG

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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY T. HODGE

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TO

THE STUDENTS OF ST LEONARD'S HALL

1861—1863

TO THOSE WHO ARE
AND
TO THOSE WHO ARE NO LONGER
WITH US

PREFACE

In this little sketch of the History of St. Andrews, the Author has made scarcely any use of documents in MS. He understands that a history much more elaborate and learned is being written, and gladly leaves the department of manuscript to a far better qualified student. The history by Mr. Lyon has been used; other materials have been obtained from books and diaries, especially from the publications of the Bannatyne, Maitland, and Abbotsford Clubs, and from those of the Wodrow and Scottish Historical Societies.

The Author has to express his gratitude to the Librarians of the University Library of St. Andrews, Mr. Maitland Anderson, and Mr. Smith, who have not only aided him generally by their kindness and knowledge, but have read over his proof-sheets.

The object of the work is modest. The drawings

of Mr. Hodge[1] suggested the writing of the book. We try to present some pictures of the half-obliterated past. Very many persons yearly visit St. Andrews; of these some may care to know more of that venerable town than can be learned from assiduous application to golf. Old students, too, may like to have a memorial of their Alma Mater, and to glance at the part which Town and University have played in the history of the country. It is no mean part, for even after the days of the ancient Church, most of the Scottish actors in the Reformation and the civil broils of the seventeenth century were St. Andrews men. The later conditions of life have told hardly against the oldest, most beautiful, and most academic of Scottish Universities, but we have a great past, and we should not despair of the future.

In a certain way the history of St. Andrews is undeniably disappointing. It was the scene of great events; we know that the events occurred, but, as a rule, we do not, till after the Reformation, find any vivifying details. Wallace was here, and Bruce, and Edward I., and the Black Douglas. We know this,

[1] Queen Mary's chamber was drawn—Mr. Oliphant of Rossie, the owner of the house, kindly permitting it—by Miss Warrack.

and there our knowledge stops; the history of St. Andrews, for more than half its period, is destitute of colour and personal fact. These might, indeed, be invented in the picturesque hypothetical manner, but picturesque hypothesis is not history. Even in Queen Mary's time, the execution of Chastelard is recorded with no detail, except in the dubious narrative of Brantôme. In James Melville's Memoirs we first meet with pictures of persons and scenes, and Melville came after the glory had departed. Even the older prints of St. Andrews are later than the Reformation; in them the town is already a place of ruins. Often, when gazing at the broken towers from the High Hole, have I tried to catch the vision of them as they used to be: to place the spire of St. Leonard's, shown, as late as 1758, in the etching copied on page 312. Often have I striven to reconstruct the feudal and religious city of the past; have tried, and have failed. History, as Mr. Louis Stevenson says, broods over St. Andrews like an easterly 'haar,' grey and cold and blinding, a curtain of mist.

God

975 .?733

Lam/ St. A

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ST. ANDREWS

CHAPTER I.

THE BEGINNINGS

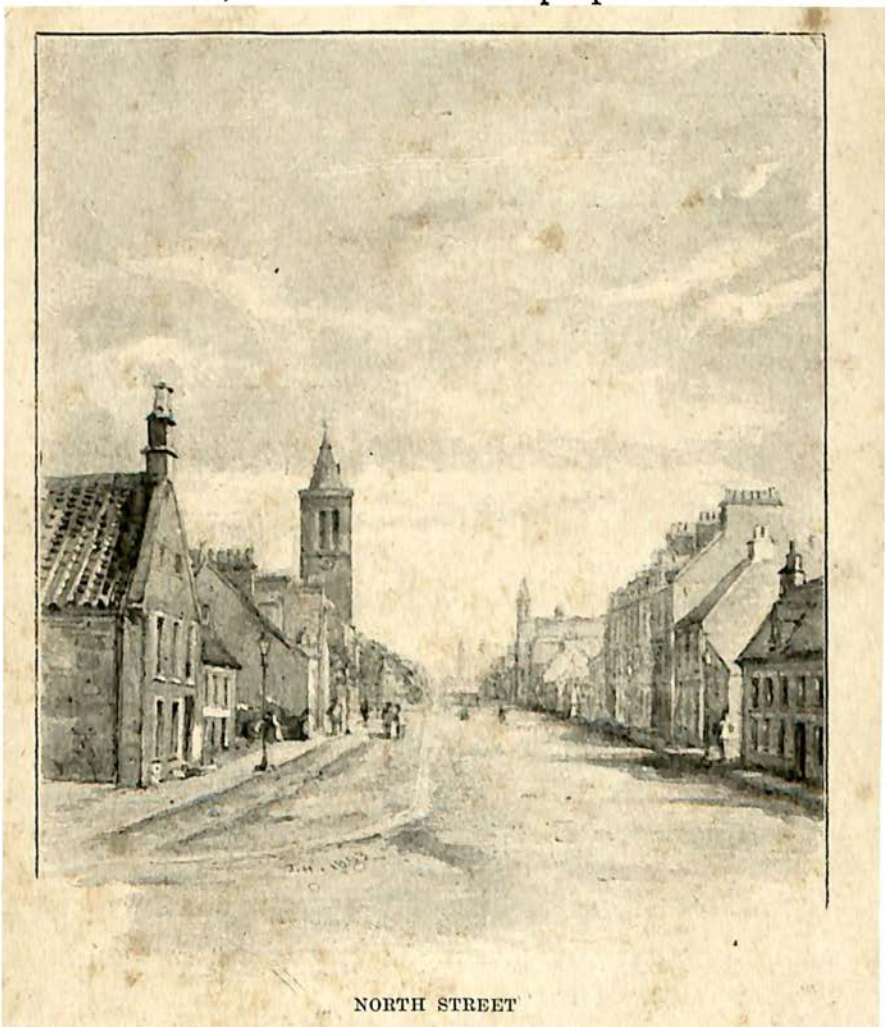
THAT St. Andrews ever became a city of historical importance, of romantic interest, and of size relatively considerable, was assuredly not due to its situation. Standing on a bleak and windy promontory, in a remote nook severed from the main part of the kingdom by two wide firths, without a river, and with only such a harbour as the mouth of a small burn supplies, it seems cut off from every source of greatness. The treeless and shelterless slopes behind it offer no amenity, and our ancestors boasted no such love of the picturesque as to choose a site merely because it had an excellent view of the sea, of the estuary of the Eden, and of the distant Grampians. Possibly, the sea once rose higher, varying traditions say that the level has risen and fallen, and Eden mouth may once have supplied a harbour. But the whole of the east coast is perilous. As

65

Caxon says in *The Antiquary*, 'This is a fearfu' coast to cruise on in thae eastern gales—the headlands rin sae far out, that a veshell's embayed afore I could sharp a razor; and then there's nae harbour or city of refuge on our coast, a' craigs and breakers. A veshell that runs ashore wi' us flees asunder like the powther when I shake the pluff.' St. Andrews bay, in particular, is a mere trap for ships in easterly storms. Yet the place throve in the middle ages, throve till the Reformation, and in its quiet way has thriven in the present century.

Looking forth on the sea from the height above the harbour, one naturally asks questions about the making of St. Andrews. We glance as far back as legend will carry us, to the age when the region was called Muckross ('Ross' as in 'the Ross of Mull'), 'the promontory of the wild swine.' Still the breakers were rolling white on the razor-edged rocks, the far-off hills were blue beyond the yellow sands of the bay. But the region must have been uncultivated, covered, probably, with brushwood, a haunt of the wild boar. How was it civilised, what charm brought half the world here? Hither came the companions of St. Columba, the Culdees, priestly fugitives from early England, pilgrims from Ireland, and, later, men and women famous in history, Malcolm the Maiden, Wallace, Edward I., Robert Bruce; Papal emissaries,

Mary Stuart, Du Bartas, Cardan, Claverhouse and Montrose; cardinals and martyrs, reformers and covenanters; a hundred famous people down to Dr.



NORTH STREET

Johnson, and even to the noted people of to-day. What magnet drew them to this inhospitable coast?

It is a long history, and not of the easiest to unravel. To no natural advantages did St. Andrews

owe her rise, but to causes purely spiritual and intellectual, to religion and learning. On this point history and legend are at one, though they vary much in their telling of the tale. Legend is shone upon by a heavenly light, is vocal with 'airy tongues that syllable men's names.' History is obscure; at most she can find a point luminous, here and there, and discover a clue in the labyrinth of myth. We must follow as best we can the guidance of Mr. Skene[1] in the labyrinths of dim years, and changes ill recorded and half understood.

Taking legend first; we find three editions of a fable about the origin of St. Andrews which has two distinct shapes. The oldest form, it seems, is preserved among the Colbertine MSS. in Paris. The second is in the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum, a document not old, but copied from an older, now lost. The third is in the Breviary of Aberdeen. Now those myths were some of them made here by the priests of St. Andrews, and not without a purpose. The older tale was intended to account for the early monastic church of St. Andrews, with monks and an abbot; the latter for the later form of the Church, with a bishop, presbyters, and deacons. Both stories are mythical, both take for granted that St. Andrews

[1] In *Celtic Scotland*, vol. ii. (Edinburgh: Douglas, 1877); and in *Proceedings Scot. Soc. of Antiquaries*, iv. 300.

is St. Andrews. Both must be later than our actual possession of supposed relics of St. Andrew, but there was a Christian establishment here before the relics of St. Andrew came, before St. Andrews was St. Andrews. The older version of the fable runs thus: St. Andrew the Apostle, after divers adventures, was crucified at Patras, where he still has a church. There his holy bones rested till the times of Constantine and his sons, when they were carried to their shrine at Constantinople, where they reposed for a century and ten years. At that date Ungus (731–761), king of the Picts, was ravaging the Merse, and was in danger of being destroyed by a general rising of the natives. As he walked, sadly enough, in thought, a divine light surrounded him, and a voice proclaimed the presence of St. Andrew. By the visible Sign of the Cross the Saint offered victory —for a consideration—the gift of a tenth of the king's substance to the glory of God, and of the Saint. Ungus accepted, vowed, and was victorious. Now at that very time an unnamed guardian of the bones of St. Andrew in Constantinople had a vision, bidding him go to a land that would be shown him. He set out and arrived here: at Rigmund, 'the king's Mount.' Another vision, or the same repeated, befell Ungus; and a blind man, healed by miracle, led the monarch to a certain place, where Regulus, a

monk, a pilgrim from Constantinople, met the king, with the relics of St. Andrew. Ungus gave the place of meeting, St. Andrews, to God and the Saint, to be the metropolis of all Pictish churches. So here abode Regulus, abbot and monk, serving God with his company, and here lies his body. It is plain that two legends have been stitched inartistically together. Regulus comes in unawares as if unconnected with the nameless guardian of the relics.

The second form of the myth[1] declares that, on the arrival of Constantine at Patras, an angel commanded Regulus to carry off certain bones of Saint Andrew, and conceal them. Hungus, or Ungus, the king, has his vision—beside the Tyne. An angel bids Regulus sail forth, with the relics, till he is wrecked. He is wrecked, very naturally, in St. Andrews Bay, 'at a place once called Muckross (Swine point), but now Kilrimont' (the cell of the king's mount: Cellrighmonaidh). After various adventures, Hungus gives Kilrimont to Regulus 'as a place of churches,' and lays a turf, the symbol of grants of land, on the altar of St. Andrew. In this legend Regulus is a bishop, in the former he was a monk and abbot. The first myth accounts for a monastic foundation, the second for the foundation of a church, with secular clergy.

[1] Printed in *Chronicle of Picts and Scots*, p. 183.

As to Regulus, there is an historical Riagail or Regulus, an Irishman from the Shannon's shore, a contemporary of St. Columba. That saint, of a royal Irish family, was born December 7, 521. He founded many monasteries, resembling clusters of bothies, or wattled Zulu kraals. In 561 Columba egged people on to a battle in Connaught, or was reported to have done so, and was exiled, or left Ireland for political and religious reasons. He sailed to Iona (563), where his establishments do not concern us. He died in 597, and his missionaries reached the East coast.

Of his companion Regulus or Riagail, we learn that he really dwelt in Ireland at Muicinis, the '*Isle* of Swine.' Muicross, in Fifeshire (Muckros) in the second legend, means, as we said, 'The *Promontory* of Swine.' Riagail is commemorated on October 16, our Regulus on October 17. The chances are, as Mr. Skene says, that the two Reguli are one Regulus, and that the historic Regulus belonged to a Columban Church, founded among those which Columba established in the lands of the Southern Picts during the last years of his life. St. Columba had a friend named Cainnech, or Kenneth, of Pictish descent, who 'appears to have founded a monastery in the east end of the province of Fife, not far from where the river Eden pours its waters into the German Ocean

at a place called *Rig Monadh*, or the royal mount, which afterwards became celebrated as the site on which the church of St. Andrews was founded, and as giving to that church its Gaelic name of Kilrimont.' This would be about 584–597.[1] The Riagail, or Regulus, of the legend may have been a companion of Cainnech. This Regulus, at all events, is our Saint Rule, who gives his name to the great tower of St. Andrews, and probably had a church dedicated to him here before St. Andrew was thus honoured. The date of the historic Regulus is about 573–600 A.D. But the King Ungus of the legend reigned from 731 to 761. In the last year (761) according to a chronicle[2]—'Ye relikis of St. Andrew ye Apostle cam in Scotland.'

Thus there *was* probably a Regulus here, but he was an Irishman, not a native of Patras, and he had nothing to do with the relics of St. Andrew. There *was* a Hungus, or Ungus, a victorious Pictish king, but he had nothing to do with Regulus. The two are blended by legend into one story, as Charles Martel is blended with Karl, the great emperor, in the heroic French poetry of the Middle Ages.

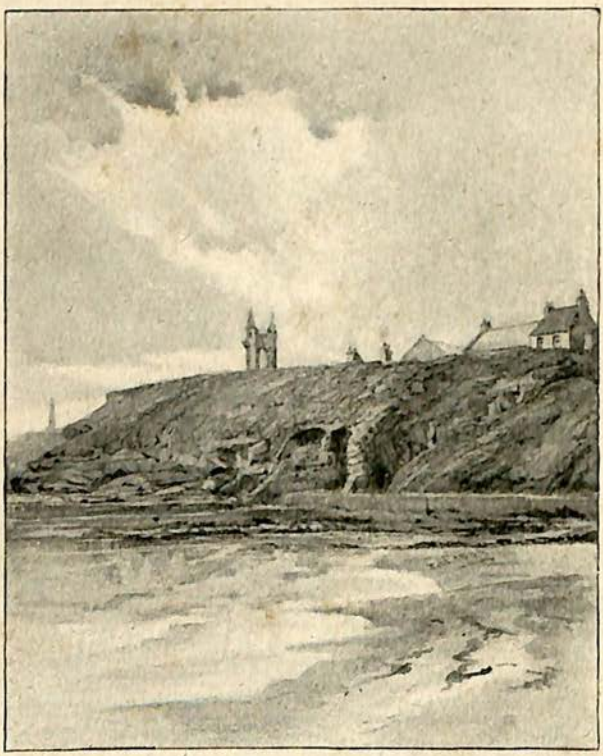
So we gradually emerge from the sea of myth on to the rocky shore of history. As for the relics

[1] *Celtic Scotland*, vol. ii. p. 137.
[2] *Chronicle Picts and Scots*, p. 387.

of St. Andrew, they *did* come to Scotland, but not in the hands of Regulus. How and whence did they come? In Bede's time there was one Acca, Bishop of Hexham, a collector of relics, who brought to Hexham those of St. Andrew (709–732 A.D.). Now, in Hexham the church was dedicated to St. Andrew, with chapels to St. Mary and St. Michael. The same combination, according to the second legend, occurred at the foundation of St. Andrew's. Again, in 732, Acca was expelled from Hexham, and was believed to have founded a see in Galloway, at Whithern. But it is certain that he did not. The report that he did so comes from a later age, when Galloway alone remained Pictish. Consequently, English writers, like Prior Richard of Hexham, who reports this rumour, localised in Galloway—all the Pictland that was left—events which really occurred in country that had been Pictish, but by their time was Scottish. Here, then, we have a Hexham tradition that Acca, the holder of the relics of St. Andrew, founded a see in Pictland, after 732, and the fact that a Pictish king did found St. Andrews, and that relics of St. Andrew were brought thither, between 732 and 761.

If those combinations of Mr. Skene's are successful, then we may reconstruct the very earliest history of ecclesiastical St. Andrews somewhat in this manner.

First, the promontory was lonely and waste, a haunt of wild boars. Then, perhaps, Cainnech, or Kenneth, a Columban missionary or hermit, founded his cell here (perhaps in the cave east of the castle), in the sound of the wash of the waves.[1] Then



CAVE OF ST. RULE

it may be that the Irish Riagail, or Regulus, came, perhaps, with other brethren; and soon a rude and simple monastery arose within its palisades under the protection of a Pictish king. Re-

[1] Perhaps more probably, at Kennoway, near Markinch.

ligion would have a seat here; but not yet associated with the relics of St. Andrew. All this might occur between 590–710. Then evil days began for the children of Columba. Strife arose among the Irish churches, and reached Iona, the Delos, or sacred isle, and centre of Columba's faith. The quarrel was chiefly about the observance of Easter. By 710 the secular power became enlightened on this point, and Nectan, king of the Picts, decided for the Roman usage, and against that of St. Columba's rule. Nectan expelled from his dominions the religious who did not agree with him, and it is probable that among these were the Columban brethren here, at Kilrimont, at St. Andrews. Apparently laymen, Picts of county families, now seized such buildings and lands as the brethren had possessed here, and called themselves monks, or made sham monks of their retainers, flourishing in a godless manner on Church property, like the Regent Morton long afterwards. But some time between 732–761, as we said, the relics of St. Andrew were brought hither, probably from Hexham, and the sanctity of those objects increased the celebrity of the place, and may have introduced a rather more pious frame of things.

But here we come across a body of men who have greatly puzzled the learned. These are the

Culdees, who, as the history of St. Andrews emerges from the night, are found playing a considerable part, and fighting a long but losing battle with the bishop and the canons regular. However, there was no bishop here at all till Cellach, in 908, by which date the Picts had succumbed to the Scots. Scotland, or Alban, was now ruled by a Scottish king, and the see was transferred from Abernethy. What was going on at St. Andrews between 761, when, or 'whenabouts,' the relics of the Saint arrived, and 908, when we get a bishop?

We can but vaguely say that the Culdees were on the spot, and that, probably, their relations with such laymen as had acquired ecclesiastical property were not of the most friendly.

But who were the Culdees?

They were not Columban monks. They are not heard of in Scotland till after the Columbans were expelled. Yet it is not easy to keep the earlier Culdees and the Columban monks apart in the historical picture. To understand the position of the Culdees, it is necessary to cast a glance at the organisation of the Church in general.

We saw that the Irish and the Roman Church differed about calculating the date of Easter, that the Roman practice prevailed, and that the Columbans of St. Andrews, with others of their

kind, were forcibly 'extruded.' There were other points of difference between Rome and Ireland as well as the various ways of reckoning Easter. The Irish Church was entirely monastic in its character; the monasteries were missionary and educational settlements of monks living in communities. Now the Roman Church of the time also had its monastic communities, but these were subordinate to the hierarchy of secular clergy, bishops, priests, deacons, and so on. In the Irish Church all clerics were monks; in the Roman Church all monks were clerics; but all clerics were not monks. As the Roman Church more and more influenced that of Ireland and Scotland, the hierarchy of secular clergy began to come in among Irish and Scots, and their churches ceased to be wholly monastic. King Nectan, that anxious Pictish inquirer (717), adopted St. Peter as the patron saint of Pictland, and asked for architects 'to build a church in his nation after the Roman manner,' the first St. Peter's north of the Forth.[1]

In Nectan's time a body of secular clergy must have been introduced into a country where all clerics had previously been monastic. This is indicated in the legend of St. Bonifacius, who brings with him to Nectan seven specimens of each grade in

[1] Perhaps the old belief that St. Rule's Tower in St. Andrews dates from the eighth century may be connected with this desire of an eighth-century king for a church built in Roman fashion.

the hierarchy after their kind, from bishops to door-keepers. The legend here is a mythical and symmetrical version of something that really occurred. Other legends confirm this; so, after the expulsion of the Columban monks, there was a secular clergy in the north and east of Scotland.

These, however, were not the Culdees, but their successors later developed, as regards the Culdees, an opposition and a power of assimilation, under which the Culdees finally disappeared, though at St. Andrews they lingered into the fourteenth century.

To account for the Culdees we must remember that within the old monastic Church of Ireland there arose, about the sixth and seventh century, a class of men who became as anti-monastic as the secular clergy, but in the opposite direction. These were religious hermits, living alone, not in monastic communities. Hermits there had long been, in India as well as among early Christians. A famous Christian example of old is St. Anthony of the temptations. Athanasius wrote a life of him, translated into Latin, in 358. In the Latin translation he is called *Deicola*. Now a Culdee is originally a Deicola, a religious hermit, barefooted like the Selli, the priests of Zeus in Dodona. Such men lived ascetic lives, *apart from the monastic rule.*

In the early Irish Church members of the

monastic body were in the habit of making retreats to solitary cells—*carcairs*, or 'prisons' of stone. Thus one of their own poets says about Ultan—

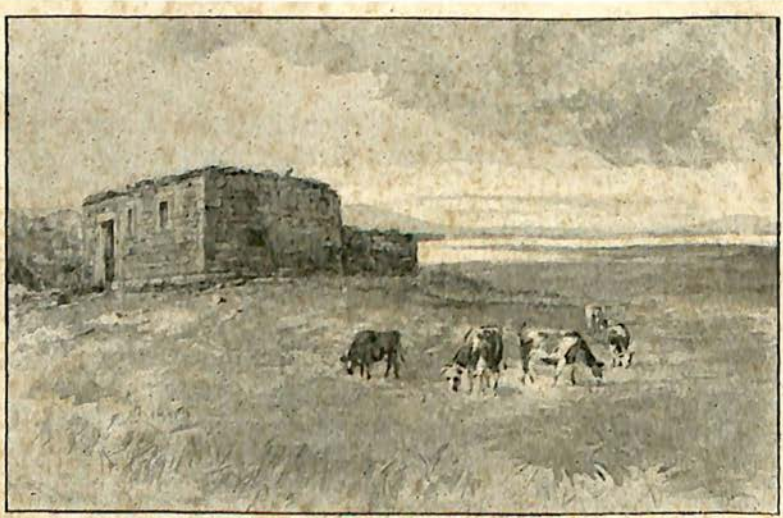
> A *carcair* for his lean side
> And a bath in the cold water
> In the sharp air he loved,

which is greatly to his credit, and contrary to the popular notion of the squalid anchorite.[1]

In brief, a monk of an Irish monastic body would occasionally interrupt or close his career by a course of solitary asceticism. The Irish themselves detected the analogy between these recluses and the Brahmins who end life as *Forest Sages*. In an Irish tract translated from the Latin, the Brahmans, or Bragmanni, tell Alexander the Great that they are *Cele De*, the Irish equivalent of *Deicola*, 'companion of God.' The *Cele De* is expressly distinguished from the monk. Now we read, in an ancient Sanskrit work, of a forest 'which was full of millions of hermits'—a beautiful example of the solitary life. Like the Brahmins of this populous solitude, the Irish and Scottish hermits began to flock together, not in millions, but in clusters, 'communities of solitaries.' Solitude, they found, was delightful when once you could say to somebody, 'how delightful is solitude.'

[1] George Wishart, burned by Cardinal Beaton at St. Andrews, also astonished his contemporaries by taking cold tubs.

The next step was to bring the secular clergy and these groups of anchorites more closely together. They seemed to stand at opposite poles—the secular clergy free from monastic rule, the anchorites carrying, in solitude, the monastic ideal to the pitch of lonely asceticism. Both sorts 'lived separately in opposition to the cœnobitical life of the monks' in



ST. SERF'S ISLE IN LOCH LEVEN

communities. The new institution was that of secular canons, sleeping, as a rule, in one dormitory, and eating in one refectory.[1] The *Dèicolæ*, or *Cele De*, or Culdees, were gradually included in this rule.

The legend of St. Servanus (St. Serf), full of mythic marvels, tells how the Culdees were settled among other places on the island in Loch Leven, and

[1] Instituted at Metz, 747, by Bishop Chrodigang.

the assignation of the isle to *Keledei Hermits* is confirmed by an early Celtic charter, commemorated in the Chartulary of St. Andrews. These Culdees, or hermits, are, on the whole, in conformity with Rome, not with the early Columban Church; also, in one of the legends about St. Regulus, and the bringing in of St. Andrew's bones, hermits from the Isle of Tiber are said to have accompanied St. Regulus. These hermits are the mythical reflection of a gathering of Keledei in St. Andrews—that is, of Culdees. They appear to have adopted the canonical rule; to have changed from a cluster of hermits into an organised community some time about 820–920. The tradition of Dunkeld says that they were married men. 'At length the name of Keledeus, or Culdee, became almost synonymous with that of secular canon.'

Thus, from being hermits, living in cells or caves, on roots, they throve to be something not unlike married fellows of a college. In this condition they came into contact later with canons regular, and the last part of their history at St. Andrews is a record of their struggles against the regular canons, their attempts to secure their right to elect the bishop; but we have not come yet to such Bishops of St. Andrews.

In 878–889 Giric, the King of what was still

called Pictland, freed Church lands from taxes, military service, and rents to temporal chiefs. In 908, after a meeting at Scone, Cellach was appointed Bishop of Alban, with the seat of his primacy at St. Andrews. In 921 the Culdees adopted their form of canonical life.

Here, then, we have in St. Andrews Culdees, who probably were very easy-going people; we have a bishop, and we have the relics of St. Andrew, which already wrought miracles and attracted pilgrims from Ireland. Some time after the appointment of Cellach as Bishop, King Constantin abdicated, and ended his days here as Abbot of the Culdees.

> God did him call
> To the Monastery on the brink of the waves,
> In the House of the Apostle he came to death,
> Undefiled was the pilgrim.

So sings St. Berchan.

Fothad was the next bishop. He acquired for St. Andrews a delightful piece of real property, the island in Loch Leven. The holy men might now mortify the flesh on Loch Leven trout. Fothad also presented the Church with the gospels in a *cumnach*, or silver case, which long lay on the altar of the later cathedral here. In 967–976 'hell was a quiet friendly kind of place compared to St. Andrews,' as Professor Aytoun said in our own time. One Marcan, son of Breodolaig, was slain in one of

our seven churches, that of St. Michael. This was probably in a dispute about the succession to the bishopric. There is something pathetic in this one name, this one event, flashing out of the dark. We are set, as in the old Irish song—

> Thinking of times that are long enough ago,
> And of Dicky Macphalion, that's slain.

As to the state of the Church here, we have a report rather unfriendly to the Culdees. The scandal occurs in the Legend of St. Andrews, printed in the *Chronicles of Picts and Scots*, p. 188. Dr. Reeves thinks the legend was written, perhaps, by Bishop or Prior Robert, about 1144, or rather later. Thus it is two hundred years later than the age described, and merely shows us what the canons regular thought of their predecessors and rivals, the Culdees. For years following the death of the legendary Regulus, there were maintained, we are told, in the Church of St. Andrew, 'such as it was and what there was of it,' thirteen Culdees, son succeeding father. 'They lived rather as they pleased, and according to the traditions of men, than in concord with the *statuta* of the holy fathers. Nay, they live in the same fashion to this hour (11—?), having some cheap matters in common, and not many of them; but the larger and better part of their property, whether obtained from kinsfolk or from the "Souls" who are dear to them,

they keep each in individual possession.' The 'Souls' in question appear to mean the persons to whom the Culdees are related as spiritual friends and advisers.

'After they are made Keledei (Culdees in canonical discipline) they may not keep wives in their houses, nor any other women who might give rise to gossip. There were, besides, seven *personæ*, who divided among themselves the altar oblations; of these seven portions, the bishop had one, the hospital one; the other five shares were parted among five men, who did no duty at altar or in church, beyond entertaining pilgrims, when more than six (whom the hospital or inn received) happened to come. The hospital, which now that, thank God! the canons regular have it, welcomes all who arrive, only held six guests in these days. The canons have also taken care that whoever falls sick in the hospital shall have every care bestowed on him, till his death or recovery, free of charge.'

The cellar was also at the service of invalids. Contrast the selfish *personæ*! '*They* had private property, which, on their decease, their wives, publicly acknowledged as such, and sons, daughters, and kin divided. They even appropriated the gifts of the altars at which they did no service, a thing one would blush to mention—but they *did* it.'

. . . . 'There was nobody to serve at the altar of the blessed apostle' (St. Andrew), 'nor was any mass celebrated there, except when the king or the bishop came, which was not often. The Culdees used to celebrate their office in their own fashion, in some corner of the little church.' These Culdees were Celtic gentlemen, there were Malcolm, and Donald, and so forth; their opponents, who describe them in such contemptuous terms, were English, or lowland Scotch, really Englishmen living north of the Border—William, Hugh, Robert, Edgar, and the like.[1]

For two centuries, moreover, the bishops in St. Andrews bore Celtic names—Maelduin, Cellach, Fothad, and the like. Thus it becomes very plain that for two centuries and more, from 908 to 1107–1144, St. Andrews was the scene of a struggle between the Roman and the English influences in the Church on one side, and the ancient Celtic notions and manners on the other: a strife between Culdee Highland Donald and regular English Robert.

The account, from which we have just quoted, of St. Andrews in its Celtic age, is, of course, written by some representative of English and Roman ideas. The abuses which he mentions were not corrected, he says, 'till the time of Alexander of happy memory,' that is, till 1107, exactly two hundred years after the

[1] Dr. Reeves's *British Culdees*, p. 31.

appointment of the first bishop in St. Andrews. The account given by the writer of the legend is difficult to unravel. It is admitted, however, that in the years between 908–1107 (when Turgot became bishop), there were, in the writer's opinion, two sections of the ecclesiastical community in St. Andrews. There were, on one side, the bishop, and the five *personæ* holding the Church lands and dues, and passing them on to their children, doing nothing for their pay, yet attached to the church of St. Andrew, where service was very seldom celebrated. On the other side were the thirteen Culdees, enjoying estates and the minor dues of the sacerdotal office, and mumbling some queer Highland mass in a corner of a small church.

Though this condition of matters lasted till 1107, the process of improvement, the tendency to something more in harmony with general Christian usage, was probably gradual. Reform did not come at one stride in 1107. The influence of Margaret, wife of Malcolm, 'the sweetest Christian soul alive,' was on the side of Roman and English improvements, she being the sister of Edgar Etheling. She was married to King Malcolm in 1069, and, as Mr. Skene quotes the Saxon Chronicle, 'the Creator knew beforehand what he would have done by her, for she was to increase the praise of God in the land, and divert the

King from erroneous paths, and suppress the evil habits which his people had previously cultivated,' such as lazy secular appropriation of Church lands and dues and strange celebrations of the mass 'in I know not what barbarous rite.' A beautiful and charming Royal lady had great opportunities as a Reformer. There was no contemporary John Knox to 'gar her greet' like Queen Mary, nor was Malcolm the man to endure such controversial scoldings. Matters connected with Lent, Sunday observance, and the marriage law were specially dwelt on by the fair Reformer; on others, such as lay abbots, she had good personal reasons for saying very little. Her son was lay abbot of Dunkeld!

As regards St. Andrews, Queen Margaret established inns for pilgrims on each side of the Frith of Forth, and subsidised ferrymen to carry the pious across without fee. She also gave to the Church of St. Andrews a beautiful crucifix of gold and silver, set with precious stones, which, of course, has long been in the melting-pot, unless, indeed, the clergy carried away some of their treasures before the spoliation of the Cathedral.

Here our first chapter of the history of St. Andrews finds a natural conclusion. Between 1077 and 1107 we have, indeed, three bishops elect, but Fothad is the last of the old Celtic prelates of im-

portance. In his tenure of the see the Norman Conquest drove English exiles of noble blood—like Edgar Etheling and his sister Margaret—into Scotland. The marriage of St. Margaret with King Malcolm was the beginning of the end of the old Celtic order of things. At St. Andrews in 1074 she held a great conference for the reform of ecclesiastical abuses, matters in which the Church of our fathers, Roman and European, differed from the Church of her husband, insular and Celtic. The Queen spoke English, the Scotch ecclesiastic spoke Gaelic, and King Malcolm was the interpreter. Margaret laid the foundations of the new order in which we have to note a constant anglicising of the Church and the realm. The process was gradual, and its beginnings were marked by the rise of stately buildings and by the erection of St. Andrews into a burgh, a commercial city, with considerable trade. The town and church were on their way to becoming the metropolitan city of Scotland, a centre of national and even of European politics.

Of all that ancient, that primitive St. Andrews, how little remains above ground! The name Boarhills, indeed—were that, and not Byre hills, the true name—still keeps a memory of the primitive mysterious boar, of the wild swine which gave the place its earliest title, 'Muckross,' 'the point of swine.'

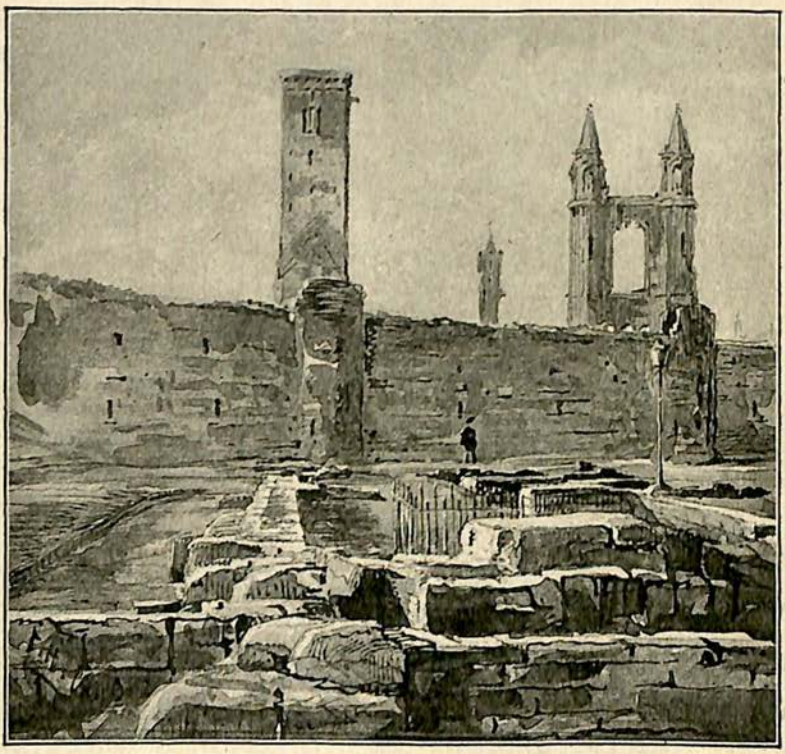
There exists, also, between the Castle and the Cathedral, visible from the Castle, that wasted hollow in the cliff whither Wilton, in *Marmion*, was going,

To fair St. Andrews bound,
Within the ocean cave to pray,
Where good St. Rule his holy lay,
From midnight to the dawn of day,
Sang to the billows' sound.

It is not impossible that this cave, where Scott detected remains of an altar, may really have been used by some ascetic of the early Irish Church in Scotland. He must have been nearly as uncomfortably situated as much later prisoners were in the Bottle Dungeon of the castle—if indeed this was a dungeon, and not, as Lord Bute thinks, an ice-house.

There are also later remains, just above the harbour, and to the left of that formidable battery which represents the military defences of St. Andrews. The courses of stone, and the flat tomb marked by a sword and scissors, show the site of the ancient Culdee church, later the Chapel Royal of Kirkheugh. There is a mass of masonry, which may have been an altar tomb, and there is the foundation of a circular staircase. The fragments seem to belong to two different periods, 'the older being the nave and part of the transepts, built of very rough rubble masonry and sand; the latter, consist-

ing of the chancel and part of the transepts, built of a superior class of masonry and mortar.'[1] Glass from the eastern windows, possibly of the thirteenth century, was found on excavation. George Martine (1683), in *Reliquiæ Diri Andreæ*, gives the



REMAINS OF KIRKHEUGH

following tradition. St. Regulus and his friends had a cell of the Virgin 'about a bow-flight east of the shoare,' outside the pier, on a rock called Our Lady's

[1] Mr. Anderson in *Proceedings of Society of Antiquaries of Scotland*, vol. iv. p. 74.

Craig. The sea encroaching, they built another chapel at or near 'the place where the house of the Kirkheugh now stands, called *Sancta Maria de Rupe*.' He adds that the sea had much encroached in the memory of the oldest inhabitants. A provost of this chapel is mentioned in the Registry of the Priory, in 1266. He was a Culdee, one of an order whose influence was rapidly being extinguished, and the chapel of St. Mary of the Rock became, as we saw, the Chapel Royal. The seal of the benefice—the church of St. Mary of the Rock, and chapel of the King of Scots—bore our Lady on the obverse; on the reverse, a king crowned.[1]

Thus the visitor who stands among the ruins of the tiny church above the harbour, outside the Cathedral wall, may believe that he is on the site, at least, of the oldest surviving ecclesiastical edifice in St. Andrews. Here the first Culdees must have prayed, and the latest Culdees grumbled and caballed. The Provostry was assigned by James VI., with other benefices, to the Archbishop of St. Andrews in 1606, in return for the prelate's cession of the castle to the Crown.[2]

[1] *Reliquiæ*, p. 209.

[2] Mr. David Laing in *Proc. Scot. Ant.* vol. iv. pp. 76-86.

CHAPTER II

THE ST. ANDREWS OF THE BISHOPS. CATHEDRAL AND PRIORY

WHAT St. Margaret began, her sons carried on—namely, the work of bringing the Scottish realm and church into conformity with the regular European order. For fourteen years after the death of Malcolm (1093–1107), Scotland was harassed by the troubles arising from opposing claims to the succession. Edgar, the son of Margaret and Malcolm, did nothing for St. Andrews, but, on his death, King Alexander chose, as bishop, Turgot, Prior of Durham, who had been his mother's confessor, and who wrote her biography. But how was Turgot to be consecrated to the bishopric? As Dr. McCrie, the biographer of John Knox, remarks, Scotland has a natural want of aptitude for producing bishops. The old Culdee line was more or less to be suspected as inadequate, and Alexander looked to England for assistance. But this appeal led to difficulties which haunt all the early history of the St. Andrews

bishopric. Consecration by the Archbishop of York would have satisfied Alexander, but the Archbishop of Canterbury urged a claim, through Augustine, to be head and representative of Christianity all over the isle of Britain. This claim suited neither King Alexander in Scotland, nor King Henry in England. Both monarchs preferred to have two metropolitans, in which desire both nations were ultimately gratified. In the end, Turgot was consecrated (1107) by the Archbishop of York, 'without prejudice,' so to speak, all questions being reserved for future decision.

This is the point and date (1107) at which the legend of St. Andrews, already quoted, fixes the beginning of regularity and reform in the old church of this place. The advent of a foreign bishop, Turgot, is the hinge of that reformation. Turgot, in conjunction with the king, founded and endowed the parish church, which was later dedicated (1238–1252) to the Holy Trinity. The Town Kirk, in South Street, is the representative of this foundation, though probably on a later site. Turgot did not enjoy a peaceful life at St. Andrews; it has rarely been a peaceful place; he sighed for his own cell at Durham; he had thoughts of going to Rome to get the question of consecration settled, but he died in 1115.

Five years passed without the consecration of a new bishop. Alexander had communicated with the Archbishop of Canterbury, and finally acquiesced in the election of a monk of Canterbury, the chronicler Eadmer (1120). In his *Historia Novorum sive sui Sæculi*, Eadmer himself gives an account of his adventures. He tells us how he was greeted on his arrival at St. Andrews by the *plebs*, the townspeople, and the *scholastici*, scholars possibly of some monastic school, and, if so, this is the earliest notice of education in St. Andrews. 'Researches through the records,' says Mr. Burton, 'show that there was among the Culdees a grade of churchman—the humblest, apparently—who was called The Scholar:' in Pictish, *scoloch*. 'He assisted the priest in the services of his church.'[1] Perhaps the *scholastici* who met Eadmer at St. Andrews were *scolochs*. If they were like some of the Irish 'scholars,' such as the hero of the Vision of Mac Conglinne,[2] they were young men with a vocation for jest and revelry rather than for the priesthood. The Irish ecclesiastical scholar of the period was very poor, very gay, very adventurous, a roving blade, full of jest and mischief. We hear of a *scoloch* who slew a brother *scoloch* in the church at Berwick. Such may have been the *scholastici* who welcomed

[1] Burton's *History of Scotland*, vol. ii. p. 14.
[2] Edited by Kuno Meyer. Nutt, 1892.

Eadmer. In spite of his popular reception, Eadmer was unhappy here.

He was never consecrated, Alexander refusing, in the interests of his church's freedom, to let the ceremony be performed either by York or by Canterbury. Eadmer, on the other hand, asserted the primacy of Canterbury, resting on Pope Gregory's commission to St. Austin over all Britain and Ireland. Finally he took the ring representing secular power from Alexander, and the crosier of spiritual dominion he lifted from the high altar of the church. Thurstan of York then claimed the privilege of consecrating Eadmer, and won both the English king and Pope Calixtus II. to his right of consecrating all Scottish bishops. King Alexander showed but cold favour to Eadmer, who finally resigned and returned to Canterbury.

The next bishop, the most important of our early bishops, was Robert, who had been prior of the Augustinian monastery at Scone. He was appointed in 1124 by Alexander, but not consecrated till after that monarch's death. To please David I., Alexander's successor, Thurstan of York, consecrated Robert, without prejudice to the rights of the Church of Scotland.

This consecration was not performed till 1128, four years after the death of Alexander in 1124.

Alexander's object throughout had been to connect his church duty with that of Rome, without admitting any shadow of claim of English supremacy in spiritual matters.

Alexander behaved with liberality to the church here by bestowing on it (if we may believe Boethius and Wyntoun) the tract of land called the *Cursus Apri*, or Boar's Chase, comprising, it seems, the modern parishes of St. Andrews, St. Leonards, Denino, Cameron, and Kemback. The name Boar's Chase, if one may venture a guess, probably referred only to the old Celtic name, Muckross, 'promontory of swine,' which covered a great extent of country.

But Boethius, that pillar of falsehood, as Monkbarns calls him, tells a tale of a prodigious Caledonian boar, which devastated the district, and was slain, as in Calydon, by 'an armed multitude.' The boar's tusks, like the bricks in Shakespeare, were 'alive to testify to it,' in Boethius's time (1520), and were attached by small silver chains *ad sellas divi Andreæ* in the Cathedral. It is probable enough that relics of a mighty boar were preserved in the Cathedral, and that a myth connected them with the name of the 'Boaris Chace.' The City arms are a boar tied to a tree, and this, too, we associate with Muckross.

Ever since Vishnu took the avatar of a boar, that animal has had an extraordinary habit of being in at the beginning of things. There is a similar boar in the legend of Queen's College, Oxford, and a 'Boarhills' near the English University town.[1] Wyntoun, writing of course long after the event, speaks of the donation of the Boar's Chase—

> The Boaris chace in regale
> To the kyrk the king gave hale,
> *The quhilk the canons, with his intent,*
> *Suld have had*; but by consent
> Of the byshop mycht nocht be
> Gotten to that, in na kind gre.

Mr. Lyon interprets this to mean that Alexander intended to endow the proposed priory, here, with the lands, while the new and as yet unconsecrated Bishop Robert wanted them for his bishopric. But Robert was particularly interested in the priory; he had himself been prior of the Augustinian monastery at Scone.

Whatever Alexander meant by his donation, he made it with singular splendour of ceremony. His 'comely steed of Araby' with costly trappings, with 'armour of Turkey,' a silver shield and spear and other jewels, was brought, as a gift, to the altar. In what church was this spectacle given? Probably, if Robert really built St. Rule's, in the old church of the Culdees. The spear was made into a cross, was

[1] Boarshill, near St. Andrews, is a corruption of another name.

extant in 1430, in Lower's time, and probably lay among the jewels of the church till John Knox came with the besom of destruction.

Robert was infinitely the most important, locally, of our early prelates, especially if we agree with Dr. Joseph Robertson that he endowed St. Andrews with its chief architectural monument, the least damaged, the most conspicuous, the great tower of St. Rule's. Even from Leuchars the traveller hither by railway sees St. Rule's dominating the broken towers of the Cathedral.

This remarkable monument has been the puzzle of antiquaries. Analogies have been sought in the early campaniles of Italy, and in the round towers of Abernethy and Brechin, which are attributed to the eighth and tenth centuries. Dr. Robertson, however, identifies the great tower and the little church attached to it with 'a small basilica' reared by Bishop Robert between 1127 and 1144. The tower may have been useful as a place of vantage and defence. According to Martine[1] it originally possessed a steeple; such a tower, with a steepled top, is represented on the chapter-seal.[2] A more important innovation was made by Bishop Robert. He had

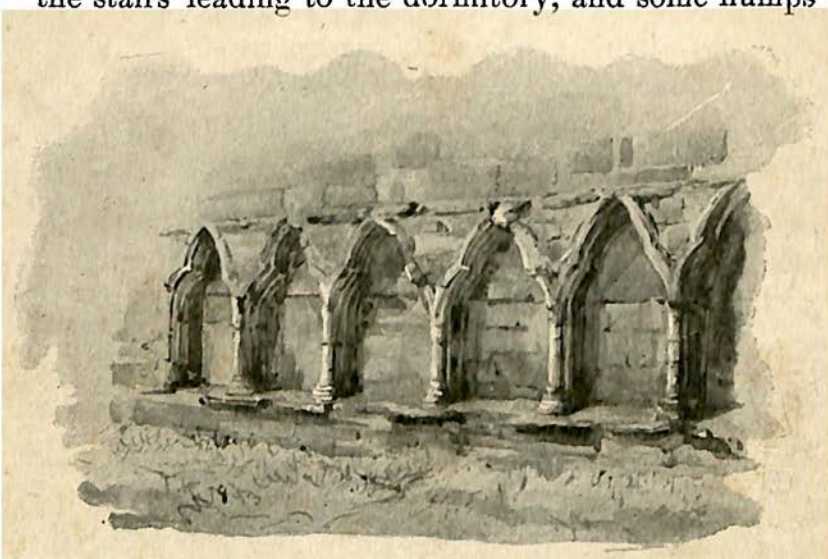
[1] *Reliquiæ Divi Andreæ*, 1683.

[2] Mr. Henry, architect in St. Andrews, argues, with much probability, that Bishop Robert found St. Rule's already in existence, that he built the first priory on its southern side, and cut a door in its south wall to give his monks access to the little ancient church.

been Prior of the Canons Regular of Scone, a body lately introduced into Scotland. In 1144 he founded the priory for the same canons in St. Andrews, granting them two of the seven shares (previously held by laymen) of the St. Andrews altarage, and he also granted them the *hospitium* for pilgrims, with its seventh share. King David added the gift of a charter for incorporating the Culdees. Any of those gentlemen who wish it may become canons regular. On the deaths of such as are reluctant, their revenues are to pass to the canons regular, and their places among the Culdees are not to be filled up. Three years later Pope Eugenius III. deprived the Culdees of their right to elect the bishop, and transferred it to the canons regular. The Culdees, however, did not desist from attempts to urge their claims, but went on resisting these novelties till 1273. Between 1156 and 1162 all the altarage of the church was bestowed on the canons regular. Thus the priory became the wealthiest of all Scotch religious houses, and the prior took rank above all abbots, bearing ring, mitre, and episcopal symbols generally. The Culdee society, last mentioned by name in 1332, changed, as we saw, into the Provostry of St. Mary of the Rock, or of Kirkheugh, a society of a provost and ten pre-

bendaries, and their church of St. Mary of the Rock became a Chapel Royal.

In 1160 the priory of Bishop Robert was erected on the southern side of the Cathedral. No traces of all the sumptuous buildings remain; a few stalls standing against a garden wall, fragments of cloisters, the stairs leading to the dormitory, and some humps



STALLS

of grass-covered masonry within the garden of a modern house, alone are visible. Some vaults existed in the last century, and still exist; there was concealed a Jacobite fugitive after Culloden, and there Dr. Johnson found an old woman living among the ruins of a later priory. A conduit, paved and walled with stone, runs under the modern garden, below the road that leads from the beautiful arch of the

Pends, towards the harbour, and under an ancient kitchen in the grounds of the new Bishop's hall down to the mill-lead. Later we shall give an account of such buildings as survived the Reformation, but perished before our time.

Wyntoun, describing a visit of David I. to the rising priory, a visit in which he settled the Boar's Chase on the canons, speaks of 'such a cloister as then was, not sic as now is for largess;' for the dormitory and the refectory of his own day were not yet built: nor, of course, the Cathedral. The bishop yielded on the matter of the Boar's Chase being granted to the priory 'to found ther a religioun.'

Bishop Robert not only founded St. Rule's (if that view be accepted) and the priory, but he had St. Andrews elevated into a burgh, and brought in, from the then rich trading town of Berwick, one Maynard, a Fleming, to organise the commerce. Scotch, French, Flemish, and English merchants used the place; the ships of that date being small and of light burden. Salted salmon was a great article of export; objects of luxury were imported. The town never had a higher place than eighth or ninth, in wealth and population, among towns of Scotland.

Robert was succeeded, 1159, by Arnold, Abbot of Kelso; he was consecrated by William, Bishop of Moray, the Pope's legate. His power in that capacity

he transferred to the new bishop. Arnold ruled but one year and ten months ; he founded, however, the cathedral, or abbey kirk, for the religious services of the priory. The buildings began, naturally, at the eastern end ; one hundred and fifty-eight years was that temple in building, and it practically perished in one day ! Arnold's successor, Richard, after a good deal of trouble with York, was consecrated by Scottish bishops in 1165. In his time, 1174, William the Lion acknowledged the supremacy of England by the treaty of Falaise, a cession renounced by Richard Lion-heart in 1189. But, be it observed, the Scotch bishops did not acquiesce, even at Falaise, in the dependence of their church. They only admitted that it was to be as much subordinate *as it had been*, that is, in their opinion, not at all. The Scotch bishops procured a bull from Pope Alexander III. forbidding the see of York to claim supremacy, or Scotland to yield it, till Rome decided the question. At St. Andrews Richard was busy in protecting the plasterers, masons, stone-cutters, and other workmen engaged on the Cathedral. They were to be under the commands of a canon of the priory, and were to buy necessaries as freely as any burgess. If we could see what was passing in that day, we should probably find many foreigners among the workmen. Probably the buildings of the town were all of wood,

or even of wattled boughs filled up with turf. Stone work was not yet used in domestic architecture, though familiar in ecclesiastical edifices. Into the lowest range of stones in the Cathedral, on the inner side of the remaining eastern wall, are built several stones adorned with Celtic patterns; one of them is the shaft of a cross. A similar stone long lay as a foot-bridge across a rivulet, and is now in the College Museum. These fragments were probably taken from some older Culdee church, and the use made of them as mere building material speaks ill for the reverence of the masons and the directing canon. We may imagine the murmurings of the Culdees! The Cathedral was finally to suffer the same fate, was to become a quarry, and Martine specially mentions a house in North Street, built out of stones from the Cathedral, and therefore unlucky to its owners.

Richard's death was followed by a tedious disputed succession (1178–1188). The chapter chose as bishop John Scott, an Oxford and Cambridge man, the archdeacon. King William wanted the place for his chaplain, Hugh. His candidate was elected. John appealed to the Pope, who caused him to be consecrated. The king, however, held on to the revenues. The end was a compromise. Hugh kept St. Andrews; Scott got the bishopric of Dunkeld.

The king fought a sturdy fight, replying to excommunication by a threat to banish all who regarded the papal injunction as binding. An interdict was issued, that awful ecclesiastical boycott, but William, on the whole, had the better of the war, and carried his point. Hugh was succeeded by Roger, son of the Earl of Leicester, and cousin of the king (1188–1202). In 1200 he did a thing of immense importance: he built, as his residence, the Castle of St. Andrews, on the crest of a rocky cliff, some three hundred yards west of the Cathedral. A castle is a thoroughly Norman institution, and castles were scarce in Scotland. Again and again has Roger's fortress been rased; as, a century later, when Englishmen held it, by Sir Andrew Murray; once more after the siege sustained by the murderers of Cardinal Beaton, and it certainly fell into ruin in the Cromwellian times. The present ruins do not cover nearly all the space which the castle has occupied, and there are traces of foundations in the grounds of the modern villa called Castlecliff. There was trouble, as usual, over Roger's consecration, which was long delayed. He was succeeded by William Malvoisin (1202–1238), translated from Glasgow. He left no special mark on St. Andrews, though he went on with the building of the Cathedral. He was followed by David of Bernham (1238, or 1240–1252),

'an honest clerk,' who crowned Alexander III. at Scone in 1249. His counter-seal was an ancient gem, Nymphs deriding Silenus. Concerning Bishop Abel (1253–54) the pleased historian notes that rare flower of those dimly recorded years, an anecdote. The prior and canons disliked him, and he took refuge in study. He is said to have scrawled, in chalk, on the gate of the rising church,

Hæc mihi sunt tria, lex, canon, philosophia.

Apparently *tria* rhymes to philosoph*ia*. This brag of his knowledge and skill did not pass unreproved. A canon, perhaps, wrote next day,

Te levant absque tria, fraus, favor, vanosophia.

'This did so gall him as, taking bed, he died within a few days.' He must have been a very sensitive student. The anecdote is neither early nor plausible. Under Bishop Gameline (1254–1271) Alexander III. entertained the specious idea recommended by Mark Twain to the Italians, 'Why don't you rob your Church?' This is always a resource, but the times were not ripe. The King reckoned without the Pope, who, writing in 1254, forbids 'our dearly beloved the illustrious King of Scotland, or any other person, to seize the property of the said Church of St. Andrews, they,' as he adds with some *naïveté*,

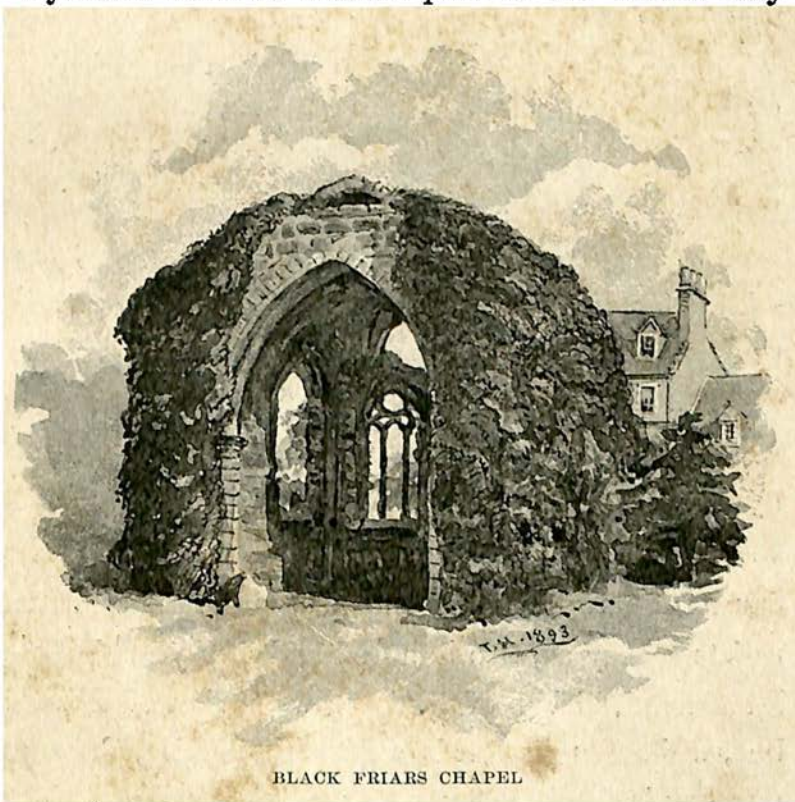
'having no right to the same.' The Pope also urged Henry III. not to stand by and see it done; but Henry took Alexander's side, and proposed to arrest Gameline for obtaining certain requests at Rome to 'the prejudice of our beloved and faithful son Alexander, King of Scotland, who is married to our daughter.' In 1259 Pope Alexander was still backing Gameline and forbidding the Scotch king to rob St. Andrews. Mr. Lyon, as *naïf* as the Pope, thinks that Alexander died without surviving offspring —except one granddaughter, who also died in childhood—because he had interfered with Church property.

Gameline was succeeded by Bishop Wishart, who founded the monastery of the Black Friars, or Dominicans, *Domini canes*, who howled against heresy. In a couple of centuries they had abundance of occupation; but in June 1559 John Knox harangued the mob for three days, after which effort of oratory the Black Friars monastery was gutted 'before the sunn was downe. Ther was never inch standing bot bare walls.' Mr. Hay Fleming says that old people remember when part of the monastic building was occupied as a dwelling-house. Nothing remains but a small ivy-clad ruin, not of the first foundation, in the 'yards' of the Madras College. Mr. Hay Fleming adds that 'in times not very remote it contained a pigstye.'

The bishop rebuilt the east end of the Cathedral, which the east wind had wrestled with successfully—

> The body of the kyrk thus he
> In all things gart be biggyt weel.

Wyntoun remarks that his part of the edifice may



BLACK FRIARS CHAPEL

be recognised 'by affinity,' that is, by congruity of style which changes from the round to the pointed. 'He roofed what he built—eight bays of the nave—and also erected the west front' (Hay Fleming). His successor, Bishop Fraser (1279–97), lived in the

time of the English claim of supremacy, and was, perhaps, a somewhat shifty politician.

We now reach a point in history where our bishops became of high political and national importance. Alexander III. died in 1285; his heir was Margaret, daughter of Eric, King of Norway, and Margaret was a child. She died in September 1290, on her way to Scotland. Here, then, we find Scotland first in the confusion of a minority; next distracted by a doubtful succession. The position recurs in the reign of Henry VIII. of England, and with it recurred to Henry's mind the policy of practically uniting the kingdoms. This Edward I. about 1290 would have done by getting his supremacy acknowledged. Henry attempted to reach the result by various marriage projects. In both periods it was the higher clergy of Scotland who supported the cause of national independence. Cardinal Beaton resists Henry as, two hundred and fifty years before, Lamberton, bishop of St. Andrews, resisted Edward; but, while Lamberton is a Scottish patriot, Beaton's memory is detested by many patriotic Scots. The reason, of course, is that the later champion of Scotch national freedom was a Catholic, and a foe ot the Reformation. In both junctures the English policy, if admitted, would have saved infinite bloodshed and suffering, would have secured to Scotland

peace, wealth, opportunities of learning, and, in the case of Henry VIII., would have mitigated the havoc of the Scottish reformation and obtained a due provision for the Reformed Church. The national resistance under Wallace, Bruce, and Lamberton changed Scotland from a comparatively prosperous country, with inklings of civilisation, into a starved, fierce, and half-barbarous realm. Civilisation was cramped by the endless hostilities with England. The Reformation again, conducted as it was, bequeathed to Scotland a disastrous legacy, the turmoil of the Solemn League and Covenant, innumerable blood-feuds, horrors uncounted, a stinted kirk, beggarly universities, and a fierce, dissatisfied temper of which we may never see the last. Yet few Scotchmen, probably, would exchange the glories of Bannockburn and of the War of Independence for the comfortable results of submission to Edward I.; and many are proud of the centuries of civil war, turmoil, and dispeace, which were the legacy of the Reformation.

To return from this general view, Bishop William Fraser (1279–1297) was one of the six guardians of Scotland, between the death of Alexander III. and the death of Margaret. A letter from Fraser to Edward I. was written at Leuchars, near St. Andrews, in 1290, after the news of the child

queen's death arrived. Fraser says that Robert Bruce (grandfather of King Robert I.) is up in arms, that civil war is to be dreaded; though later news denies the death of the queen. If she does not survive, Fraser begs Edward to come in force to the border 'to console our people and hinder the effusion

LEUCHARS KIRK

of blood' by the rival claimants. The bishop manifestly favours Baliol, and even hints that Baliol should obey Edward's commands. 'Anything for a peaceful life' may have been the bishop's motto, but Edward, like Henry VIII. later, was demanding to be put into possession of certain Scotch strongholds. This could not be popular in Scotland.

In 1297 Fraser died in Paris, but his heart was brought home and buried in the 'kirk conventional,' the Cathedral.

In 1296 Edward I. passed a day, August 11, at St. Andrews, in the course of overrunning Scotland. The Diary of his expedition briefly says: 'Saturday, to the city of Seynt Andrew, a castell, and a good toune.' On Edward's return to England, whither he carried the sacred stone of Scone and the Black Rood with a portion of the true cross, Wallace arose suddenly, and began his brief career. The chronicler Knyghton tells us that when Wallace came to St. Andrews, three Englishmen fled 'in lapidem illum qui dicitur petra vel acus Sancti Andreæ,' 'to a stone called St. Andrews needle, or rock.' The Scotch followed and murdered them, but what the rock was, whether the Spindle Rock on the eastern bay, or not, is not ascertained. Wallace himself, according to the dubious authority of Blind Harry, turned out of St. Andrews the bishop sent thither by Edward; the bishop fled by sea.

He must have been William Cumyn, brother of the Earl of Buchan, and provost of that old Culdee establishment, Kirkheugh. As a Cumyn, he was opposed to Bruce and Wallace, and in later years he was still being supported by Edward at Rome.

Edward settled Wallace by the victory of Falkirk.

> And into Fife he went, and brent it clene,
> And Andrew's town he wasted then full plene.

Now, too, he probably garrisoned the bishop's castle with English troops. But in St. Andrews he had to do with William of Lamberton (1298–1328), the patriot bishop and friend of Bruce. Lamberton's election had been opposed in the old Culdee Kirkheugh interest; the Culdees elected their provost, Cumyn, whom Wallace expelled; the canons regular chose Lamberton. The Pope decided against the Culdees, and this was practically their last effort. But Lamberton, seeing that Edward supported his rival Cumyn, was naturally induced to be a patriot and stand by Wallace, and, later, by Bruce. Wallace, indeed, kept Lamberton as a kind of ambassador in France.[1] Lamberton was working for his see, as well as for his country. If Edward were victorious, Lamberton would probably lose his revenues. In Lent, 1304, Edward held a parliament at St. Andrews, and almost all the nobles took oaths to be his men. At this time the siege of Stirling, held by Olifant for Scotland, was being prosecuted, and Edward stripped the lead from our Cathedral roof to make weights for his siege-engines. Again the

[1] Burton, ii. 305.

roof was stripped of its lead, after the Reformation, 'the last poor plunder of a ruined church,' but Edward, at least, paid for what he took. He paid 96*l.* 15*s.* to the Bishop of Brechin and our prior.[1]

Lamberton's own motives for taking a decisive step by allying himself with Bruce were probably mixed, like those of other statesmen. In his position, a bishop with a tenure of office which England disputed, he was not likely to applaud any scheme of dependence on England. In June 1304, therefore, he entered into a 'band' with Bruce, a private alliance, defensive and offensive. In later years, above all in the anarchy which followed the Scotch Reformation, such bands were common documents, especially when murder was in the air. In the case of Bruce and Lamberton the contracting parties only bind themselves, in general terms, to co-operation. Neither is to undertake any serious enterprise without consulting the other. They confirm their league by a solemn oath, but oaths, as we shall see, were nothing to Lamberton. Long before this date, as in the notorious instance of Harold, oaths had been strengthened by a kind of magical ceremony, the touching of relics. But, as the Church sanctioned and devised the oaths, so she knew how to evade them. Oath-taking and oath-breaking became a fine

[1] Burton, ii. 330.

art. Most men, however devout, had one special oath which they dared not break, as in the familiar instance of Louis XI. When their one sacred oath was discovered, it meant financial and political ruin, as nobody would be satisfied with any other sanction, and the politician was compelled to keep his promises. Our Bishop Lamberton, like Autolycus in Homer,[1] 'outdid all men at the oath,' or in skill in swearing. He several times perjured himself when he took oaths to Edward on the Black Rood, with its fragment of the true cross. Bruce, therefore, added to the oath a pecuniary penalty for its infringement—a penalty of 10,000*l.*, to be devoted to the conquest of the Holy Land.[2]

Bruce's ambition had in Lamberton a powerful ally. The Church, Mr. Burton reckons, could call to arms about a third of the fighting men in the country. The affair of the band, or of some other similar engagement, came to Edward's ears; Bruce knew he was suspected, he fled from London through the snow (1305–6), and rode, like Dick Turpin, to the North. In the Church of the Grey Friars of Dumfries, he met the Red Cumyn, and dirked his rival in front of the altar. Cumyn he suspected, perhaps, of betraying the band with Lamberton; Cumyn's claims to the Scotch succession were also incon-

[1] *Odyssey*, xix. 396. [2] Palgrave, *Documents*, p. 323.

venient. Thus Bruce's patriotic career began in murder and sacrilege. But, as Mr. Burton remarks, the Scotch of that age 'were not ardent devotees of religion.' Bruce had the Church in Scotland on his side, as our bishop was his friend, and it does not appear that Lamberton was staggered by the confession of his remarkable penitent. Wyntoun reports the bishop, when he heard of the occurrence, to have said:—

> I hope Sir Thomas his prophecy
> Of Ercildoune verified be
> In him; for so, our Lord help me,
> I have great hopes he shall be kyng,
> And have this land all in leading.

The Pope bade York and Canterbury excommunicate Bruce, but Lamberton was quite unmoved. The gauntlet was now thrown down to Edward; the people were rising against the English garrisons. Bruce was holding in force his castles of Lochmaben and Kildrummy.

Lamberton promised to crown Bruce; he perhaps was aware that he ran little personal risk from the devout Edward, who was no slayer of priests. His confidence was justified. He had in his Castle of St. Andrews (which was occupied by an English garrison) no less a person than Sir James Douglas, 'the Black Douglas,' then a young man. Douglas's father's estates had been forfeited by Edward; he,

therefore, determined to join Bruce, and he consulted the bishop as to how he might escape. Lamberton advised him to steal his own horse from the stable, strike down the groom if he resisted, and fly. The advice was acted on, and Douglas joined Bruce on his way to Scone. Here, on March 27, 1306, Lamberton crowned the slayer of Cumyn. The sacred stone of Scottish royalty had been carried off by Edward, 'but the Bishop of St. Andrews,' as Mr. Burton says sardonically, 'contrived to make some show of other pomps from his episcopal wardrobe.' After Bruce's defeat at Methven, Lamberton fell into the hands of the English, and was carried from castle to castle, till he was warded in Nottingham. His daily allowance is reckoned, by Mr. Lyon, at fifteen shillings of modern money; he had a servant, a serving boy, and a chaplain to say mass. Edward had done what Henry VIII. vainly desired to do with Cardinal Beaton: he had interned in England the chief clerical defender of Scotch independence. Edward, writing to the Pope, accused our bishop of extreme 'skill in the oath.' In 1296 he forswore himself on

1. The consecrated Host.
2. The Gospels.
3. The Cross Neyth.
4. The Black Rood of Scotland.

This was hard swearing.

In 1303–4 he perjured himself again, and yet again to Aylmer de Valence.

Edward I. died in 1307; in 1308 Edward II. was allowing Lamberton 100*l.* a year out of his revenues. In August Edward released him; this time he swore on the cross Neyth, or Gnayth, a piece of the true cross. The simple Edward II. now expected aid from our bishop, who, next year, was presiding over a clerical assembly in support of Bruce! In 1314 Bannockburn was fought, and Edward soon after forgave Lamberton, and gave him a free pass to go abroad. Lamberton could now attend to the needs of St. Andrews. He repaired his castle, out of which the English had been driven. He built the new chapter house, adorned with curious seats and ceilings. The seats, each under its pointed arch, remain to this day. He added to the library in which the learned canons composed the Legend of St. Andrews. He erected ten new churches, and, above all, he finished and dedicated the Cathedral (July 5, 1318).

This may be called the high day of St. Andrews, and the crown of the city's career. Robert Bruce himself (under an excommunication which gave him little concern) was present—the king with the strong savage face, which craniologists have compared to that of a carnivorous beast, and to the thrice ancient Neanderthal skull. There doubtless were the brave

Randolph, and the chivalrous Douglas, who followed the hero's heart into the press of battle, and died above it. There were seven bishops, and abbots fifteen, 'and many other gret gentilmen.' Their raiment must have been gorgeous, for they were probably clad, and the Cathedral was enriched, with the spoils of Bannockburn, wealth of tapestries, of plate, of cloth of gold. Shortly before the Reformation the Cathedral of Aberdeen still possessed many rich robes 'ex spolio conflictus de Bannockburne,' and some of that wonderful spoil appears in the inventories of Queen Mary's jewels.[1] Fancy alone can reproduce the splendour of the scene where the thrice perjured prelate dedicates the Church in presence of the excommunicated king. History, as usual in those days, gives us no details. Fancy must draw her own picture of the Cathedral, portions of it already grey with the years, and gnawed by the salt winds, parts fresh and shining white with new-cut stone.

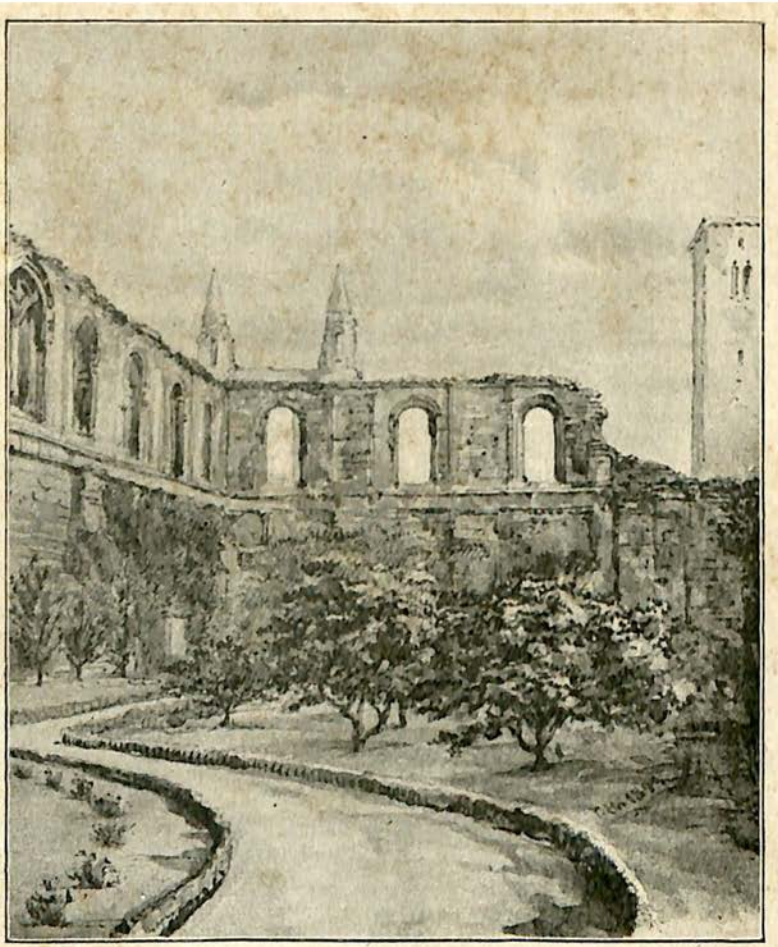
We learn from Martine, writing more than a hundred years after Knox's day of destruction, that the church had 'five pinnacles and a great steeple on the top of the Church,' the steeple, probably, which Knox saw from his bench in the galleys. 'At the

[1] Burton, vol. ii. p. 386; Robertson's Preface to *Inventories of Queen Mary's Jewels* (Bannatyne Club).

place where the main and cross Church did meet there were four pillars greater than the rest, something easterly of the middle of the Church. Upon these great pillars stood the chief steeple of the Church, erected a great deal larger and higher than any of the rest.' All this had fallen long before 1683. The roof was 'covered with copper,' according to Martine, a statement not generally accepted, and shone far out to sea.

The full length Martine reckons at 370 feet; the breadth of the main church at 65 feet. The prior's house, or *Hospitium Vetus*, repaired by Lamberton, stood on the south side. 'It hath been a great house.' West of this, in the direction of St. Leonard's, was the Cloister, and a quadrangle in which the yearly Senzie Fair was held for fifteen days after Easter. In Martine's time the Senzie House, called also 'the sub-Prior's House,' was quite entire, with a hall and chambers, a charter-house, a little old chapel, used as a stable. The Senzie Chamber was made the library of St. Leonard's College. This was burned in the eighteenth century, but the walls of it and the Senzie House existed, and the Senzie House was inhabited when Grierson wrote in 1805. Afterwards all was demolished; a commonplace modern house, The Priory, was built on the site, a hot-house, with its smoking chimney, was erected

against the outside of the south wall of the Cathedral. The arches leading to the Cloisters were walled up with brick, on which fruit trees are trained. Thus



THE SOUTH WALL OF THE CATHEDRAL

Philistinism achieved what revolution began, and thus the modern visitor may see the desecrated south wall of Bruce's Cathedral.[1] The Refectory adjoined

[1] Grierson, edition of 1838.

the south wall of the Cloister, and was 108 feet by 28. In Martine's time the space was occupied by a large but ill-laid bowling-green. The Guest Hall and other buildings were quite demolished and enclosed in the grounds of St. Leonard's College.

All these edifices were fresh and fine on that day of July when the Cathedral was dedicated, and doubtless the victor of Bannockburn, with his knights, was lodged within the Priory. But compared with what is left above ground of all this magnificence, the ruins of Troy may be called considerable. It is hard to conceive how so clean a sweep was made. On the top of the massive, vaulted first floor of the ruined Priory the whins are growing as freely as on the links. What has become of the superstructure, of halls where Bruce was entertained? Probably much was carted away when the land was sold to a private purchaser and the ugly modern villa was erected. St. Leonard's also used monastic buildings to repair her own breaches.

Lamberton died in 1328, and was buried under 'an arch of fair work and of fine'—such as remains, much battered and despoiled, over Bishop Kennedy in the college Church. Bruce soon followed his own ally, dying in 1329. In 1331 the new bishop, James de Bane, crowned David II. at

Scone, using, for thē first time, the ceremony of *anointing*.

> Oynted before him was na kyng
> That Scotland had in governing.

The cause of Scotland and St. Andrew was gained at last, but at an unlucky price. The Scottish monarchs were now obliged by the Pope to swear, in their coronation oath, that they would root out of their kingdom *universos hereticos ab ecclesia denotatos*, 'all whom the Church should denounce as heretics!'

'For the hardness of our hearts he gave us this law.' We have been persecuting heretics ever since in Scotland.

Dr. Joseph Robertson, in his *Concilia Scotiæ*,[1] says that the perfervid genius of the Scottish people 'cherished the right of persecution as a duty of religion, and it outlived both the Reformation and the Revolution. . . . Knox would have aggravated its terms, and they were ratified by the Parliament which established the Protestant religion. The oath lasted till the Union.' In brief, from the days of Robert Bruce till those of Queen Anne the Scottish Church and the Scottish State solemnly recognised, by oath, that it was their duty 'to ruite out all heretykis and enemeis to the trew worschip of God that sal be convict be the trew kirk of God of

[1] Bannatyne Club, 1866, vol. i. p. xlviii, Note 3.

the forsaidis crimes.' The trew kirk was now one thing, now another, now Catholic, now Calvinistic, but always persecuting. This was the oath as administered to James VI. in 1567. The baby king, of course, knew nothing of the matter. In 1651 Charles II., of all people, had to add another oath, binding him, 'without respect of persons, to endeavour the extirpation of popery and prelacy.' The years between the founding of the Cathedral of St. Andrews and its consecration, with an additional period of eleven years, saw Scotland and her Church made free from English supremacy. But they also saw both Church and State bound, as far as oaths can bind, to a cruel, monstrous, and absurd system of persecution. At the height of the glory of St. Andrews was thus sown the seed of her shame —a shame that endured from the burning of Paul Craw to the burning of the altar of the Episcopalians here after the Forty-five.[1]

Thus Bruce won for his country freedom, but at a great price. In the oath which was now to be sworn at the king's anointing lay a germ of ruin. In the victory of Bannockburn, as Dr. Robertson says, 'was a greater disaster to Scotland than the carnage

[1] The latter event has only the evidence of tradition. See Lyon's *St. Andrews*, vol. ii. p. 131. But the Nonjurors really were forbidden to meet for worship, under very heavy penalties, after the rising under Prince Charles.

of Flodden or the rout of Pinkie Cleugh. The first note of contest banished every English priest, monk, or friar from the northern realm.' Henceforth Scotland was a poorer, a less cultivated, a ruder realm; henceforth it had an enemy with a grudge to avenge on its southern border.

With the dedication of the Cathedral and the deaths of Lamberton and Bruce we close the chapter. The first showed us how St. Andrews began, as all things begin, with a cell, the sea-worn cave in the cliff; how the old Irish and the Roman Church fought, the former succumbing; how the Priory grew and the Cathedral was founded. The second chapter reveals another struggle between England and Scotland. From England came all the impetus towards improvement, in the persons of St. Margaret and of many ecclesiastics; but the nation and the Church threw off the power of the southern realm, and Bannockburn, insuring a truce from war, gave leisure to finish the Cathedral.

Of human life in St. Andrews during those hundreds of years, history, as then written, tells little. We imagine a small town of wooden buildings, dependent mainly on the Church, and not unwillingly paying its dues and altarages to the great corporation by which it gains its importance. Each of the trades has its altar and patron saint in the

Cathedral. We see the foreign sailors on the little quay, the crowds of foreign and native masons, the directing canon busy among them. We see the men of the English garrison issue from the Castle, and join the merchant men in their booths at the Senzie Fair. Later the tumultuous national levies of spearmen gather, so tradition says, for the fray of Bannockburn, at *The Blue Stone*, the stone which now lies within a railing, in the ground of the Alexandra Hotel; once, perhaps, it was a fetish, and noted later as a trysting place of witches and bogles. Round this may have gathered the spears that 'made good their dark impenetrable wood' at Bannockburn. But of all these matters only fancy and vague rumour bring any report.

Of the canons in the new priory, and of their mode of existence, we know more. We know, at least, what kind of life they professed to lead and should have led, and did lead according to Boethius. Mr. Lyon quotes Mr. Thomas Innes, at one time Principal of the Scots College in Paris, who had seen an old manuscript 'containing the ordinary service of that Church (St. Andrews) entirely conformable to the use of Sarum.'[1] They usually left the warm dormitory, in a long gallery joining the south transept of the Cathedral (part of the staircase to it remains)

[1] *Spalding Club Miscellany*, vol. ii. p. 365.

wherein were thirty-four beds, at the holy hour of half-past one in the morning. They were allowed half an hour in which to dress and recite the penitential Psalms. They then performed services in church for two hours. Then there was an hour's interval, and, we trust, breakfast. At five Prime began, and all went to the Chapter House, where announcements were read out, penances enjoined, and punishments inflicted, if necessary. To church again, and another service. Then there was a space for work or study, but from eight to ten they were celebrating mass. At ten they dined in the Refectory, when, on some days, a brother read aloud from a lectern. Only two dishes were allowed, with a third on high days. Men who came in late had a difficulty in getting ale or wine. They said grace in church, and enjoyed a little repose and recreation, but they had not time enough for a round on the links. After one o'clock some drink was going in the refectory. At three they held vespers, and supper at five. In the vacant time they worked in the garden, transcribed books, or carved ornaments for the Cathedral. Complines lasted till seven, then, after a light meal, they went to bed, 'frequently without undressing.' 'They began latterly, however, to relax somewhat in their rigid observance of these rules.' We know not how soon the relaxation crept in, but

some of the services were dispensed with in 1460 by permission of Pius II. It is manifest that canons who conformed to these rules had little time for dissipation; indeed their lot was far from being enviable. They wore a white robe with a rochet of fine linen, and an amice of fine grey or black skin, lined with ermine.

Of the canons themselves what remains? Two tombstones in the south transept of the Cathedral. The oldest is now hardly legible, but it is engraved and described by Lyon in his 'Ancient Monuments of St. Andrews' (No. ii.). The inscription is in Gothic letters round the margin:—

Here lies buried Dominus Robert Catheric, Canon of this place, who died A.D. 1380.

Not far off is the tombstone of Canon James Eliot, of the Metropolitan Church of St. Andrews, who died November 18, 1513. 'Fratres. obsecro. orate. pro. me.'

There is also a tomb of John Gray,

glazier and plumber of this holy temple.

The date is 15–5.

Almost all the other old tombstones are of Protestant times.

CHAPTER III

TO THE FOUNDATION OF THE UNIVERSITY

THE years which intervened between the dedication of the Cathedral (1318) and the founding of the University of St. Andrews (1411) were full of events —full of confused wars and troubles; but they left no particular mark on the city or its buildings. The successor of William of Lamberton, Bishop James de Bane, is called Jamys Ben by Wyntoun, and clearly was not popular. He was elected by the vote of only half the canons, but, as he chanced to be at the Roman court, he obtained the bishopric by the Papal interest. The constant running to Rome with pleas for preferment was one of the ecclesiastical grievances of Scotland, and is much insisted upon by the Reformers in later days. John Major, in his 'History of Greater Britain,' says that foreigners should not judge the Scots by those who wrangle for benefices at Rome. In 1331 the Bishop crowned, as we saw, and also anointed, the boy king David II., at Scone.

Edward Balliol, son of John Balliol, now made an

attempt on the kingdom, won the battle of Dupplin, was crowned by the Bishop of Dunkeld, and so caused 'Jamys Ben' to fly from St. Andrews into Flanders. He died and was buried in Bruges. The see lay vacant for nine years, Edward III. in vain soliciting the Pope to appoint a friend of his. The country was divided between the national and the English party, who held the Castle of St. Andrews. After a three weeks' siege the Regent, Sir Andrew Murray, took and demolished the Castle. He used powerful 'machines,' and the chronicler laments the splendid buildings, constructed by 'rare art,' which were burned on this occasion. The existing ruins, of course, are of a very much later date. The Priory, at this time, was all but ruined by English exactions; the money extorted from the prior was spent in rebuilding the walls and towers of Perth. The next bishop elected, William Bell, found no favour with the Pope in Rome; was there attacked by some ophthalmic disease, returned to St. Andrews, and died in the Priory. William de Landel next obtained the see. He was much busied in negotiations for the release of King David, taken prisoner at Neville's Cross (1346), and was remarkable for his pilgrimages to the shrine of St. James in Spain, to Canterbury, and to Rome. He crowned Robert II. in 1370. In his time (1378) the Cathedral by some accident—

Boethius says perhaps by a jackdaw carrying a burning twig to its nest—was partly burned down. The bishop adorned the Cathedral 'with fair jewels,' vestments, and books. William de Loudon, sub-prior at this date, roofed the dormitory, the old Church of St. Regulus, and the south part of the refectory. He also presented the church with a curiously embroidered *velum*, adorned with 'images' in needlework, which hung between the altar and the choir. The repairs of the Cathedral were not finished till 1440. Indeed it is a singular thing that parts of St. Andrews were almost always ruinous. The next bishop-elect was taken at sea by the English and died in captivity, consoling himself by the economical reflection that his Church would not need to pay his ransom. Walter Trail, the next prelate (1385–1401), was of Clement's consecration at Avignon, during the great schism which shook the Catholic world. In 1390 he crowned Robert III. at Scone. He presented many rich gifts to the Cathedral—a silver vessel for holy water, 'a stick of silver,' golden bodkins, and silver ewers. Fordun asserts that Trail was very severe in the matter of discipline. If any of the canons 'perceptibly' kept a mistress, he was punished by imprisonment or loss of his benefice. The loose lives of the clergy at a later date furnished Lindsay and other satirists with weapons, and it must be

granted that men like Cardinal Beaton were remote from the example of Trail. This worthy man rebuilt the Castle, in which he died, outworn by old age, in 1401.[1] The following bishop-elect, Thomas Stuart, a son of Robert III., was never consecrated. Scotland held by Benedict XIII., who gave the Bull for the university; but Benedict was besieged in Avignon, and the confirmation was thus postponed. At this time the brother of the bishop-elect, the young Duke of Rothsay, was seized near Strathtyrum, a place within a mile of St. Andrews, by the emissaries of his uncle, the Duke of Albany. He was imprisoned in the Castle here, and thence carried to Falkland, where the circumstances of his death are well known to all readers of the 'Fair Maid of Perth.' The event, according to the 'Scotichronicon,' was foretold by 'the Prophet of Breclyngton,' and presaged by a comet. According to tradition, Rothsay was immured in the Bottle Dungeon of the Castle dug in the rock below the sea wall. This is a statement more picturesque than probable; indeed, we do not know for certain that Rothsay was starved to death at all. He rode to Falkland from St. Andrews through a tempest of rain, and it was given out that he died of dysentery, produced, probably, by a chill; but the prisons of princes are ever near their graves.[2] The next elected

[1] *Scotichronicon*, vi. 46.

[2] *Ibid.* xv. 13.

bishop, Danyelstone, got the revenues of the see by discreditable means, but only enjoyed them for half a year. He had bartered for the bishopric the Castle of Dumbarton, which he was holding by force of arms. The prior in his time, and later, was James Bissett, a great benefactor of the monastery. He added glass windows to the hospitium, or inn for guests; he completed the roofing of the burned cathedral, and provided many farm-offices, mills (one mill is extant now), stables, and piggeries. He was a good economist of the property, using its revenues for the repair of the Cathedral and the relief of the poor.

Danyelstone was succeeded by a bishop of note, Henry Wardlaw (1404–1440), the founder of the University. In the Castle he entertained the father of Hotspur, slain at Shrewsbury, and took charge of the earl's grandson, and of the young prince of Scotland who became James I. But the great event of Wardlaw's rule was the foundation of the University, the first in Scotland, which, through many troubles, has survived the Cathedral and every Catholic institution.

The period of this foundation seems rather inauspicious. For a hundred years after the movement of Wyclif in England, at the close of the fourteenth century, the Universities of Oxford and

Cambridge were in a state of intellectual torpor. This has been attributed to the repression of free thought and of Lollard ideas; more probably the unsettled state of the succession to the throne, the wars of Henry V., and the weakness and misfortunes of Henry VI. may have distracted men's minds from the quiet pursuits of learning. The time, too, was 'between two worlds, one dead, the other powerless to be born.' 'The age of the great schoolmen was over; that of the revivers of classical literature had not begun.'[1] In English literature, as well as in English University history, there is a weary tract between Chaucer and Sir Thomas More. It was in this interregnum of letters that our Scottish University was created. It was avowedly intended to act as a bulwark against heresy, against the views of the Lollards, which were to be encountered by learning as well as by faggots. The learning was of the old sort, occupied with the scholastic philosophy, which had enlisted the half-understood and precariously translated Aristotle as a soldier of the Church. It was not in nature that the New Learning of the Renaissance, based on Greek and classical literature, and on the Bible read in the original tongues, should come early up this way. Printing reached Scotland thirty years after it came, with

[1] Maxwell Lyte, *History of the University of Oxford*, i. 314.

Caxton, to England. Everything arrived here late, and Greek studies when they dawned were suspicious in the eyes of even the learned Catholic clergy of Scotland.

The unlucky and unforeseen thing occurred, as usual, in consequence of the foundation of St. Andrews University. The men who were to be educated for the defence of the Church drank too deeply of St. Leonard's Well; they learned more than it was expected, or desired, or even known to be possible that they should learn. Thus the young University of Wardlaw, after a century or more of antiquated studies, turned to the New Learning, and supplied many advocates of the Reformation. Nothing was further from the hopes of Bishop Wardlaw, of Laurence of Lindores, of all our early founders, masters, and benefactors. At the same time, nothing was more certain to happen. That the students of the Renaissance, when it began to dawn here about 1540, should have discovered that, if their predecessors had been mistaken, they themselves were not infallible, was more than could be hoped from human nature. Having found out that their old teachers and old doctrines had been, in some things, erroneous, Knox and his associates believed that they themselves must be necessarily, eternally, and infallibly in the right. They were the proprietors and

patentees of 'the Truth,' their Church was 'the Trew Kirk,' and they were as ready to persecute as ever their old teachers had been. Such is the character of man, and such probably it will always be. When Wardlaw and Lindores founded the College, they were laying the axe to the tree of the Church. Had those ecclesiastics been as indifferent to study as the Catholic clergy is freely accused of being in Scotland, the Reformation, with much of the needless ruin it brought, might have come to St. Andrews indeed, but not, perhaps, so rapidly, nor, possibly, with the same violence. But it is vain to speculate on might-have-beens. It is certain that even a slight tincture of the New Learning could not dwell in Scotland with the ancient Church. Our ancestors were not minded like Rabelais and Erasmus. If Rome was wrong in this and that, then there was to be no truce with Rome, no peace for her children, no safety for all the glorious works of the ancient Mother Church—the mother who was so well worth robbing. The nobles took most of her lands, the mob probably seized her jewels; the State for long eked out its revenues by stripping and selling the lead from her roofs and from the coffins of her dead. Her unprofitable ornaments, the statues of her saints, were given to the fire.

But all these results, flowing in part from his own learned foundation, were far off—were lying unread

'on the knees of the Gods,' when Wardlaw instituted his University in St. Andrews.

Probably from the remotest times there had been schools in connection with the religious establishments here. Early in the twelfth century, we saw that Eadmer was welcomed by the *scholastici* on his way to the Cathedral. 'Poor scholars of St. Andrews,' and one Patrick, 'master of the schools,' are spoken of in a document of the thirteenth century.[1] Therein the schools are called *scolæ civitatis Sancti Andreæ*, and the scholars *ejusdem civitatis*, and they are recognised as members of an old institution. About the studies pursued by these 'poor scholars,' we know nothing definite. The University began thus: in 1410 a voluntary association was formed by Laurence of Lindores, Abbot of Scone, Richard Cornwall, Archdeacon of Lothian, William Stephen, later Bishop of Dunblane, and others, who delivered lectures on the scholastic philosophy, on divinity, logic, and the canon and civil law, to any who would listen. The Bishop of St. Andrews, Henry Wardlaw, in 1411, granted privileges to a University, which he intended to be 'an impregnable rampart of Doctors and Masters to resist Heresy.' The Lollard notions had already reached

[1] *Register of the Priory of St. Andrews*, p. 316. Presented by Mr. Tyndall Bruce to the Bannatyne Club. Edinburgh, 1841.

Scotland; hence the need of a breakwater against new ideas. The University is to study 'Divine and human law, Medicine, and the liberal arts.' It is to have a rector, and, in all disputes between the new community and the city baillies, the bishop and his successors are to be judges. The members of the University are to be amenable only to the rector's jurisdiction. The stationers and servitors of the University are to enjoy similar privileges. The aldermannus (provost) and baillies are to swear yearly 'in the hands of the rector,' to respect those privileges. The prior of the monastery makes similar grants. Bread, beer, and so forth, are to be sold to University men at the same rates as to townspeople. The University is to be free from all taxation and exactions, all 'watchings' and similar duties.

The bishop thus clearly foresaw the inevitable disputes of town and gown, and attempted to place his foundation on a free footing. Far from eating up the town's rights, however, as at Oxford, the University, as time went on, fell more or less under civic management, a thing detestable to the academic mind. Instead of acting as a bulwark against heresy, the colleges—especially St. Leonard's—became nests of heretics and homes of the new ideas.

The bishop's grant was made subject to the

authority of the Papal See. At that time there were three claimants of the Papacy. Scotland adhered to Benedict XIII. who, from his residence in Aragon, confirmed the privileges by a Bull, dated August 28, 1413. The King of Scotland, James I., the Bishop of St. Andrews, and the rest of the petitioners had stated to the Pope their reasons for desiring to found a University. In these troubled times, Scottish clerks were put to great expense and peril in travelling either to Oxford or to Paris and the other continental places of education. A *Studium Generale*, or University, was therefore much needed within the kingdom. The Pope, in wonderfully bad Latin, declares that he 'believes there are peace and quiet in the town of St. Andrews' (*le pauvre homme!*) and the adjacent district; that the region is fertile and well victualled (a later Pope had to be assured that the olive is not cultivated in Fife!); that there are plenty of *hospitia*, and that the place is remarkable for its 'amenity.' He therefore ordains here a *Studium Generale* in canon and civil law, medicine, theology, and the liberal arts, with power to examine and grant degrees, and confirms all this by his Bull. The Bull was warmly welcomed here, and was read aloud in the refectory, whence a procession marched to the Cathedral and chanted the *Te Deum* at the high altar. The citizens also were

greatly moved, and expressed their satisfaction by bonfires and conviviality: *bibentes vinum cum lætitia.*[1] The king recognised the University as his 'spiritual daughter,' but, alas, this child of many Bulls was but poorly dowered; 'a tocherless lass wi' a lang pedigree' is our old university. The earliest professors, being churchmen, had no official income as teachers in the University; they only retained their benefices. There is no proof that the early University had even any buildings of its own (though a theological college was earlier provided for) till 1430, when Bishop Wardlaw gave it a dwelling on the south side of South Street, the side on which the library and St. Mary's College now stand. This place, 'The Pædagogium,' might either be used for grammatical schools, or as halls and chambers of the students. The masters and regents were to celebrate the anniversary of the eve of the bishop's death in chapel, with two wax tapers burning on a covered table, a *Placebo* and *Dirige.*[2] In 1418 Robert of Montrose, secular canon of St. Mary's of the Rock, granted a tenement for a college of theology and the arts, giving possession thereof 'by means of earth, and stone, and money, and an image of St. John the

[1] Fordun and Bower, lib. xv. ch. 23.

[2] The Bulls and other documents may be read in the *Report of the Commissioners*, 1826–1830. They are translated in the appendix of Lyon's *History.*

Evangelist,' to Laurence of Lindores, who is appointed master of the college. Obits are to be celebrated for his soul at least thrice a week. The house and parcel of land was in South Street (*vicus australis*).[1] A theological college, if not that of St. Mary's, may thus be regarded as of the oldest endowment. Laurence of Lindores, who was lecturing on the *Sentences* of Peter Lombard in 1410, before the foundation of the University, was he who presided over the council which condemned and burned James Resby, a Wycliffite, at Perth, 1406–7. Our theological college began, therefore, under a most orthodox principal: 'inquisitor of wicked heresies.'

Even before the *Pædagogium*, the building of Bishop Kennedy in South Street, was given to the University, Lindores had made a beginning of the end of mediæval St. Andrews, by procuring the burning of Paul Craw, or Crawar, at this place (1432). According to Bower (1385-1449), who continued the chronicle of Fordun, Craw was a physician, an emissary of the Bohemian heretics. He was probably sent to St. Andrews as to the centre of learning and orthodoxy in Scotland. The place where Craw suffered is unknown. We have indeed a legend in Boece (1532), but Monkbarns not ill describes Mair and Boece as 'the Jachin and Boaz, not of history

[1] *Report of Commission*, p. 350.

but of falsification and forgery,' though Sir Arthur Wardour considered them as 'venerable and moss-grown pillars on which the credit of Scottish antiquities repose.' Boece relates that Craw was burned in Market Street; a St. Andrew's cross in the pavement may be near the scene. Boece also puts the weight of the affair on Fogo, Abbot of Melrose, not on Lindores. The whole matter is perplexed by late traditions, but there is no doubt that Craw was the first heretic who perished by fire at St. Andrews. Whatever Craw's ideas may have been, the clergy of the time and place probably held the same opinion of them as Bower.[1] They regarded Craw as a very advanced Socialist, who taught that all property should be common, and who urged the community of women. 'They shall go where there is no order, but eternal dread.' In truth most of the mediæval heretics were really Socialists. Their religious ideas were not so essential as their social theories, which persons in authority tried to suppress with all 'the resources of civilisation.' That heretical opinions, namely, ideas and practices not consonant with the religion in power at the moment, should be punished by death, was no peculiar tenet of the Church. John Knox in a letter of June 23, 1559, talking of the Reformation in Perth, says that 'the priests were

[1] *Scotichronicon*, xvi. 21.

commanded, under paine of death, to desist from their blasphemous masse.'[1] Nor was the punishment by fire alien to the taste of the Reformers. Knox scolded an old woman from the pulpit, before she was burned on the childish charge of witchcraft. But burning for the crime of heresy was the great sin and blunder of the Church. Men who would behead and hang for heresy, or threaten to do so, and would burn an innocent old woman for a crime that does not exist, were horrified by burning for religious opinions. The odium begotten by such acts was really a potent cause of the excesses of the Reformers. The torch that lighted Craw's pyre set the flames to the monasteries.

Poor as the early University of St. Andrews was, a man like Laurence of Lindores did not suffer it to be despicable. Several years before it even possessed the *Pædagogium* of Bishop Kennedy, a dispute arose as to the precedency between the ancient and wealthy priory on one hand, and the young and destitute *Studium Generale* on the other. In 1422 it was decided by the bishop, Henry Wardlaw, that the rector should have precedence of the prior in entering and leaving church, that the rector should sit next the bishop, and the prior next him. Attempts were made to pacify the disturbed spirits

[1] Laing's *Knox*, vi. 23.

of the University men and the retainers of the priory, who were at feud.[1] The rector, from Laurence of Lindores' time to 1475, was elected by the representatives of the four nations, into which, on the model of Paris Universities, the whole academic community was divided. These four nations were taken as divisions of Scotland: North of Tay; Fife, with all between Forth and Tay; Lothian (including Tweedale), Eskdale, Lauderdale, and the Merse; and Galloway, with Southern Lennox. In 1475 the elective powers were confined to doctors, masters, licentiates, and bachelors. In the early time, the rector's office lasted only for one year. Efforts were made to discourage appeals from his authority 'to the king or other judge.' He was obliged to reside in St. Andrews.

The next event of importance in our academic history was the foundation of St. Salvator's College by Bishop James Kennedy (1440–1466). This excellent prelate was of royal descent, a grandson of Robert III. His magnificence in public matters was not more observed by his contemporaries than his private frugality and purity of life. To the general looseness of clerical manners, and the carelessness of clerical discipline, he was an exception and an enemy. He insisted on the strict performance of their paro-

[1] *Report of Commission*, 1837, p. 234.

chial duties by his vicars, whom he urged to preach to their flocks and to visit the sick. Dr. McCrie, in his *Life of John Knox*, can find no examples of bishops who preached. Perhaps Dr. McCrie was sceptical about the evidence of Lindsay of Pitscottie, according to whom Bishop Kennedy, when he visited the parishes in his see, 'preached to the said parishioners the word of God, and inquired of them if they were duly instructed by their parson or vicar, and if the poor were sustained and the youth instructed.' That such conduct in a bishop was unusual is itself a sufficient proof of the general ecclesiastical neglect.

In 1444 Bishop Kennedy drew up an agreement between the University and the citizens of St. Andrews. In the previous year the citizens and Council of Cologne had been asked to arbitrate between our town and University on a question of jurisdiction. They decided that the rector had no jurisdiction over the citizens, and that members of the University, in disputes with townsmen, must go before a civil judge.[1] The document is a kind of compromise. After mentioning the accustomed privileges of the University, it is decreed that, if a gownsman complains of a townsman, the rector shall send his beadles to the baillie (the town magistrate)

[1] *MS. Charters*, Lyon, ii. 231, note.

who shall hear the townsman's case. If the townsman deny the debt (the town is rarely in debt to the gown), the rector shall investigate the affair. There is an appeal to the bishop.

On September 13, 1458, Pope Pius II. (Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini) confirmed, by a Bull, Bishop Kennedy's foundation of St. Salvator's College, 'the auld college,' as it was called after the establishment of St. Leonard's. The Bull is written in Latin, which a Ciceronian would not admire, and is full of queer rhetoric about 'the inestimable pearl of learning.' Pope Nicholas V. had already approved of Kennedy's project. The college is to consist of the apostolic, though unlucky, number of thirteen persons on the foundation. First there is the Præpositus, or principal, a master in theology; then a licentiate and a bachelor in the same faculty; then four masters; lastly, six poor clerks, whose parents cannot defray the expenses of their education. Each of the superiors is to lecture in the studies of his own faculty. Revenues of certain churches, as Kemback on the Eden, are devoted to the maintenance of the college. No member is to be absent from the college for more than a month in the year. All are to live in collegiate fashion, with a common table. The rector of the university, or, in his absence, the archdeacon, was visitor. The founders of the

college contemplated the admission of other than poor scholars, of young men who were to live the collegiate life and obey the rules, but who were not to be on the foundation. Meanwhile the original Pædagogium still continued to be a place of instruction. Of the college buildings which the bishop erected in North Street nothing now remains but the chapel and, perhaps, the house of the janitor, in which is contained a small collection of academic antiquities. From the Reformation onwards the quadrangle was always more or less in disrepair, if not in ruins. Modern class-rooms of sufficient accommodation now occupy the site. The grey tower and spire are fine examples of the robust yet graceful architecture of the Middle Pointed period; and the arms of Kennedy, on the door, have survived the fury of destruction. The bishop's tomb within the chapel is the last dilapidated fragment of the finer art in which he took pleasure. The collection of miniature 'towers, pinnacles, crockets, canopies, arches, and pillars,' is charmingly fantastic even now. But in the last century the local wiseacres, urged by the devil, or fearing that the chapel-roof would fall, endeavoured to remove the roof. The old workmanship defied them; so they loosened it from the walls and let it drop with a crash. The tomb of the bishop was much injured, and, to judge from its

weather-beaten appearance, was probably left for some time open to wind and rain.[1]

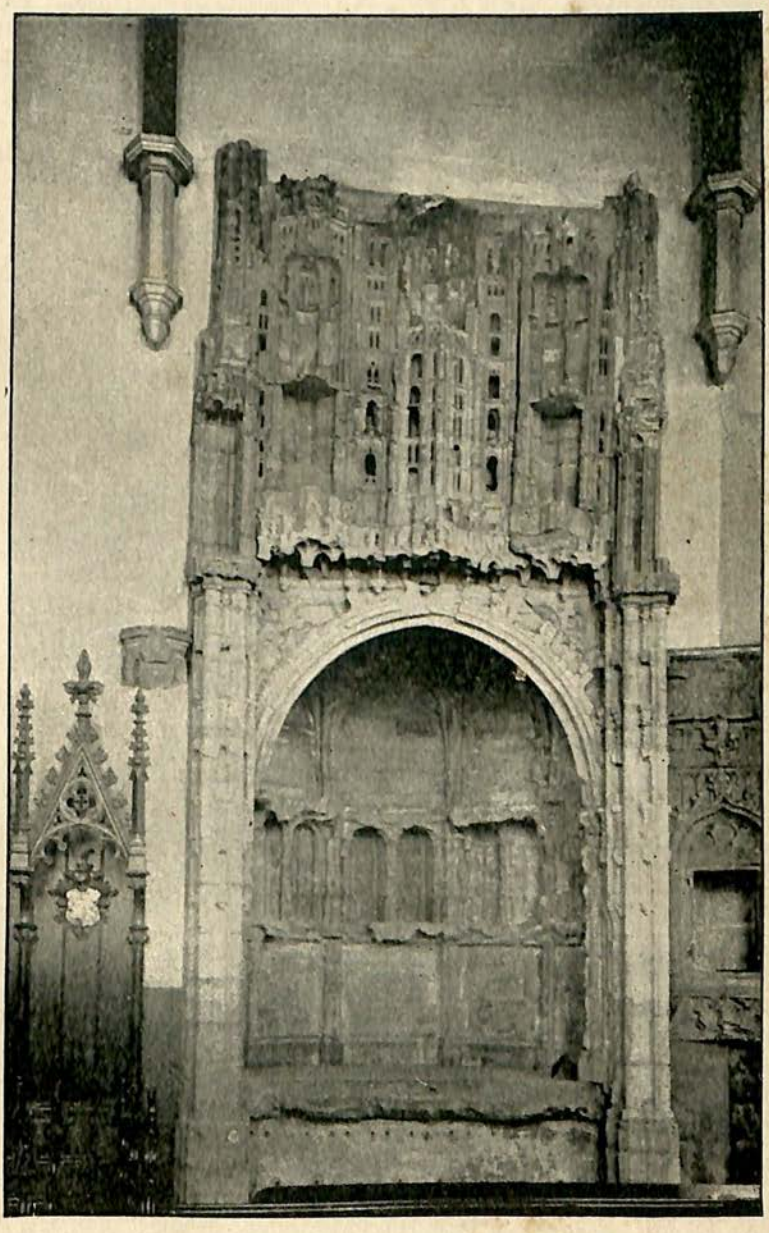
It has a melancholy aspect, this last relic of old splendour, with its blurred and undecipherable inscription, its pathetic crumbling surface, its empty niches, standing against the plain wall, among the bare decent pews, and in the crude light from stained-glass windows of an unfortunate period in the revival of that art.

Bishop Kennedy not only built the college; he endowed it with rich vestments and jewels. The catalogue of their vanished splendour exists in a parchment MS. volume in the college. There were red, blue, and white cloths of gold, embroidered velvet caps, images of gold, many illuminated books, a tall image in silver of Our Lord, with a great loose diadem set with precious stones, golden crosses set with pearls, a piece of the true cross in a silver gilt case, 'a monster of silver,' a 'holy water vat' of silver, 'ane beddell wand silver and one gilt with ane chenye and ane seill of the sam,' other wands of silver, nine silver chalices, and many other precious objects. Of these a silver mace, made in Paris for Bishop Kennedy in 1461, is the chief relic. This remarkable piece is in the same style as the ornaments

[1] Mr. Hay Fleming says that fragments of a similar tomb have been found built into an old wall and a pigstye.

of his tomb. It is four feet in length, weighs twenty pounds (it has an iron centre), is adorned with arches, crockets, pinnacles, a figure of the Saviour, angels, bishops, kings, abbots, churchmen reading, and grotesques. The maces, for there were others, are said by tradition to have been found in Bishop Kennedy's tomb, as Mr. Hay Fleming suggests, when Archbishop Burnett was buried there in 1684. Two other maces are preserved at St. Mary's, and a mace, so legend avers, was given to each of the three other Scottish universities by an almost unheard-of generosity. Unluckily the other universities deny the truth of the story. Moreover, as we show later, the maces were extant and in use in 1666 under Archbishop Sharpe. It is known that the Faculty of Arts had a mace as early as 1418.[1] This mace is in the University Library. The upper part has figures of saints incised on enamelled silver. Angels support shields of the King's arms, Bishop Wardlaw's, and some nobles', as Albany's. Archbishop Spottiswoode's arms (1617) occupy the place once probably held by the Pope's. Thus the story of the hidden maces and their discovery is refuted. It is not wholly impossible that other church plate lies concealed in the subterranean secret places of St. Andrews; but it is more likely that the mob of 1559 and the

[1] *Acta Rectorum*, fol. 4, MS.



KENNEDY'S TOMB

French fleet which plundered the castle after avenging Beaton's murder, carried away most of the ancient jewels.

Although the university did not bury its 'silver wands' at that period, it may have concealed in some yet undiscovered hiding-place its great silver Christ, with the diadem of precious stones, its golden crucifixes, and silver chalices. If interred they were, it is probably vain to seek for them in the tomb of Dr. Hugh Spens, who was principal from 1505 to 1534. The stone which covered his resting-place is now near the pulpit in the chapel, but the stone slab over it has been removed more than once and cracked in its adventures. It is improbable that the grave was not robbed when the stone was lifted.[1] The very lead of Kennedy's coffin has been stolen.

[1] In the manuscripts of the college the writer notices a curious undated inventory of 'the gear of St. Salvator's College, laid for keiping in St. Andrews Castle.' This was probably done about the time when Hertford sacked Edinburgh, and when Henry VIII., in wrath with Cardinal Beaton, threatened not to leave one stone of St. Andrews standing on another. Here we read of 'six chalices of the best;' St. Salvator with his Agnus Dei; the holy cross, the beryl cross, the small cross, and sic-like. Mr. Winchester 'has the great cross in his keeping.' Then comes the great Monster, the meikle and little Eucharists and chrysom stock; the big and little tyaste of beryl, with pearls about it; the Laver; ten chandeliers; the holy water vat and stick; two censers, a ship; all these are *in manibus præpositi*. John Wat holds 'Kennedy's best wand, with seal and chain,' the beautiful silver mace still in the college. Wemys has 'two great breddis (pictures on panel) of the Crucifixion and the Holy Sprite.' John Young keeps 'the alterstane of blue marble.' The embroidered cushions are 'in the meikle kist in the Provost's stable within the

The other deeds of Bishop Kennedy, how he obtained from the king the Golden Charter of the see, how he founded the monastery of the Franciscans, whereof only one old ivy-covered wall is left in the gardens of the modern Bell Street, how he built a great trading-vessel, how he was a Lord of the Regency in the minority of James III., need not be told in connection with the only work of his that survives, the University.

Kennedy's successor, Patrick Graham (1466–1478), was his half-brother. He had to settle a quarrel as to the right of conferring degrees, between the University and the College of Saint Salvator, to the disadvantage of the college, which resigned its claim. In 1472 he induced the Pope to recognise him as archbishop, but he was regarded with jealousy by the Scottish bishops and the king. The royal power, influenced by the family of Boyd, protested against his title, he was prosecuted on all sides, the Pope renounced him, he was removed to Iona, and finally to the Isle of St. Serf, in Loch

yaird.' A great deal of altar cloth, cloth of gold, is in hiding, and a cloth that hung before the twelve Apostles. Two uncatalogued bundles are in the Castle. Dr. Pratt keeps the Missale Altaris. 'Ten cushions of velvet for the schools' sounds luxurious, and the schools were also hung with fifteen pieces of tapestry, and with three pieces of cloth of gold. Indeed, the rich vestments were almost countless. The whole picture shows a college richer in 'gear' than any of our modern universities can boast.

Leven, where he died. Among his opponents was his successor, William Shevez (1478–1496), consecrated by the papal legate at Holyrood, and invested, as archbishop, with the pall. Shevez had some repute as an astronomer; in politics he sided with the nobles against James III., and his own spirit was vexed by the rise of a rival archiepiscopate in Glasgow. His successor was James Stuart, second son of James III. He died young at the age of twenty-eight, and was followed by Alexander Stuart (1509–1513), a natural son of James IV. He was, in 1505, a pupil of Erasmus, and, according to that scholar, a pupil most promising, versatile, and accomplished. He learned Greek, and must have been one of the first Scots who acquired that tongue. His morals are highly spoken of by Erasmus. To make a mere boy archbishop, simply because he was a natural son of the king, was to give a good example of the corruption which preceded and helped to produce the Reformation. The 'tender archbishop' regarded his benefices as provisions for his retainers, secretary, and friends.[1] He himself, at eighteen, was not only archbishop, but a pluralist of the most 'bloated' abbot of Dunfermline and prior of Coldingham. James V., in the following reign, used Church revenues as mere provision for

[1] Letters in *Epistolæ Regum Scotorum*, Lyon, ii. 351.

his bastards, and drew the revenues during the minority of the lads.

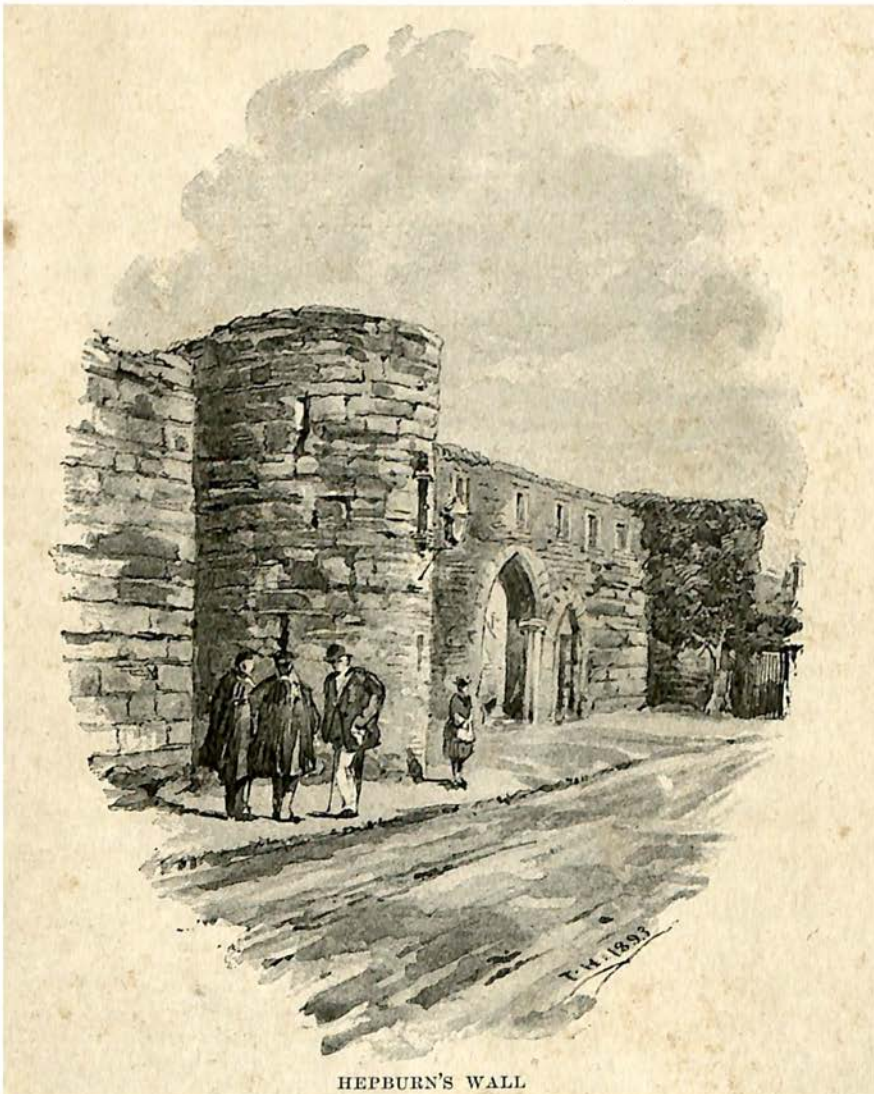
The young prelate fell with his father, and the flower of the Scottish people, at Flodden (September 9, 1513). It might have been hoped that a pupil of Erasmus would introduce Greek at the University, but this gallant boy died too soon. He did, however, increase the salaries of the professors in the Pædagogium. One of the stone coffins, now lying visible beneath a great stone at the east end of the Cathedral, is said to be Archbishop Stuart's. A skull, cleft by an English bill, perhaps, was found there, and is now in the college museum. Legend regards it as the skull of the archbishop slain at Flodden.

The great influence on the University at this time was that of John Hepburn, prior of the monastery. In 1512, Hepburn added a new college, that of St. Leonard's, in the parish of the same name. James IV. confirmed two statutes, one by Archbishop Alexander Stuart, his natural son, the other by the prior, James Hepburn. In this college old and obsolete benefactions were turned to a new purpose. The archbishop in his charter rehearses the familiar legend about St. Regulus and the relics, shows how the miracles wrought by the relics had at first brought pilgrims to St. Andrews, how a *hospitium*

for them was built and endowed. But as time went on, and faith was confirmed, the miracles ceased, being no longer necessary, and with the miracles ceased the pilgrimages. The *hospitium* was, therefore, made into a home for old women, 'who brought forth little or no fruits of virtue and devotion.' The funds were consequently devoted to the new College of St. Leonard's. Time bringing in his revenges, the old site of the college is now occupied by a large school for girls, who, we may trust, do bring forth the fruits of virtue and piety. The foundation of St. Leonard's College consisted of a master, four chaplains, two of them regents, or tutors, and twenty scholars. All of these were to learn grammar, and six were to prosecute theological study. Gregorian chanting was also to be taught. Prior Hepburn's charter enumerates the lands of his new endowment. Such funds as it possessed were amalgamated with those of St. Salvator's in the middle of the last century. There is now no St. Leonard's College, only the United College of St. Salvator and St. Leonard.

Fortunately, we get a glimpse into the life of the St. Leonard's men from the rules drawn up by Prior Hepburn. The neophyte, or freshman, kneels to the principal, requesting admission 'for the love of Christ.' He is examined in grammar; his conduct and circumstances are inquired into. The

colleges, in later years, have frequently resisted the proposal of an entrance examination, as tending to



HEPBURN'S WALL

diminish the number of students, and thereby ruin the professors. There is to be no jobbing or can-

vassing for scholarships. If several candidates present themselves, the examination is to be competitive. No scholar under fifteen, or over twenty-one, is to be admitted. The scholars are to live, in pairs, like the old Oxford 'chamber dekyns,' in rooms with a southern exposure, looking out over the broad gardens that slope down towards the little burn which enters the harbour. The old precinct wall girdles the garden still, with its coronal of towers marked with Hepburn's arms. The course of study was in logic, physics, philosophy, metaphysics, and ethics, but Aristotle was probably read in Latin translations. All the scholars were to converse in Latin. The Latin would not be Ciceronian; the influence of Erasmus had only reached the archbishop, not the students. John Knox scoffs, not unjustly, at the ecclesiastical prose of the period: 'the barbarousness of their Latine and dictament.' The following verses, engraved on the tomb of Prior Haldenstone (died 1443), show what our scholars used to do in verse:—

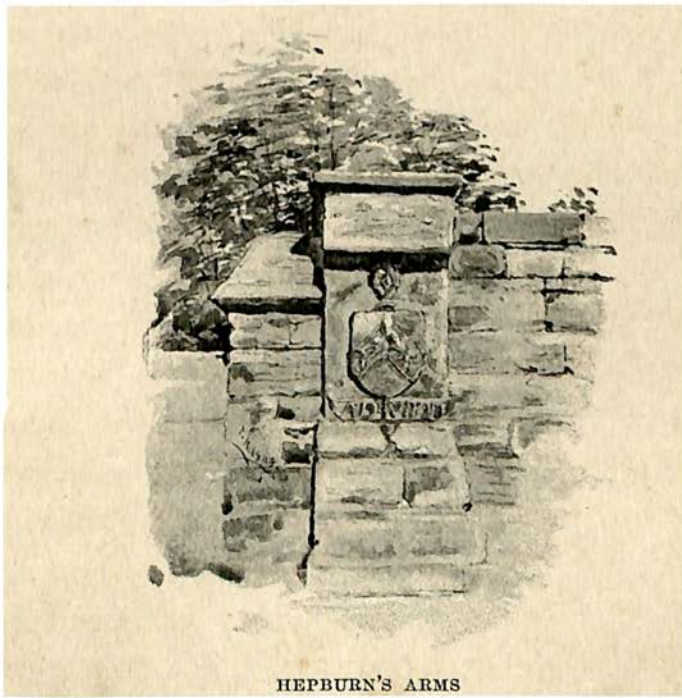
> Qui docui mores, mundi vitare favores,
> Inter doctores sacros sortitus honores,
> Vermibus hic donor; et sic ostendere conor,
> Quod sicut ponor, ponitur omnis honor.

This prior, by the way, was responsible for the large eastern window of the Cathedral, which he put in place of three small windows. He floored the choir

with a polished pavement, and rebuilt a palace in the priory ground.

The allowance of food was four ounces of bread at breakfast and supper, with eight ounces at dinner. On flesh days they had broth and a dish of meat; on meagre days they had fish. At supper *brodium*, probably a hash, possibly 'brose,' was the usual meal. Vegetables, of course, were added. Four scholars, by rotation, swept out and cleaned the building weekly; and twice a year all took a hand in a general cleaning. The gates were opened at five in winter, at six in summer, and were shut at eight in winter, at nine in summer. The janitor was a poor student. The office, or at least the name of the office, of *luminator*, or candle-holder, lasted into the present century. The University seal shows a professor lecturing while the luminator holds the candle. We later meet a learned *luminator*. No women were admitted, except one laundress, who must not be younger than fifty. The men were always to wear cap and gown in the city: once a week, all in a body, and accompanied by a master, they were allowed to visit the Links. They were not permitted to play football, against which the Parliament had issued a prohibition. As a rule, they were expected to pass their play-time in gardening. The principal is to be one of the canons.

Each regent is to lecture at least twice daily; if the regents held altarages, they were to receive no other salaries. Students not poor may enter, and must conform to the rules. They may dine in hall, or not, as they please. They must wear dusky garments, no gaudy caps, no swords, or dirks;



HEPBURN'S ARMS

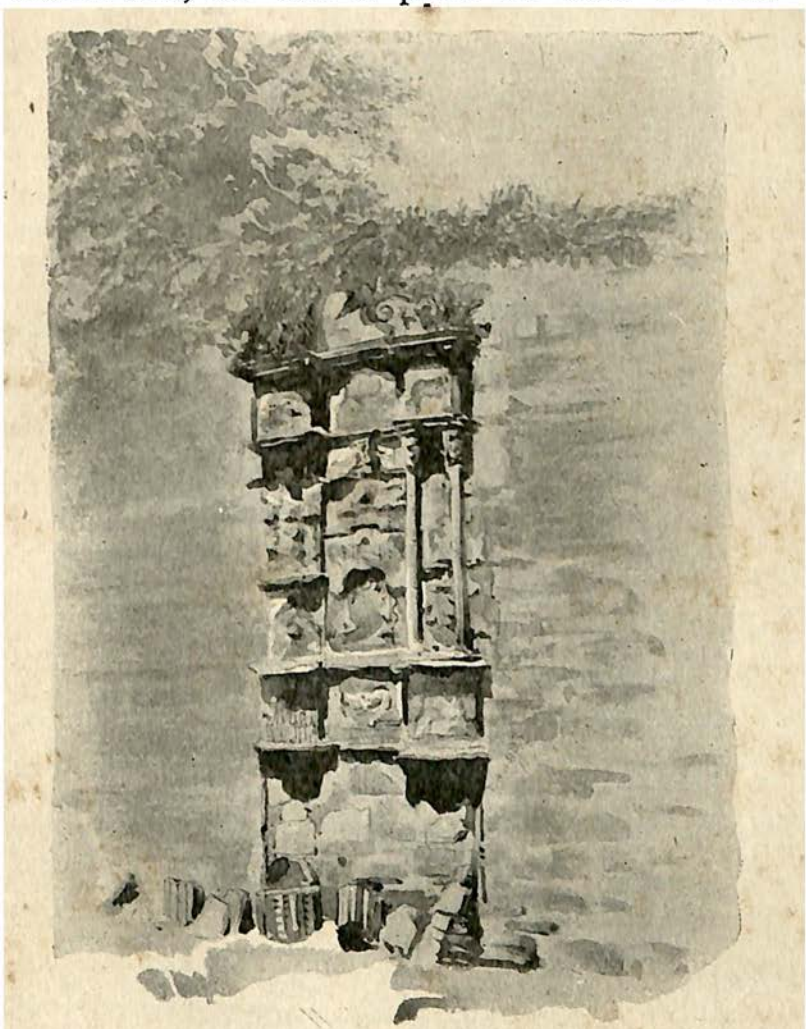
their hair must not be so long as to hide the ears; and they may not give private suppers in college. Continued absence from chapel is punished by expulsion. Provisions are made for more delicate food, and the attendance of an elderly nurse, if any students happen to be *languidi*—in bad health.

These rules were confirmed in September, 1544. The chapel services, by the way, were frequent and severe; the whole establishment was religious and conventual.

The remains of St. Leonard's are not inconsiderable. The two houses west of the ruined chapel were originally part of the college. The arms of Hepburn are still on the north wall of the school for girls, opposite; and within the school is an ancient wall and narrow slit window. The roofless chapel, mangled by Philistines and deprived of its spire, contains some tombs of interest, and an old wall runs through the school gardens to the tower on the precinct boundary built by Hepburn. So much is left of St. Leonard's, and of halls where of old we wore the gown, when the place, as St. Leonard's Hall, was occupied by students in the University (1862).

Some rather imaginative antiquaries find the tomb of Prior Hepburn, the founder of St. Leonard's College, and builder of the precinct wall, in the ruinous chapel of St. Leonard's. The gate is locked, and the place can only be reached through the grounds of the house, originally part of the college, in which George Buchanan lived. Thence you climb through the window into the chapel, and inspect the tomb. This monument is said to have been gilt, and in 1838 old people remembered it in perfect preser-

vation. The armorial bearings, the rose, and the initials J.H., are said to prove the tomb to have



TOMB IN ST. LEONARD'S

been Hepburn's, but these marks are no longer visible. Dr. Johnson was not allowed to visit this chapel when at St. Andrews, a matter not to be

marvelled at. In the author's time, at St. Leonard's Hall, the floor was grass-grown, and, if his memory be correct, trees grew within the building. Now it is swept, garnished, and under lock and key.

As St. Leonard's grew, the old original Pædagogium fell into disuse, and its buildings into that normal state of ruin which for centuries marked academic St. Andrews. Archbishop James Beaton, therefore, in 1537, began to construct a new theological college (St. Mary's) on the ruins of the Pædagogium, in South Street. On his death, his nephew, the famous cardinal, continued the work. His statutes were remodelled by Archbishop Hamilton in 1553.

There were thirty-six persons on the foundation; a principal, a licentiate, a bachelor, a canonist, eight priests, students of theology, three professors or regents in philosophy, an orator and grammatical teacher, sixteen poor students of philosophy; there were also a cook, a provisor, a janitor. In this condition, with its three religious colleges, the University remained till the Reformation. The Church has often been accused of indifference to learning in Scotland, but the founders and chief benefactors of the University deserve to be free from this reproach. It is unjust to charge them, as their enemies do, with not anticipating the Renaissance and the New

Learning. We cannot reasonably ask the defenders of tradition to be the leaders in new movements, and to favour innovations which they must inevitably regard with suspicion. Innovations came, whether they would or not, and the colleges were soon familiar haunts of John Knox and George Buchanan.

CHAPTER IV

DAWN OF REFORMATION IN ST. ANDREWS

PATRICK HAMILTON

Among the events which preluded and acted as occasions of the revolution in Church affairs, the battle of Flodden was not the least important. The fall of so many nobles left more of the administrative power in the hands of churchmen, who, again, excited the envy of the new generation of nobles. St. Andrews, too, lost her archbishop, Alexander Stuart, slain under shield, and there was a contest for the succession to the see, which brought discredit on the Church. The competitors were Gawain Douglas,[1] the translator of Virgil, and son of the old Earl of Angus; John Hepburn, the prior, who, with the late archbishop, had founded St. Leonard's; and Andrew Forman, Bishop of Murray. Douglas, whom one might have preferred as a poet and friend of letters, was the English candidate. France

[1] 'Son of mine,
Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line.'

and the Papacy favoured Forman. The contest was disgraceful. The translator of the Æneid seized the castle of St. Andrews; the prior retook it by force, and held it against the army of the Earl of Angus. Gawain retired from the contest, and, later, had to assert, by arms, his undoubted right to the see of Dunkeld, occupied by Andrew Stewart, son of the Earl of Atholl. As Professor Brewer quotes Inglis, Queen Margaret's secretary, 'Every man takes up abbacies that may. . . They tarry not quhilk benefices be vacant; they take them ere they fall; for they tyne virtue if they touch ground.'[1] In brief, the Church was robbed on every side, by the nobles in or out of orders. Meanwhile the spectacle of her violent disunion, the battles which the clergy were fighting, the sieges of castles by priors, and of priories by the garrisons of castles, the war concentrated on the narrow promontory of St. Andrews, must have fatally shaken respect for the Church.

The fortified wall of the priory is within three hundred yards of the Castle moat, and the two strong places were occasionally in the hands of churchmen at deadly feud with each other. As for the archbishopric, Forman, Bishop of Murray, and a noted Scotch diplomatist, obtained a Bull of appointment from Leo X., and with this in his possession and in

[1] *Reign of Henry VIII.*, i. 208.

the office of legate returned to Scotland. Finally a bargain was struck through the Regent Albany. Hepburn, that martial and learned prior, retained the rents of the see which he had collected and the Church of Kirkliston, while certain members of his family received other great benefices, and Forman was made Archbishop of St. Andrews (1514). James Beaton, who was also a candidate, got the Abbey of Arbroath.

Forman and Hepburn both died in 1522. Forman, who had written against Luther, was succeeded in the archbishopric by James Beaton, son of the Laird of Balfour. He was translated from the see of Glasgow (1522–1539). Beaton was an intriguing politician, and versed in wars, if no great warrior. Under him and his nephew, David Beaton, the celebrated Cardinal, St. Andrews became the pivot on which turned the affairs of Church and State. With the Cardinal's murder and the destruction of the Cathedral and religious houses, the city sank into the proportions and importance of a small and remote university town and fishing village. To understand all that occurred, a summary sketch of the events and politics which preluded to the Reformation is necessary.

Flodden Field left Scotland a ruined land under an infant prince, James V., and a queen mother,

Margaret, sister of Henry VIII. Henry perceived that the realm was unconquerable by force of arms, and he contemplated a pacific union. At that time he had but one legitimate child, Mary, afterwards known as the Bloody. His proposal was that the succession should be secured, and the sister kingdoms united under one sceptre, by the marriage of Mary to his nephew James. In various forms some such scheme of union by the pacific means of marriage governed English policy for two generations, till James's daughter, Mary Stuart, wedded the Dauphin of France. There were men in Scotland to whom such a close of the secular strife seemed most welcome, but there were stronger counteracting tendencies. While Scotland remained true to the Church, and England was the bitter enemy of the Pope, union was difficult. After the more active spirits in Scotland accepted the Reformation, the clerical ruler, Beaton, was still hostile. Anything like bullying or excessive demands on the part of England at once drove the majority of Scots into the arms of France, and there was a sentimental attachment to the auld alliance. Meanwhile, under the shifting sway of women, priests, and ferocious or incompetent earls, parties were continually forming and breaking up again. England had a faction, indeed, among the Scotch—a faction of men either honest believers in

the union of the countries, or fanatic enemies of Rome, or bought by the money and promises of Henry, or urged by private jealousies, as might happen in each case. But these alliances gave England no solid footing; a border war of reprisals might at any moment break out, and the English would give their opponents an appearance of right by a series of brutal and barbarous attacks on private property and on open cities. Thus a national bitterness was excited in Scotland, except among the extreme Protestants, who regarded all opponents of the Pope as more akin to themselves than their own suffering countrymen. Meanwhile the Papal and, so to say, national party in Scotland were disgusting the country by the contrast between their religious pretensions and the laxity of their lives, the profligacy of their appointments to ecclesiastical office, the cruelty of their persecutions, and their ignorance of the New Learning and criticism.

On France, their old ally, they could not depend, nor could France depend on them. They were in the position of the later Stuarts, from 1688 to 1786. France promised much, and did little. Her efforts at armed assistance were always frustrated by the winds and waves which seemed to fight for England. Her forces, when she did manage to send any, were regarded with jealousy, and became causes of

rancour. France proved a broken reed to Scotland. In this long struggle it is hard indeed to sympathise consistently with any party. If Henry's matrimonial proposals were honest, none could 'like the manner of the wooing.' If the Scotch were perfidious, Henry was ready to kidnap the Scotch king (against which even his Privy Council protested), and he encouraged Scotch assassins, who were prepared to kill the cardinal for money. If we turn from the clerical party with disgust, we are not more attracted by the greedy, treacherous, and unscrupulous nobles. If we condemn the cruel persecutions of the priests, we are unable to pardon the almost comic intolerance of the Reformers. The profligacy of the Church is not more unsympathetic than the outrages of the mob. Finally, the party whom Scotch patriots delight to honour—the party of Knox and Wishart—were, on the face of things, most unpatriotic, welcoming the brutalities of the English as the 'judgements of God' upon their countrymen.

For two generations this bitter strife, this waste and ruin, filled our history, and found their centre at St. Andrews.

In 1525 Henry sent his proposals of a marriage between his daughter Mary and James V., then a child. The idea was unpopular. Henry's envoy was credited with the evil eye, and was said to have

blighted the harvest! He departed, and the archbishop, with Angus, the husband of Henry's sister Margaret, the queen mother, got possession of the person of the young James V. In the previous year the archbishop had been suspected of being in the French interest; he had entertained French visitors, and 'there hath not been such a house kept in Scotland many days before, as of late the archbishop hath kept, and yet keepeth . . . he gave livery nightly to twenty-one score horses.'[1] The archbishop shifted sides, and, in 1526, allied himself with Lennox against Angus, who held the king in the interests of England. There was a battle fought for the king's person at Kirkliston. Angus triumphed, Lennox was slain, and the archbishop, far from giving livery in his castle to large troops of horse, was driven to skulk in disguise, and herd sheep on the hills of Balgrumo. His castle of St. Andrews was plundered, his revenues were seized; but matters were made up by money, and a year after keeping his flock in the moors of Balgrumo, Beaton was burning the first Scottish martyr in St. Andrews.

Since Paul Craw, in 1471, nobody had suffered for heresy at St. Andrews. The case of the new martyr, Patrick Hamilton, was in many respects curious, and especially as proving that the New

[1] Magnus, the English Ambassador, to Wolsey.

Learning was about to produce its natural consequences—religious doubt.

About this time John Major, of Haddington, son of a farmer near that town, was among the most distinguished members of the University. We may take Major or Mair as a good example of the old, Patrick Hamilton as a fair specimen of the new, students. Mair was by this time a man of more than fifty years old. Hamilton was only twenty-three. Mair had been well schooled at Haddington, he had studied at Cambridge, he had visited Oxford; he had eaten the bread, beans, and herring of Montaigu College, which Erasmus remembered so ruefully; he had lectured on logic at Navarre College, of which he was a fellow, and at the Sorbonne on theology. From 1518 to 1522 he taught in Glasgow, with John Knox for one of his pupils, and in 1523 he came, probably with Beaton, to lecture at St. Andrews. Now Mair was a learned man of the old school, a scholastic logician, a writer of the particularly unclassical Latin called 'Sorbonnic.' He was not a bigoted Conservative; he entertained some classical ideas verging on Republicanism, or, at least, on Constitutionalism, in politics; he was in favour of union with England; he was not illiberal in matters of religious opinion, but he was a logician of the old acutely tedious kind. He is assured of immortality,

for Rabelais mentions him in his fantastic list of non-existing books, as author of a Latin treatise on the 'Method in the Making of Puddings.' In brief, Mair was, by 1527, an erudite fogey of an exploded order. Gargantua would not have entrusted him with the education of Pantagruel. A knowledge of classical Greek, and a love of it, had come in since his youth, and people like Buchanan mocked at a very worthy, shrewd, and studious scholar of the ancient school.

Mair was not at St. Andrews when Patrick Hamilton, a student of the new school, was burned in 1527–28, but probably Mair was a good type of the elder men of the gown. Hamilton, his opposite, was born about 1503 or 1504, son of Sir Patrick Hamilton, an illegitimate child of James, first Lord Hamilton. Very unlike Mair, he neither sprang from the peasant class, nor had to study on a little oatmeal. This martyr, in his youth, was promoted to the Abbey of Ferne, in the county of Ross.[1] The abbey was held, *in commendam*, till 1517, by the

[1] The church of Ferne is now almost a ruin; the central portion, remodelled and furnished with pews, is occupied, in part, by a small Presbyterian congregation, the old windows are walled up, new windows have been hacked out. Two side chapels are roofless and in a deplorable condition: fragments of delicately carved work lie, half hidden by grass, in the graveyard among the worn and tumbled tombstones. The effigy of an old abbot remains, much defaced. The melancholy church—shrunken, yet a world too wide for its parishioners—is a monument to the Reformation and the Disruption.

Bishop of Caithness. If Patrick was already nominal abbot, he must have been an abbot at the tender age of fourteen. Mr. Laing thinks that he never was in priest's orders.[1] Thus this martyr had been enjoying the revenues of the Church as an abbot without even being a priest. It appears that he was a married man at his death, and it is known that he had a daughter, which seems to make it improbable that he had ever qualified for the high ecclesiastical functions which he enjoyed, and the benefice which he held. On this subject John Knox, whom his admirers regard as a humourist, is more comic than he intended to be.

This servand of God, the said Maister Patrik, being in his youth providit to reasonable honours and living (he was intitulat Abbot of Fern) as one haiting the world and the vanitie thereof, left Scotland.

How it could be 'reasonable' to appoint a boy of fourteen to be an abbot and to enjoy the living of that dignity does not appear, and Knox would have called Hamilton an abbot of unreason if the youth had not chanced to agree with the reformer's theological tenets. Alane says that, detesting the hypocrisy of the Church of Rome, he never wore its costume; he only drew its money![2] Patrick

[1] *Works of Knox*, i. 502.

[2] See *The Reformers*. By Ministers of the United Presbyterian Church, p. 351. It is said that the Abbey may then have been dilapidated, and the appointment a sinecure.

Hamilton is said to have taken his Master's degree at Paris in 1520, so he probably used his revenues as a kind of travelling fellowship. 'They would furnish an ample viaticum for the young scholar,' says Dr. Lorimer. He must have been precocious if he went through all the years of study before he was seventeen. At Paris he probably heard much of the Lutheran controversy, and it is possible that he acquired a knowledge of Greek. He went on, it is said, to Louvain, and, when he was burned, the professors and masters in theology of that university wrote a formal letter of congratulation to Beaton. They speak of Hamilton as a 'wicked heretic,' but make no mention of his residence among them. Returning to Scotland, Hamilton was admitted to the University of St. Andrews on the same day as John Major, or Mair. On October 3, 1524, he was received into the Faculty of Arts. Whether the representatives of the old and the new, Mair and Hamilton, had any intercourse, we know not. Hamilton was an accomplished musician, and composed a sacred piece which was sung in the Cathedral. Mair was also fond of music, and regrets that the Scottish priests were ignorant of the Gregorian chant, an accomplishment taught at St. Leonard's.[1] Hamilton may have been a St. Leonard's man.

[1] See Mair's *History of Greater Britain*, p. 30. Edinburgh, 1892.

There is no reason to suppose that Hamilton had already conceived heretical opinions. He was, however, in a place where they might well be acquired. Books of the new theology were being imported from the Continent and were most likely to be carried to a centre of learning such as St. Andrews was. The Scotch Parliament, which forbade the importation of heretical works in 1525, expressly made an exception in favour of those intended for 'clerks in the schools.' The Parliament did not deem that people could confute books which they had not read, a current orthodox fallacy even in our own time, and therefore the clerks, being expected to confute Luther and Melanchthon, were permitted to study these dangerous authors.[1] The general public was not yet likely to peruse such works as Tyndall's, for example. 'To imagine that ploughmen and shepherds in the country read the New Testament in English by stealth under hedges . . . is to mistake the character and acquirements of the age.'[2] But young and ardent men like Hamilton, in a place of study, would be sure, nay, would be morally bound, to read what was being written on theology. The result of his studies was that he became suspected of heresy, was summoned and accused by the archbishop, and

[1] McCrie's *Life of Knox*, p. 22, note. Edinburgh, 1840.
[2] Brewster, *Henry VIII.*, vol. ii. p. 468.

'being of euill mynde (as may be presumed) passed to other partes, forth of the Realme, suspected and noted of heresie'[1] (1527). The city to which Hamilton fled when persecuted in St. Andrews was Wittenberg. Knox writes as if he proceeded thither at his first visit to the Continent. At Wittenberg, according to Knox (i. 15), Hamilton met Luther and Melanchthon. 'The brycht beames of the trew light' (that is, of Knox's opinions) began to beam forth. Hamilton, according to Knox, was not only a theologian but a student of philosophy. 'He abhorred sophistry' (that is the old scholastic disputations), 'and wold that the text of Aristotle should have been better understood and more used in the schools than it was, for sophistrie had corrupted all as weil in divinitie as in humanitie.' If these statements be correct, Hamilton was probably a Greek scholar, and could drink of the Aristotelian wisdom from the fountain-head. But to Hamilton, as to Scotland in general, the New Learning came not as a key to the gardens of the Muses, not as a 'magic casement opening on the foam of perilous seas,' haunted by Circe and the sirens, but merely as a light on the Bible and on the disputes of theologians. Scotland, like Hamilton, her first martyr, received the Reforma-

[1] The sentence against Hamilton. Laing's *Knox*, vol. i. p. 510. See, too, the citation of Hamilton, printed by Prof. Mitchell.

tion without the Renaissance. The revival of the world of Greece brought to her not peace, not beauty, not joy in life, but a sword and ill-will to men.

Hamilton was a Reformer, rather than a humanist, and Buchanan, his contemporary at St. Andrews, the most famous of Scotch humanists, had none of the sweetness of Erasmus or Pico della Mirandola.

In Germany Hamilton maintained the first set of theses ever propounded at the new University of Marburg (opened May 30, 1527). These theses were theological, and, apparently, were identical with the propositions printed by Knox as 'Patrike's Places.'[1] To these we shall presently return. After the end of the first term at Marburg, Hamilton came back to Scotland. His father had been slain years before in the skirmish of 'Clear the Causeway,' where Beaton's 'conscience clattered.' His brother, Sir James, was now sheriff of Linlithgowshire. Probably Hamilton began to preach his doctrines: then, according to Knox, Beaton 'so travailled with the said Maister Patrik, that he got him to Sanctandrosse, whair, after the conference of diverse dayis, he had his freedome and libertie. The said bischop and his blooddy bucheouris, called doctouris,[2] seamed to approve his

[1] *Knox*, i. p. 19.

[2] Knox is very free with the word 'bloody' when he speaks of the execution of the laws, and of the coronation oath. When his confederates stab and murder, he usually claims God as their partner.

doctryne, and to grant that many things craved reformation in the ecclesiastical regiment.' So much was usually granted even by the Cardinal of Lorraine, as Queen Mary told Throckmorton. The Church confessedly needed reformation in practice, but Hamilton, attacking her doctrines, appeared to strike at the very roots of morality. There seemed no need to worm his ideas out of so young, convinced, and frank a confessor as Hamilton, but a friar named Alexander Campbell was set as a spy on him, according to Knox. This Campbell was prior of the Dominicans in St. Andrews (whose ruined chapel is in South Street), and the exact truth about his conduct is difficult to unravel. Infinitely the best evidence about Hamilton's case is that of Alane, or Alesius, at this time a canon of the priory. Alane had argued against Luther in a manner satisfactory to Luther's opponents. He was, therefore, encouraged to discuss with Hamilton, but Hamilton converted his adversary. He has left his account of the controversies and the martyrdom in the preface and notes to his *Primus Liber Psalmorum* (1554), where it was discovered by Dr. Lorimer, Hamilton's biographer. According to Alane, who was in St. Andrews at the time, Hamilton was allowed to teach and dispute openly *in academiâ*, in the schools, for nearly a month after his arrival in the town. Some legal formulæ of

repeated citation had to be accomplished. It has been supposed that this liberty was merely a trap, that the clergy were afraid to arrest a man of good family, and that they wished to give him rope, and to permit him to multiply charges against himself. A more favourable view might be taken of their conduct, which, on the face of it, was, so far, tolerant, honourable, and legal, though perilous enough to the interests of orthodoxy. At last Hamilton received his final summons to appear before Beaton, and answer for his opinions.[1] The trial was held in the Cathedral before Beaton, the archbishop of Glasgow, several bishops and abbots, the provost of St. Salvator's, and others. The charges laid against Hamilton, as set forth in the summons, were of lecturing and preaching without license, of disputing the laws and decrees of the fathers, 'and also human ordinances,' of distrusting the sacraments of the Church, of saying that tithes should not be paid, that conduct was indifferent, that prayers for the dead were vain, that our ancestors died in a wicked faith, and were buried in hell. Unnamed accusations, 'horrible and disgraceful to utter among Christians,' were alluded to, and he was blamed for perverting 'the simple and illiterate faithful.'

[1] The summons is in the University Library, where it was discovered by Professor Mitchell.

In spite of all these offences, Alane admits that Beaton wished Hamilton to save himself by flight. His brother, Sir James, the sheriff of Linlithgowshire, was in arms, but was prevented by a storm from crossing the Forth to his rescue. But Patrick, like Socrates, declined to fly, and determined to confirm the faith by his martyrdom.

As to his real opinions, we have the evidence of 'Patrick's Places,' translated from the Latin, and published by Foxe and by Knox.[1] Perhaps the most important is the dogma briefly stated by Alane. 'Man hath no free will to do good works, before the grace of the Holy Spirit.'

The apparent conclusion is that morality is non-existent. All that man does without grace is evil, and what he does with grace is not his own deed at all. Again, 'a man is justified by faith'—that is, without works. Now, as faith and grace are purely mystic conditions, only to be proved by a man's own consciousness, which may be mistaken, any test or standard of conduct is destroyed. True, Hamilton adds, like Marcus Aurelius, that good deeds do not make a good man, but that a good man does good deeds. 'By their fruits shall ye know them;' but the fruits, to the observer from without, may seem good without 'grace.' Matters of this kind, like the

[1] *History*, p. 19.

problem of the owl and the egg, may be argued on for ever, to no purpose. To the orthodox clergy, however, it would inevitably seem that Hamilton's was no doctrine to preach 'to those who eddy round and round.' They would foresee the fanaticism of the Covenanters, who, being assured of 'grace,' murdered their enemies, like Russell, or defrauded the revenue, like Nimmo, with the greatest *aplomb* and complacency. 'No werkis make us unrychteouse,' says Hamilton,[1] which is precisely the doctrine of trusty Tompkins in 'Woodstock.'

Such ideas may be entertained by virtuous and benevolent men like Hamilton himself; indeed, ideas of this kind make very little real difference in conduct. 'A good man maketh good works,' according to his kind, whether he believes in Christ, or in Huitzilopochtli. But Hamilton's ideas might be very useful to bad men and fanatics, like Hackston of Rathillet, and Balfour of Burley, and to Knox, the constant patron of private murder in the cause of 'the Trewth.' It was natural, and even laudable, that the bishops should dislike the conduct of Hamilton. Little more than a lad, 'he returned, and not beyng admitted, but of his own head, without license or priuiledge, hath presumed to preach wicked heresie.'[2] Among the wicked heresies, as

[1] Knox, *History*, p. 31.

[2] Sentence against Hamilton. Laing's *Knox, History*, p. 510.

stated in the sentence, is this: 'All Christians that be worthy to be called Christians, do know they are in grace,' an opinion which is certainly of a dangerous mysticism. If a man knows he is not in grace, he may act as ill as he chooses; if he knows he is in grace, whatever he chooses to do is right. This is how the bishops would understand Hamilton's doctrine and its moral consequences. It is, of course, just as easy to prove that the bishops' own doctrines—the mediation of saints, the efficacy of penance, and so forth—may be turned to immorality. But those ideas were in power and possession.

Hamilton's lodgings were surrounded by men at arms. The captain of the castle knocked at the door; he bade his friends make no resistance; the captain promised to restore him uninjured, but the promise (not by the honest captain's will, we may guess) was only verbally kept, and broken in the spirit. On February 29, 1527–28, Hamilton was arraigned in the Cathedral. Alane was an eye-witness of the scene—*affui ego spectator tragœdiæ.* The accuser, Campbell, the Dominican Prior, argued with Hamilton through a set of written propositions, and then was ordered to attack him on other questions, without preparation, and to call him heretic. Campbell did not enjoy his task; he was a man of kindly

temper—*erat in eo placida nătura*—and he acted 'against his will.' '*Non ita sentis ex animo, frater!*' answered Hamilton—'these are not your true sentiments.' The sentence was then passed by the congregation of divines: Hamilton was to be handed over to the secular arm, and his goods were to be confiscated. He was marched back to the castle under escort, the captain proclaiming aloud that his brother, Sir James, might take him, but Sir James, of course, was not there to do so. If this part of the legend be correct, the promise made at his capture was broken in its spirit. About noon a pyre was lit, before the gateway of St. Salvator's, and there was Patrick Hamilton burned.

The manner of his death was heroic, and cannot now be read without horror and shame, and admiration. According to Alane, the only spectator whose evidence is preserved, he was 'roasted rather than burned,' from noon till six o'clock at night. 'Have ye no dry wood and gunpowder?' he cried in his agony; but the awkwardness of his executioners protracted his torments. Holding up his scorched hands, he testified to the last that his faith was unshaken.

Pitscottie adds many details, saying, for example, that Campbell was among the tormentors, that Hamilton appealed to him to answer before the judgment-

seat of Christ, that a blast of wind drove the fire against the Dominican, and that he died in a phrenzy.

Now, Alane, who calls Campbell a man of 'placid nature,' says that he did not long survive, and died insane, or in a delirium, but he says nothing about Campbell's presence at the fire, while active cruelty is admitted, by Alane, to have been foreign to his character. It was *præter voluntatem* that he even addressed Hamilton as 'Heretic.' We may therefore give no more than the usual credit to the garrulous chronicles generally quoted as Pitscottie's. Knox mentions Campbell's presence and death, but says nothing about the marvellous blast of wind. The least exaggerated narrative, and that told by an eye-witness, is naturally to be preferred. Foxe makes Hamilton summon Campbell within certain days. These marvels and prophecies are the usual efflorescence of myth. Foxe's evidence was collected nearly forty years after the death of Hamilton. Even that of Alane was written nearly thirty years after date; but it has an air of candour and truth, which compels assent.

This is a hideous narrative, nor can the credit of the clergy be cleared by the simple and easy process of blackening their opponents. If Hamilton suffered atrocious cruelty, so did the witches, burned with

the approval of Knox. If he died because the Church was intolerant, they died a death equally terrible because the kirk was childishly superstitious. Indeed, it is not easy to see how the Catholic clergy were to behave in Hamilton's case. The archbishop wished him to escape, but he declined to escape; he would not make matters easy for him in that way. The clergy are said to have sent the young king, James V., out of the way, on a pilgrimage to a remote shrine, St. Duthac's, near Ferne, Patrick's Abbey. Had Patrick stayed at his duty, and in his abbey, St. Andrews would have a clearer record. The king, in any case, was bound to severity by his coronation oath, an oath which was administered, as we saw, by presbyters as well as by priests, till Queen Anne's reign.

Hamilton was really, as a young and eager opponent of old ideas, in exactly the same position as Shelley at Oxford.

Shelley was expelled from University College: Hamilton was burned before the gate of St. Salvator's: the difference in the penalty is a mark of the modern aversion to ancient modes of punishment. Why do we shudder over the torments of heretics, witches, and persons guilty of high treason, while our ancestors only blamed these penalties when inflicted by their political or religious adversaries?

The scholar of the new school, who wished, as

Alane says, to draw philosophy from the fountains of Plato and Aristotle, died gallantly for his new creed. The scholar of the old school, John Mair, was absent in Paris when Hamilton perished. But, in 1529, he dedicated his commentary on St. Matthew to the archbishop, James Beaton, 'Jacobus, a supplanter of Heresy, who removed, not without incurring the anger of many, a noble but unhappy follower of the Lutheran error.'

Anything may have happened in the dark backward and abysm of time: anything may happen again in the future, but that a student ever again should be burned for his opinions outside St. Salvator's is one of the least probable of chances. Indeed, who now would choose, *except as a point of honour*, to suffer for ideas about fate and free will, about the benefit of prayers to the dead, about Faith and Works, and Grace? But, in a world of conscious ignorance, we may dispute as to whether men were not happier then, when they believed that they knew the unknowable, and were ready to die or to slay for a guess of the philosophers, a dream of the metaphysicians. Whatever else changes, courage and honour do not change, and Patrick Hamilton, who might have escaped, died like a hero for his point of honour, like a martyr for his creed, like a good citizen, in obedience to the laws of his country.

CHAPTER V

THE CARDINAL'S ST. ANDREWS

BEATON probably thought little enough of Hamilton's burning at the time. Possibly he regretted it as a disagreeable but necessary incident. In 1528, we find him inviting Angus, who still kept the king, 'to his Pasch' (Easter) at St. Andrews, 'and there made them great banquetting and mirrines,' while the king hunted and hawked on the water of Eden. Very soon after James escaped from the charge of Angus at Falkland, to Sterling, and was his own man at last, the Douglasses of Angus's party being exiled. At Michaelmas, 1529, he and the queen-mother were entertained by Beaton at St. Andrews, and hither Henry sent an embassy, asking James to meet him at York. Some of the ambassador's suite were famed archers, and the queen-mother backed her countrymen against the Scots for a hundred crowns and a tun of wine. Six shot on each side, James betting on the Scotch, and, by skill, or by English courtesy, the Northern men were victors, and spent all the money

in a banquet to their opponents. The question of the meeting at York continued to be discussed till 1536. But Beaton, with his nephew David, prevailed, 'the wicked bischopes of Scotland would not thoall the king to pass thair,' and they bribed him with 3,000*l.* yearly out of their benefices.[1] Were the bishops wrong? Mr. Burton points out that, in the opinion of

BALCOMIE CASTLE

Commines, such an opportunity as Henry would have had was too much for mortal virtue.[2]

This was a crucial moment in our history. Had James met Henry and been created Duke of York, he might have thrown in his fortunes with England and the Reformation. This, of course, was what Beaton dreaded, but a revolution from above, led by

[1] Pitscottie, p. 349; Froude, iv. 43. [2] Commines, II. viii.

the Crown, must have been milder and less ruinous than a revolution led by preachers and managed by thievish nobles and a destructive mob. The smaller was bound to follow the greater mass; the Reformation was certain to come, and the Scottish Church was practically brought to its desolate Presbyterian poverty by the tenacity of Beaton on this occasion. Rejecting England, James sent David Beaton to negotiate a French marriage (1536), and chose Magdalen, daughter of France, who reached Scotland only to die there. Then James married Mary of Guise, who landed at Balcomie, in Fifeshire, on June 16, 1538. She brought with her into the Stuart blood and the Stuart fortunes an element of fatal adherence to Rome; for Rome her daughter was to live sadly and die miserably; for a religion approximating to that of Rome her great-grandson was to lose his head, her great-great-grandson to lose his throne, her great-great-great-grandson to live a long life of exile, and the most courageous and attractive of all her direct descendants, her great-great-great-great-grandson, Prince Charles, was to throw one gallant cast of the dice and linger out his days broken-hearted in an alien land.

But all these things lay unread in the lap of the gods, when James set out from St. Andrews to meet his fair French bride. 'And first she was received at the new abbey gate. At the east side thereof

there was made to her a triumphant spectacle by Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, knight, who caused a great cloud to come down out of the heavens above the gate; out of the which cloud came down a fair lady most like an angel, having the keys of Scotland in her hands, and delivered them to the Queen's Grace, in sign and token that all the hearts of Scotland were open for receiving her grace.' Then followed long moral addresses by Lindsay, and then the Queen was received in her lodging, which was called the New Inns.[1]

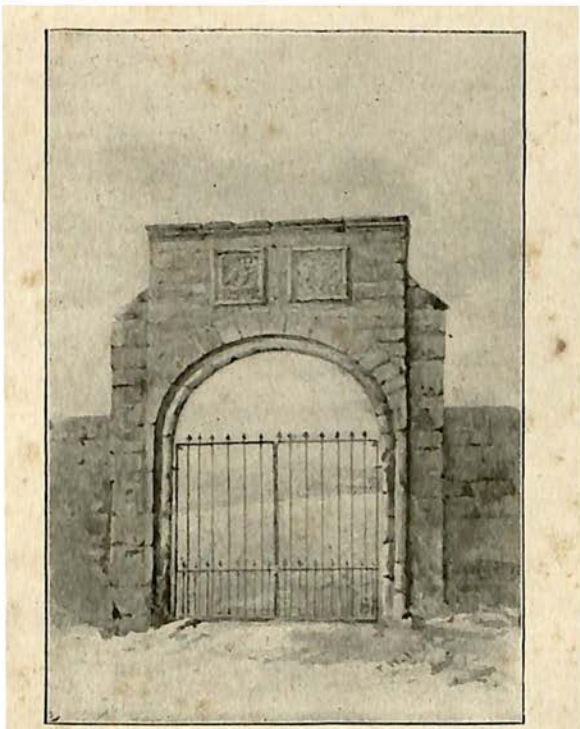
The New Inns, built for Magdalen of France, stood on the right hand of the road as one goes from the Pends to the harbour. There remains of it nothing at all but a gateway on the roadside, surmounted with the arms of Scotland and of the priory. Later Archbishop Sharp lived here; here his wraith was seen, according to Wodrow, and another ghost story of the house is found in his garrulous pages. The dwelling 'was demolished some forty years ago,' says Lyon in 1843. Thus at St. Andrews history can only be traced in ruins.

Mary of Guise expressed her pleasure in the beauty of the St. Andrews people, the colleges and churches, the gathering of lords and clerics, the music in the Abbey kirk. For forty days there were

[1] Pitscottie, pp. 375, 376.

tournaments. Lindsay describes a burlesque encounter in dull verses. There was archery and hunting (in June!) 'and all other princelie games.'

In May 1539 Mary gave birth to a prince in St. Andrews, who was christened here with much



GATE OF NEW INN

pomp, but died as a child, as did his younger brother. The old archbishop of the clattering conscience did not long survive the christening of the eldest prince, and was succeeded by his nephew, David Beaton, the cardinal (1539). In the same year Henry VIII. sent Sir Ralph Sadler into Scotland with a present of six

geldings for the king. His instructions and his conduct, as described in the Sadler Papers, are rather entertaining.[1] Sadler was to tell the king privately that letters of the Cardinal's had been taken from a messenger of his shipwrecked on the English coast. These letters were to prove that the Cardinal was plotting with Rome against the crown. James was also warned that it was 'a mean thing' for him to be a 'sheep master' like Mesha, king of Moab, for he had large flocks on the hills of Ettrick. In place of keeping sheep, Henry asked, why did he not nobly rob his Church? James said one of the geldings 'was a bonny beast.' He thought no harm of the Cardinal's letter, which was only asking for the legateship; he declined to rob his Church, and, as for the sheep, he said that really he knew little or nothing about his private property. He would always be true to King Henry, but he would not quarrel with the Emperor or the French king. In 1541 Sadler again visited James on a similar errand; again Henry suggested a meeting 'near unto their borders,' but nothing came of this. The Cardinal, after James's death, denied that he had prevented the meeting,[2] and Henry, according to Mr. Froude, was anxious to employ 'gentle restraint.'[3] He desired

[1] Edinburgh, 1809. [2] *Sadler Papers*, vol. i. p. 133.
[3] Froude, vol. iv. p. 177.

to kidnap James on one of his expeditions after the manner of Haroun Al Raschid; but as James was very likely to resist and be killed, the council disapproved of the monstrous proposal. 'We would have been afraid to have thought on such a matter touching a king's person, standing the terms as they stand between you.' This Muscovite move in the game against the Cardinal was therefore abandoned. A border brawl ended in the Scotch success of Halydon Rigg; the Duke of Norfolk ravaged the Scotch border; James summoned an army, the Lords would not fight. Beaton is therefore said to have drawn up a list of nobles to be proscribed,[1] and James sent an armed and unled mob into England. When it was known that the king's favourite, Oliver Sinclair, was to be general, the jealous nobles declined to fight. They were defeated, or, rather, yielded without a blow at Solway Moss. James died of a broken heart (of poison, the Reformers murmured), and Beaton was accused of making his dead or dying hand sign a commission to himself as tutor of the new-born Mary Stuart and regent of the realm, with Huntly, Arran, and Argyll.. The king died on December 13, 1542. On December 22 the nobles set aside the will produced by the Cardinal, and Arran was appointed Regent.

Affairs had now recurred, in a vicious circle, to

[1] Knox is the authority for this statement.

the state of things after Flodden. Again England had inflicted a heavy blow on the Scotch, again an infant wore the crown, again Henry thought of securing a union of the realms by a marriage; his son, Prince Edward, might wed Queen Mary when both reached marriageable years. Henry also held the many Scotch nobles taken captive at Solway Moss. They promised, if released, to support his plan, and, if unsuccessful, to ransom themselves or return. They neither carried out Henry's scheme, nor ransomed themselves, nor came back; there was but one Regulus in the party. Nor is it wonderful that they failed to do what Henry desired. His modest proposal was that Mary should be sent to England to be educated, that English garrisons should occupy the castles of Edinburgh, Stirling, and Dumbarton: that he should have a voice in nominating the Scotch Council of Administration, and that our cardinal should be imprisoned in England. The Solway captives must have known well that the very women would fight sooner than accept terms which Edward I. could never have extorted. They therefore did what they could, by having the cardinal arrested and imprisoned in Blackness, a prison which Mr. James Melville later disdained as not good enough for his quality or that of his uncle. The Cardinal riposted by an Interdict: the Church

firmly boycotted the whole realm of Scotland. 'There was no lash or gallows, as in England,' says Mr. Froude with manly regret, 'to correct the over-zeal of the ecclesiastics.' [1] The dead lay unburied, the lovers pined unmarried, though in later Presbyterian St. Andrews, as we shall see, they neither married nor pined. A Parliament met in Edinburgh, and whittled away all Henry's modest proposals. An embassy carried counter proposals to London, and all that Henry gained was permission for the English Bible to be read in Scotland (March 1543). Sadler was sent to Edinburgh, and found that Henry's original terms would never be accepted. Rather would Scotland call in France, set Beaton free, and fight the war of independence afresh. Thus, wherever Henry turned, he met the cardinal in his path. Henry had now, for almost the last time, made Scotland united in a cause, and that, practically, the cause of the hated Church. The wavering Arran next gave Beaton leave to return to the Castle of St. Andrews, which was held in force by his retainers. 'The said cardinal is in his said castle,' as Sadler wrote to the Council (March 31, 1543), though he was nominally a prisoner in his own house.[2] Sadler was anxious to kidnap the cardinal, and carry him into England,

[1] There was a gallows in 1661–1684.

[2] Sadler, vol. i. p. 104.

but the feat was difficult. To the proposals of the Scotch Parliament Henry now replied by offering terms milder than before. Mary might stay in Scotland till she was ten, Scotland's foreign relations were to be subject to Henry's approval. The independence of Scotland was menaced, so the cardinal called a convocation of clergy at St. Andrews; they declared for war rather than submission; Henry in vain urged Arran to apprehend the cardinal, but, in June 1543, the Parliament accepted Henry's proposals. Henry signed the treaty at Greenwich on July 1. On July 7 the indomitable cardinal once more convoked the clergy and Catholic peers at St. Andrews; on July 23 he carried off the queen to Stirling. The treaty, already signed by Henry, was ratified by the Scotch Estates in August; Arran, after denouncing Beaton, was reconciled to him and to the Church; the baby-queen was crowned at Stirling. The cardinal was now master; Sadler left Scotland; the treaties with England were repudiated; an alliance with France was renewed; permission to read the Bible in English was withdrawn.

Arran announced (December 15) a prosecution of heretics. Thus *omnis effusus labor:* all Henry's trouble was lost. Scotland was Catholic and defiant: the union by marriage was out of the question. He

had reason to be angry, for the cardinal had upset his policy, and he found his schemes ruined by a churchman. This, to a temper like Henry's, was particularly annoying. We shall see the courses to which he was driven by his fury.

Nothing warlike could be done during the winter months. Henry issued a message of threats and warnings to the Scottish nation. Religious troubles agitated both England and Scotland. In England, Parliament complained that 'scandalous brawls and controversies disgraced the churches where the Bible was placed for the people to read. Noisy, vain, and arrogant persons took upon themselves to be expounders and interpreters.'[1] As we shall find, there was similar brawling in Scotland. Three English heretics were burned in front of Windsor Castle. In Scotland, at a period difficult to date, Beaton hanged several men, and drowned one woman, in Perth. One of the men, after giving a feast on All Hallows Eve, had brawled in church during sermon. The others were charged with dressing up an image of St. Francis as a devil, an insult to religion. The charge against the woman is said to have been that she declined to call, when in childbirth, on the Virgin Mary.[2] In

[1] Froude, vol. iv. p. 291.

[2] The chronology is very confused. Mr. Froude places it in January 1544; so does Knox. Buchanan puts it in the end of 1545, with whom Keith is inclined to agree. Keith, vol. i. pp. 97–99, and notes.

addition to these victims, Knox says that the body of a friar, who had been imprisoned in the sea tower of St. Andrews Castle, was found dead on the rocks beneath. Whether he had been secretly murdered, or whether he fell in an attempt to escape, or was permitted to escape for the very purpose that he might fall, is uncertain. Meanwhile, as the spring days lengthened, in 1544, and as Henry's hour of vengeance drew nigh, the English party in Scotland, with Lennox and Angus, began to intrigue with Henry. The English faction was to join Henry's invading army. In April the intrigues thickened. The great object was to get rid of the cardinal. Hertford, with the army of invasion, was already on the Border. A Scot named Wishart brought to him a proposal that Norman Leslie, Master of Rothes, and other Fifeshire gentlemen should burn Arbroath and other towns, and either apprehend or slay the cardinal.

The interesting question rises, was this Wishart the celebrated George Wishart, the martyr? Much in the narrative of Wishart's life and death is obscure; the point of dubious interest is his connection with the political plots for the murder of the cardinal. A man of pure and benevolent life, Wishart may have been tainted with the doctrines, derived partly from the history of Israel, partly from the Republican

praises of classical tyrannicides, which justified the practice of political assassination. We are accustomed to find Knox applauding Ruthven for counselling the murder of 'the knave Davy,' as he calls Rizzio, and revelling in the slaughter of Beaton. 'Goddis hand punished his pryde,' he says of the cardinal.[1] Knox was an intimate ally of Wishart's, and there is no *a priori* reason for deeming it impossible that Wishart should have tried to do what Knox approved. The evidence, however, for Wishart's actual complicity in the scheme for slaying the cardinal, who later burned him, is not conclusive.

George Wishart was of the house of Pitarrow in the Mearns, therefore of gentle blood. There exists a portrait, attributed to Holbein, which is usually said to be that of Wishart. The date is *ætat.* XXX. M.D. XLIII., which would make Wishart to have been born in 1513. Tradition alleges that he taught Greek in Montrose, whither Erskine of Dun had brought a master of that language, in 1534.[2] The confessors of that date were occasionally protestants for Greek, as well as for certain theological

[1] *History*, vol. i. p. 110.

[2] See Mr. Hay Fleming's *Martyrs and Confessors of St. Andrews*, pp. 137, 138. The evidence is that of Petrie's *Compendious History* (1662). Petrie derived it, when young, 'from very antient men.' A George Wishart, a Master of Arts, was witness to the confirmation of a charter at Montrose in 1534–5.

opinions, though, in Scotland, their Greek study was mainly devoted to the New Testament. In 1538 Wishart went to England, and preached at Bristol, but recanted his 'errors,' and burned his faggot, saving his life for that season[1] (July 20, 1539). From England, Wishart went to Germany; at his trial in St. Andrews, he speaks of a discussion which he held with a Jew aboard a vessel on the Rhine. Returning from the Continent, he went to Cambridge and resided at Bennet's College, where he was remarkable for his charity, and his practice of taking cold baths in his bedroom. The evidence is that of Emery Tylney, his pupil, given in Foxe's Martyrology. 'His charity had never end, night, noon, nor day.' This was in 1543, when, according to Tylney, Wishart 'went into Scotland, with divers of the nobility that came for a treaty with Henry VIII.' Thus Wishart was a person of consideration enough to travel with the 'Anglophile' Scottish nobles, the friends of a marriage

[1] The 'error' recanted is a little difficult to understand. According to *The Mayor's Calendar*, Wishart denied the Atonement; according to a conjectural emendation, the mediation of the Blessed Virgin. Mr. Hay Fleming conceives that, in his early theological studies, he may have passed 'from believing in the merit of the saints to denying the merit of Christ.' In that case, Wishart's ideas in 1539 were the very reverse of his Lutheran opinions in 1543–46, yet he preached both with equal confidence, as he attained each stage of opinion. Laing believes (vol. i. p. 535) that he preached 'against the mediation of the Virgin.' See also *The Reformers*, by Ministers of the United Presbyterian Church, p. 382. 'His love of truth compelled him at once to recant.' Who convinced him that he was wrong?

between Prince Edward and Mary Stuart; the opponents of the queen-mother, of Cardinal Beaton, and of all Scotland that adhered to the old Faith and the old alliance.[1]

Henry was 'liberally anoynting' the hands of the English party in Scotland, as Knox frankly admits,[2] and it is a sad truth that the Scottish gentry who inclined to Protestantism were simply in the pay of the ambitious English monarch. With these men, then, Wishart returned to his native country, but the date is uncertain. Tylney gives 1543, Knox gives 1544. The question as to when and in what company Wishart went to Scotland is important. If Knox is right, if he went back in 1544, who were his companions? Throughout the spring of that year several of the Scottish gentry on the English side—(Mr. Froude's 'few noblemen of clear sense and genuine patriotism')—were intriguing with Henry for the murder of the cardinal. With them it was a mere question of protection for themselves, and of payment. Beaton had already been in captivity; he had escaped, and the object was to seize once more or to slay the ablest friend of the old Scottish policy

[1] The Scottish commissioners were Learmonth of Balcomie, who was a connection of the Wishart family; Hamilton of Sanquhar, Balnaves of Halhill, and, in May, 1543, they were joined by the Earl of Glencairn and Sir George Douglas.

[2] Laing, vol. i. p. 102.

and the ancient faith; but on October 5, 1543, 'they think it will be hard for them to come by him,' says Ralph Sadler, Henry's envoy in Scotland.[1] On November 16, 1543, we find Crichton, of Brunston, a *spadassin* of good birth, in friendly correspondence with Henry.[2] On April 17, 1544, we hear of Brunston directly offering to slay Beaton for money. Lord Hertford, Robert Landaffe, and Ralph Sadler sign the letter in which this proposal is announced. Brunston's proposal has been brought 'this day *by a Scotchman called Wyshert.*' The persons anxious to kill the cardinal are Brunston himself, the Master of Rothes and Kirkcaldy of Grange, Norman Leslie, the actual assassin, and John Charteris. If helped with money they will also destroy, as we saw, the Abbey and town of Arbroath 'and all other bishops' and abbots' houses and countreys on that side the water.' Wyshert declares that they will capitulate to do all this 'afore they shall desire any supplye of money at your Majesty's hand.'[3]

Was this 'Wyshert' George Wishart? Was it he who first carried these messages to Lord Hertford in Newcastle, and thence to Henry VIII., with whom he had an interview at Greenwich?[4] If Wishart's

[1] Sadler, vol. i. p. 312.
[2] Sadler, vol. i. pp. 332–342.
[3] Compare Froude, vol. iv. p. 317.
[4] Haines' *State Papers*, vol. i. p. 22.

reputation could be tried before a jury, the evidence, as we possess it, would not justify a conviction. There were, of course, other Wisharts and even other George Wisharts in Scotland. But it is not certain that any other of them was a *prominent* friend and agent of the pensioners of England and of the Protestant party, or was likely to be admitted to a private interview with the English king. According to Tylney, Wishart went to Scotland with the commissioners in 1543; according to Knox, in 1544. Mr. Kidd, in 'The Reformers' (p. 403), argues that Wishart did not return from Cambridge to Scotland till May 1544, so that he could not be the Wishart of the murderous proposals of April 17, 1544. He supposes, too, that Knox would not have been silent about Wishart's share in a crime which he applauds. He may have come and gone twice; nothing in the evidence makes this at all improbable. Nor is the fact that he was liable to arrest, 'put to the horn,' inconsistent with such a mission, as Laing supposes.[1] A man in that situation was all the better fitted for perilous enterprises, and while 'put to the horn,' he was, as we know, under the protection of England's paid and pensioned Scots. Laing also argues that the charge of conspiracy would have been made against Wishart

[1] Knox, vol. i. p. 537.

at his trial, but the cardinal may have been ignorant of the intrigue, or, if he knew about it, may have been too wary to blurt out what he knew, when the accusation of heresy sufficed for his purpose.

Laing observes that the actual murder of the cardinal was unconnected with Brunston's conspiracy. This is absurd. The proposals of Brunston had been renewed in May 1545. 'The King will not seem to have to do with it, yet not misliking the offer.'[1]

Cassilis and Brunston were both engaged in this design.

Says Sadler, 'certain gentlemen, being your friends, have offered, *for a smalle summe of money*, to take the cardinal out of the way.' In October 1545, Brunston is still hinting at his favourite scheme, and is allied with Sir George Douglas, one of the commissioners to England of 1543. From October 20, 1545, to March 27, 1546, there is a gap in the correspondence. The cardinal was murdered on May 29, 1546, by some of the very men, such as Norman Leslie ('a boy,' according to Mr. Froude), who were in the plot of 1544. They may not have got the 'small sum of money' out of Henry. They may have done the devil's work with-

[1] See documents in Tytler, vol. v. p. 458.

out his wages; but it is impossible to separate the various plots to kill the cardinal.

As we shall see, up to his death Wishart was the associate of the conspirators, and was actually taken in the company of Crichton of Brunston, who escaped. *Noscitur a sociis.* A gentleman whose desire is to be the paid bravo of a foreign government is ill company for the pious. If it be said that Wishart must have detested the plan for destroying bishops' towns, proposed in the message carried by 'Wyshert,' it must be remembered that he later denounced fire and sword on Haddington, where he had a disappointingly scanty congregation. He probably knew what he was talking about. 'In such vehemency and threatnyng continewed that servand of God, neyr one hour and one half, in which he declared all the plagues that ensewed,' from the invasion of the English—the paymasters of his party.[1] *Malum minatum, damnum secutum*, is an offence known to the old Scottish law of witchcraft. It is odd that Knox should call Bothwell, who captured Wishart, a man 'made for money bucheour *to* the Cardinall,' when we know that Wishart's companion, Brunston, desired nothing more than to be made for money bucheour *of* the cardinal.

[1] Knox, vol. i. p. 138.

On the whole, the case stands thus: Wishart was the associate of the English party and of the assassins. One other less famous Wishart is known to have been a member of this gang. All parties then suborned murder: the Protestants claiming the Deity as a member of their cabal. Beaton is said by Knox, who had means of knowing the truth, to have laid plots for the murder of Wishart. Wishart's friends and allies laid plots for the murder of Beaton. We cannot be sure that our George Wishart was the man who carried Brunston's offers to Henry; but, if he disapproved of such offers, he was probably the only public man of the day on either side who looked on assassination as anything worse than a legitimate political expedient. Knox regarded it as a thing highly laudable, when performed, of course, by his own party; and it was Knox who carried the two-handled sword before Wishart in his preaching progresses. Mr. Froude thinks that the charge against Wishart amounts only to 'a vague probability.' But Mr. Froude adds, 'I see no reason to believe, however, that the martyr of St. Andrews was so different from his Protestant countrymen as to have been unlikely to have been the messenger to Hertford, or to have sympathised cordially with the message.' Henry himself, according to his apologist, was in 'a position which obliged him to look at facts

as they were, rather than through conventional forms'—such as the Sixth Commandment. On both sides, all known politicians—Henry, Beaton (according to Knox), Sadler, Knox himself—never dreamed of boggling at private and treacherous bloodshed. The 'Trewth,' as preached by Knox, was a religion much on a par with that which the Maoris adapted to their national use from the most truculent parts of the Old Testament.

We can only conclude that if Wishart was really the agent of the conspirators, he was only acting in accordance with the murderous tenets then held and put in practice by all parties. But it is not demonstrated that he really was the agent.

In 'Old Dundee,' p. 88, Mr. Melville suggests that the real actor in the 'wicked conspiracy' may have been another George Wishart, a kinsman of the martyr's, who was charged in 1552 with abetting the murderers of Beaton, with sacking a monastery, with drowning an old lady in the Tay, and other acts of Protestant zeal. This George Wishart was also an educated man, and may have been a fit envoy to Henry VIII. His truculent character makes him a much more probable assassin than his famous and excellent kinsman. Both were in the murderous group of Brunston and Ormiston. 'One of them, no doubt, is the man,' as Mr. Melville says.

For the moment the conspiracy failed, and Henry resorted to the *ultima ratio regum*, war.

On May 3, 1544, Beaton and the Regent were dining at Holyrood. News was borne into hall that the whole sea was white with English sails. 'The cardinal skryppit, and said, "it is but the Iceland fleet, they are come to make us a show, and put us in fears."' The cardinal's confidence was misplaced. Next day he and Arran had to flee out of Edinburgh, which the English sacked and burned. The Border, too, was burned. But Hertford did not reach St. Andrews, devastate it, and slay all living things in it, as Henry had desired. He only achieved 'a mere act of violent destruction, followed by a retreat at once useless and dishonourable,' as Henry said himself, when a similar attempt on Paris was proposed.[1]

The reforming party in Scotland spoke of the widespread and wanton ruin as 'the judgements of God.' It is not always easy to sympathise with these patriotic men. The effect of the judgments of God and Lord Hertford 'was only to exasperate,' as Mr. Froude says.[2] On February 27, 1545, Buccleugh, Angus, and Norman Leslie revenged Edinburgh on England at Ancrum Moor. In September Hertford

[1] Mr. Froude remarks on the inconsistency, vol. iv. p. 335, note.
[2] Vol. iv. p. 394.

again ravaged the Border—'barbarous and useless havoc,' says Mr. Froude. In January of the following year St. Andrews witnessed a great convocation called by Beaton 'to consult on proper methods to discourage heresy, and to restrain the licentiousness of clergymen.'[1] But at this very moment news came that George Wishart was at the house of Cockburn of Ormiston. He had been preaching at Haddington, where he had a very thin congregation, and where he denounced woes which, as he was in the confidence of the English party, he might foresee without being a prophet. Bothwell, as High Sheriff of the county, seized Wishart under a false promise of safeguard. The martyr would not allow Knox, then a tutor in a noble family, to follow him and share his fate. Wishart was ultimately carried to St. Andrews, tried on February 27, and, in spite of a delay, interposed by Arran, was hanged and burned afterwards in front of the Castle gate. Thence he could throw his last glance across the Firth on the hills of his own country.

He died with the utmost intrepidity and gentleness of demeanour. Whether, as Knox says, but not in his first edition, he prophesied the cardinal's death, whether the cardinal, lolling in a window seat, witnessed the scene, is disputed by historians. Lindsay

[1] Keith, vol. i. p. 100.

mentions neither circumstance in 'The Tragedy of the Cardinal,' nor does Foxe in his 'Martyrology.' In fact, the less Wishart prophesied, the better for his personal reputation, for his companions, at least, had long been in a plot for the cardinal's murder. Wishart was learned, courteous, charitable, and courageous. It was not in nature that men should not aspire to avenge him, and avenged he was speedily.

The cardinal, however, was merry in his heart, and, as Homer says of the arrogant wooer, 'murder was not in his mind.'[1] He married his illegitimate daughter to the Master of Crawford; he returned, and set about strengthening his goodly castle, already all but impregnable, as men then deemed. He passed the night of May 28 (so Knox says) with his mistress; that very night the slayers had gathered in St. Andrews—Norman Leslie, Kirkcaldy of Grange, and others, his old enemies. At daybreak the conspirators sauntered, in twos and threes, up to the castle gate: the porter lowered the drawbridge over the moat to admit building-materials, for 'Babylon was nearly finished,' says Knox; the masons and carpenters entered, and with them Norman Leslie, asking if the cardinal was yet astir. James Melville, father of the author of the 'Memoirs,' followed, with Kirkcaldy, but, as John Leslie was approaching, the

[1] *Odyssey*, xxii. 11.

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porter, suddenly alarmed, tried to raise the drawbridge. Leslie dirked him, and threw him into the fosse.[1] The keys of the castle were seized, the workmen extruded. Kirkcaldy stood by a secret postern — can it have commanded the subterranean passage to the cathedral? His fellow-conspirators awoke the cardinal's retinue, who, asleep and unarmed on their arrival, made no resistance. Then the gate was locked. Beaton wakened, rushed to the window, saw what was occurring, and sped to his secret exit. Seeing it was guarded by Kirkcaldy, he took his sword, and barricaded the door of his chamber. John Leslie demanded admittance. 'Is it Norman?' said the cardinal. Norman was a gallant man: he had fought well at Ancrum: he had a private quarrel with Beaton. To him, as later did Sharpe to Hackston of Rathillet,

SUBTERRANEAN PASSAGE

[1] Knox says his head was broken.

Beaton made his vain appeal.[1] 'I am not Norman, but John, and with me you must be contented,' was the answer. Then Leslie called for fire to be set to the door: the cardinal opened it, the conspirators poured in, and stabbed him confusedly, as Rizzio and Sharpe were stabbed by later members of the same party. Then Melville, 'a man of nature most gentle and most modest,' says Knox, enforced some order in the butchery. Melville reminded the bleeding cardinal of the death of Wishart; he protested that he struck only in the cause of all that was noble and elevating; he bade him repent, and then he stabbed him several times, the cardinal crying with his last breath, 'All is gone.'[2]

All was gone—all the cause he had laboured for; the old Faith, the old Alliance, all died with David Beaton. No doubt it was of this that he thought, when Melville's sword passed through his body. For a little while the barque of the Church in

[1] Norman Leslie does not seem to have valued his life after the slaying of the cardinal, and he gave it away in an act of knightly valour. Sir James Melville describes him charging the Emperor's skirmishers at the head of some seven Scots. In a coat of black velvet, with sleeves of mail, and in a red 'knappish bonnet,' seen from far by Condé and the Constable, he cut his way through a cloud of horsemen and culverins, 'struck down five men from horse with his spear before it brake, and then attacked them with his sword.' A company of spearmen were detached against him, he rode back mortally wounded, and his horse fell dead at the Constable's feet (1544). Melville's *Memoirs*, p. 25.

[2] 'These things we write merrily,' says Knox, that pattern of the New Christianity.

Scotland might stagger on amongst the breakers, but the cause, properly speaking, died with its champion, the adroit, the indomitable, the ruthless cardinal.

They displayed his naked body in a sheet outside the window fronting the town: they salted it, and consigned it to the dungeons in the sea tower. Later it was buried in the Black Friars Convent, and probably the Madras school-boys now run about over it in their play.[1]

[1] It is curious to observe the changed tone of some of the Scotch ministers towards Beaton. 'The cause of his imprisonment' (in (Blackness), 'while formally his treasonable correspondence with France, was really that his patriotic statesmanship stood in the way of the "Assured Lords," betraying their country into the hands of Henry VIII. for their own selfish ends.' We hear of 'the vile assassination' of the cardinal, of 'the crew of desperadoes and blackguards in the Castle,' his murderers. James Rankine, D.D., in *The Church of Scotland*, vol. ii. p. 404. Yet Dr. Birkbeck Hill is vexed with Dr. Johnson for speaking at St. Andrews of 'the ruffians of the Reformation.' The garrison of the Castle, after the cardinal's murder, were reproached with their ruffianism even by Knox. Tradition says that the cardinal's blood still tinges with red a stone below the Castle wall.

CHAPTER VI

THE SIEGE OF THE CASTLE—THE RUIN OF THE CATHEDRAL

THE events which followed the tragedy of the cardinal were almost burlesque. It seems that the townspeople, when they heard he was in danger, were anxious to rescue him; but when they saw his dead body and knew that they had little or no chance of taking the castle they withdrew, and the place became a kind of cave of Adullam. Every man whose conscience smote him as implicated in the affair, or, if not actually implicated, in danger of being suspected, flocked thither. The castle was provisioned, such men as Kirkcaldy, Auchinlech, Balnevis, Rough the preacher, Knox (after Easter, 1547), and others 'lap into the castle,' where they held the Regent's eldest son as hostage. They naturally declined to appear before the Parliament, whither they were cited, but Norman Leslie and others offered a confession and the delivery of the hostage in exchange for a pardon. The Archbishop

of Glasgow, however, maintained that no pardon could be given except after a papal absolution for the murder. The pardon fell through, and by August 16 all were declared guilty of high treason. These dilatory proceedings, in which nearly three months were wasted, prove the extreme weakness of the Government and the strength of the castle. A small band of holy desperadoes were able to laugh at the forces of the country. The levies of the south were therefore called out, and the siege began in the early days of September. With our modern artillery the castle could have been knocked about the heads of the gang in half an hour. What happened may be gathered partly from the narrative of Knox, partly from a letter sent by the murderers to one of their party, Balnevis of Halhill, who had gone into England to get aid from Henry VIII. He was not the only emissary. Kirkcaldy the younger, of Grange, set forth on October 26. Balnevis went on November 20.[1]

Balnevis 'promised the castle to the king, so he would support them, which he promised to do,' unless they escaped by sea, of which the English were masters. The conspirators in their letter explain to Balnevis the state of their affairs in November.[2]

[1] *Diurnal of Occurrents*, p. 43. [2] Lyon, ii. appendix xliii.

After a truce and an attempt at compromise Arran sent four guns and some culverins into the west trenches, those on the side of the links. They fired all day, but the castle was well wadded with earthworks and turf. However, the battlements were shot down, and the top story of the sea-tower and the roof on that side. A fire of crossbows from the east drove the conspirators out of the hall and chapel. On the other hand the defenders slew the chief gunner of the assailants, a success rivalled on the following day when several of the besieging artillerymen were killed. Though the castle was 'much battered,' the besiegers were weakened by loss of their gunners and the siege turned into a blockade, with some desultory fire of small arms. The besieged were straitened for meat, but they dug a passage through the east wall and thence to 'the rock lying off the kitchen tower.'[1] Thence they despatched men by night in a small boat, who crossed the bay to Tentsmuir, and so to the Laird of Mountquhanny, 'with a letter to our friend whom you know,' to ask for provender. The Regent now had guards placed on the Tay; a few boats outside the castle might surely have intercepted the supplies. Want of good food caused a sickness, and many died,

[1] Can this be the subterranean passage to the east? That work seems too substantial, perhaps, for a hasty trench.

but the conspirators did not lose heart. They had many secret allies in the pay of Henry and in the counsels of the Regent. On December 17 a truce was arranged, and the conspirators trusted to England for provisions, 'whereby we are the more able to perform our engagement to the King's Majesty for furthering his affairs.' They told Balnevis to ask for money in French coin, which should be sent by sea; being French, it would seem to be part of the spoils of the cardinal. The conspirators obviously never dreamed of giving up the castle on terms as they had engaged to do. A most comic proposal was next made.

The conspirators had promised to surrender on receiving papal absolution. They therefore advise Henry VIII. to use his influence with the emperor, who, again, will induce the pope to delay the absolution, so that the castle need not be given up. It is like a siege in a comic opera.

Apparently, either Henry, or the emperor, or the pope, did not enter into this easy stratagem. The absolution arrived in June; it contained the words, 'remittimus crimen irremissibile'—'we pardon this unpardonable sin.' The conspirators, very naturally, cavilled at this phrase; and, as Keith says, each party was really delaying, in hope of aid either from France or England. Henry VIII. died on

January 28, 1546–47, and Francis I. on March 30. The besieged, meanwhile, lived in gaiety, drank, diced, and assaulted women. The Regent left St. Andrews, where a pestilence appeared; his guns, Cruik Mow and Deaf Meg, were silent, and thus the pious within the castle could raid, burn, rob, and ravish at their pleasure. John Knox, Rough, and other godly men in the stronghold, ventured to remonstrate, but without more success than might have been expected. Thus the military gentlemen, nominally besieged, enjoyed themselves extremely, while Knox and Rough were no less happy, bearding the local clergy, preaching, disputing, and sowing the good seed with no sparing hands. Some of the townspeople, with the castle gang, held a meeting, and 'moderated a harmonious call,' as the phrase goes, to Knox, Rough resigning his place as preacher in favour of the other more famous evangelist, who 'byrst forth in moist abundand tears,' though impatient of tears in women.

A queerer consecration to the ministry has seldom been heard of, but it was suitable enough for this son of thunder. As the Covenanters said of Cromwell's preaching corporals—

Weil giftit yet not ordourlie callit,

Knox preached in the parish church, on Daniel viii. 1–4, clearly showing that the prophet predicted the

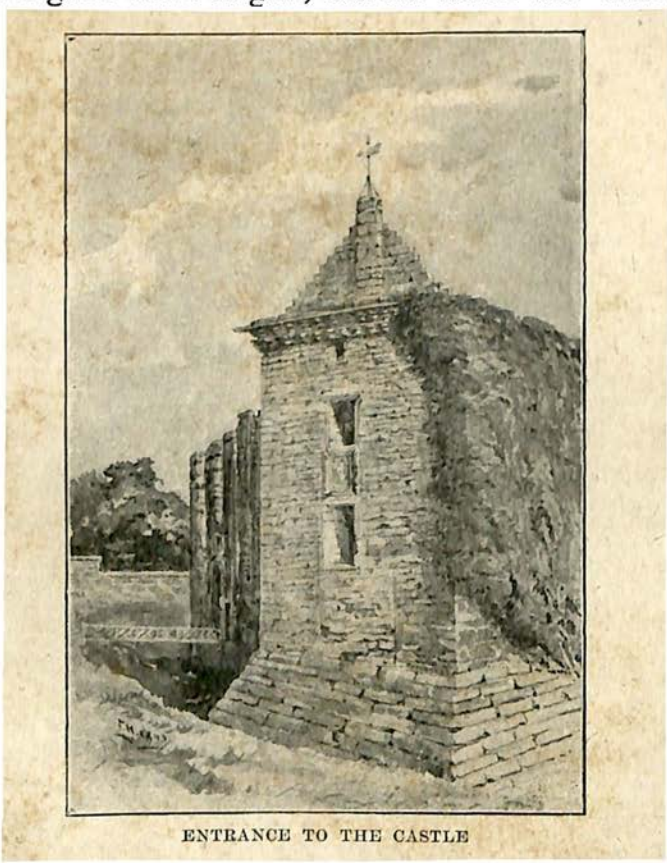
misdeeds of the pope! Criticism had reached the pope, but had not yet interfered with the prophetic claims of Daniel.

In the midst of these edifying proceedings, observers on the castle saw six galleys and two great ships of war coming round the promontory; so says Pitscottie.

They were the vessels sent by France, under the command of the Prior of Capua, and the reign of license in the castle was now to end. Knox, with his usual courage and freedom of speech, had warned the garrison that their ruffianly conduct would be their ruin: probably he foresaw that they would keep a careless guard, and be surprised among their revels. According to Pitscottie, this was exactly what occurred. 'They cam so suddenlie upoun the castle, that they quho war without might not gett in, nor they quho war within might not gett out.'

Knox gives a more favourable account of the defence. 'The Castle handled them so, that Sancta Barbara (the gunner's goddess) helped them nothing; for they lost many of their rowers, men chained in the galleys' (like Knox himself later), 'and some soldiers, both by sea and land.' A galley was nearly sunk, but her consorts towed her to the west sands, on the right of the links. Knox adds that the steeple of St. Salvator's was burned.

The Frenchmen rapidly threw up trenches, and planted their artillery on the top of the steeple of the college chapel, and in the abbey. The distance between the chapel and the castle is hardly more than a good drive at golf, and the castle was entirely



ENTRANCE TO THE CASTLE

commanded by the artillery of the besiegers. The Prior of Capua pointed out to Arran that 'they were unexpert men of war,' who had not adopted this expedient at first, while he condemned the besieged for

their folly in not having destroyed the college steeple. Pitscottie remarks that the French leaders devised very craftily that the cannons 'should pass down the gaitt thame alones with windessis to saiff men from slaughter.' An Italian engineer who had been sent from England to help the besieged, was much pleased by this manœuvre. 'Defend yourselves, masters,' he cried, 'for now ye deal with men of war who are very skilful and subtle.' The conspirators, however, boasted that they would not yield for all the might of England, France, and Scotland. But within six hours they were so battered that they called a parley; they yielded to France, as not acknowledging any authority in Scotland; they were granted their lives, to be at the French king's will, and the castle was plundered by the Frenchmen. The besieged were carried away in the galleys, with the treasure of the cardinal, and the castle was dismantled by order of the Regent. The papal party were overjoyed, and sang

> Priests content ye now, priests content ye now,
> For Norman and his company have filled the galleys fow.

Knox's later view of St. Andrews, from the galleys, where he was chained, and his hope 'to glorify God,' by destroying places of worship there, is a well-known anecdote.[1] The ruins that remain are chiefly relics

[1] Knox, vol. i. p. 228.

of a later building. Thus 'this castle was wone in the moneth of August, 1547 yeires.'[1]

'The Wicked Day of Destiny.'

The successor of the cardinal in the archbishopric was John Hamilton, a natural son of the first Earl of Arran, and so half-brother of the Regent Arran. His best deed, perhaps, was the completion and endowment of St. Mary's College, on a noble scale, but the college lost most of his benefactions in the 'uproar of religioun,' as Pitscottie calls it. The purpose of the foundation was to 'defend and confirm the Catholic faith,' but most of the teachers went over to the Reformed doctrines. In 1548 the new archbishop held a provincial council at Linlithgow, later adjourned to Edinburgh. Among others present was Queen Mary's bastard brother, the Lord James, Commendator of St. Andrews. The council reasoned of heresy and its causes, frankly admitting the corruption and ignorance of the clergy. Rules for better living and teaching were promulgated, too late. In 1552 the archbishop issued a doctrinal work, 'The Catechisme,' intended to explain and confirm the faith. This was 'prentit at Sanct Androis,' but the Catechisme had no chance against the Bible and

[1] *The Diurnal of Occurrents*, p. 44, puts the number of French galleons correctly at sixteen, and says that cannon were planted 'in the Abbey.'

the new ideas. The St. Andrews Press was busy almost at the same time (1548–1559) with Lyndsay's 'Tragedy of the Cardinal' and other heretical books. Of the Catechism there is a copy in the University Library, and more than one reprint has been published. The volume contains about four hundred and forty pages in black letter. The authorship is uncertain. In a list of the books of the University in 1599 occur a Catechism of Wynram (Superintendent of Fife after the Reformation), and a Catechism of Archbishop Hamilton. Are they different books, or the same? The style is regarded as very good old Scots prose. This Catechism is not the famous 'Twopenny Faith,' a broadside of four pages, printed by John Scott, in Edinburgh or St. Andrews, in 1559.[1] The greater Catechism was confessedly required on account of the extreme ignorance of the clergy.[2] Indeed, the more learned and exemplary Catholics of the day frankly admitted the truth of what the Reformers kept preaching. The whole state of the clergy was rotten. Winzet, a defender of the old faith, denounces 'your godly and circumspect distribution of benefices to your ignorant babes . . . the special ground of all impiety and division within thee, O Scotland!' 'Your dumb

[1] Gordon's *Scotichronicon*, vol. i. pp. 293–294.

[2] *History of the Catholic Church in Scotland.* Bellesheim, English Translation, vol. ii. p. 214.

doctrine' he also reproves, like the much-preaching Reformers.[1] 'Gave the princes of the earth to you yearly rents . . .' that every one of you might spend the same upon his dame Delilah and base-born brats?' Hamilton himself was enslaved by Delilahs, who are said not even to have been fair. Yet Hamilton was vainly endeavouring to set the house of the Church in order. He himself was suffering from asthma, and was attended, at great expense, by Jerome Cardan: he recovered, and Cardan assumed the credit of the cure. In his works[2] Cardan describes the case, and incidentally shows that the asthmatic Archbishop was no anchorite. His mistress was a lady named Grizzel Sempill.

It is not possible here to follow the events out of which the Reformation issued. The Scotch were terribly defeated at Pinkie by the English, and Pitscottie accuses Hamilton of precipitating a needless battle by bad advice. The desire for the marriage of Mary with Edward was a standing *casus belli*. Mary of Guise managed to oust Arran and assume the government, while her daughter, Mary, was carried over to France, where she later married Francis II., the Dauphin.

The queen-mother was supported in Scotland by

[1] Winzet. *Certain Tractates* (1562), vol. i. Scottish Text Society: 1888.

[2] Vol. ix. p. 135. Lyons: 1663

French mercenaries, and the natural results followed, as was foreseen by Anne de Montmorency, Constable of France. In 1559 he sent James Melville, author of the 'Memoirs,' on a mission to Scotland. He foresaw that the French pretensions on Scotland, through the dauphin, husband of Mary, would ruin the old alliance. 'His Majestie knoweth,' said the French diplomatist, 'that I was ever against the said marriage here: fearing thereby to make our auld friends our new enemies,' which was exactly what occurred.[1] The French in Scotland were looked on with a jealousy that drove more and more of the gentry into the arms of the English party. Also, in 1558, a poor old recusant priest, Walter Mill, was tried in the Cathedral of St. Andrews for heresy. 'This poore servand of Godis, quhyllis gangand to bed without my supper,' as he describes himself, showed that poverty, age, and hunger could not tame his spirit. He died as bravely as the young Hamilton, or as Wishart, in 'a fire biggit on the north side of the abbey kirk, on the high land,' apparently the cliff above the sea. If we may believe Pitscottie, he said that he trusted to be the last who should suffer in Scotland for this cause. He was not the last. In the coming years many men died, practically for their religion, and finally, even after 1688,

[1] Melville, p. 78.

the ministers had a youth of eighteen hanged for professing the negative opinions of the Rev. Robert Elsmere. But Mill was the last who died for his creed at the stake. The men and women burned by Murray and Knox perished on the absurd charge of witchcraft. Pitscottie is never much to be trusted, but, if we may believe him, the archbishop was, or pretended to be, anxious to have Mill tried, and, as seemed probable, acquitted by a lay court. The provost, however, lacked the courage to try him in a secular court, after an ecclesiastical court had condemned him.[1] So he died, though the archbishop said, 'I have no will that he die at this time.'[2]

Matters soon came to a head. The Protestants banded themselves into what they called 'the congregation of Christ;' their Catholic opponents they consigned to Antichrist and Satan. In May, 1559, they met in force, to defend their preachers, whom Mary of Guise had denounced as rebels. Knox preached to the congregation on May 11; a brawl arose in the church; the mob destroyed whatever they regarded as 'idolatrous,' they gutted the monasteries of Perth; they defied the queen-mother. Early in

[1] Pitscottie, p. 521.

[2] Mr. Lyon supposes that he was burned at the great gate of the Priory called the Pends, where a cairn was raised by the people to his memory. This is on the evidence of Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*, but Pitscottie seems to speak of the sea cliff north of the Cathedral.

June she lay in Falkland, intending to seize St. Andrews with her French forces. But the congregation was beforehand with her. On June 9 Knox preached at Crail, on the 10th at Anstruther. His rabble sacked the religious buildings; encouraged by this, he preached at St. Andrews on June 11. The archbishop, with a hundred armed men, came to the town, but the congregation mustered so strong that the archbishop withdrew in haste to Falkland. Knox preached on the cleansing of the temple by our Lord, and no doubt he made his meaning pretty plain. He had not only his mob with him, but he was backed by 'the Bastard of Scotland,' Lord James Stuart, who was Commendator, and might have had some respect for his own sacred edifice, but who contented himself with retaining its real property, and left the buildings and treasures to the pious multitude, 'for everie man for the maist pairt that could get anything pertenyng to any kirkmen, thocht the same as well won geir.'[1]

About the details of the sack of St. Andrews little is known. Knox says 'that the provost and baillies, as the commonalty for the most part within the town, did agree to remove all monuments of idolatry, which also they did with expedition.'[2] All objects of ecclesiastical art were 'idolatrous.' Else-

[1] *Diurnal of Occurrents*, p. 269.

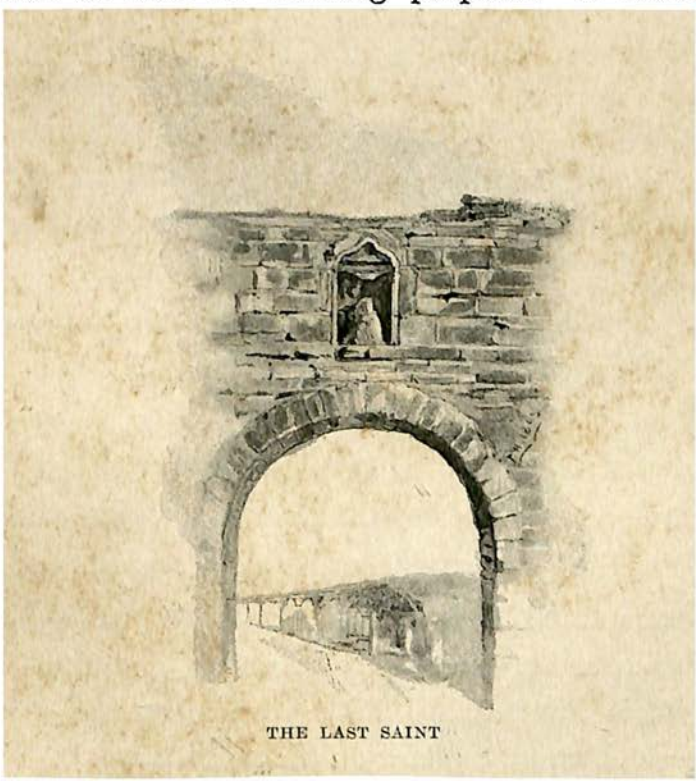
[2] Vol. i. p. 349.

where in a letter to Mrs. Anna Lock (St. Andrews, June 23, 1559), he says, 'the doctors are dumbe; even als dumbe as their idols which were burned in their presence.'[1] '*The Reformation is somewhat violent*,' he confesses in a letter to Cecil. The mob appears to have burned wicked idolatrous objects: whether they burned the great treasure of ecclesiastical plate, golden crucifixes, and silver statues, the reader may decide in accordance with his knowledge of human nature. How the devastation sped we cannot know, but the miserable remnants of the Cathedral, the Grey and Black Friars, and the other edifices, tell their own tale. The very tombs were gutted of their poor treasures, the rings of bishops, the lead of coffins. It is probable enough that the Cathedral, that Delphi of Scotland, the metropolitan church wherein Robert Bruce returned thanks for Bannockburn, was not absolutely 'dung doun' between June 11 and June 13. In Professor Tennant's poem, 'The Storming of Papistrie,' the description is very spirited, but quite fantastic. The castle guns are said by the poet to have been used in the destruction.

The images of saints were all broken; only one mutilated Madonna survives in the Cathedral. There is a head of our Lord in low relief on the college

[1] Laing, vol. vi. p. 25.

tower, and a saint in a niche of the old house on the left. The portable property was stolen or burned. But to strip off and sell the lead of the roof would be an afterthought. When once the water came through the roof, the fabric would fall to ruin, the stones would be used for building purposes. A curious



THE LAST SAINT

carven head was, not long ago, taken out of a wall in an old house at St. Leonard's. From a house in South Street fragments of columns were rescued, and now lie in the town church. There was, to be sure, no way in which the Cathedral could be

kept in repair. The nobles seized the lands and revenues, the chapels were no longer needed for Presbyterian worship. Black poverty settled on the kirk, a constant course of secessions weakened her; the new believers ceased to be able to meet under one roof in prayer. There are now auld kirks, a free kirk, a U. P. kirk, an episcopal kirk, a small Catholic chapel, and so on in St. Andrews, but there is practically no national kirk, and no minster is needed. The uses of the Cathedral are gone, the revenues are gone, the rites are gone, and the towers of the Cathedral only speak of the wastefulness of Revolution. 'Houses and men have stood long enough when they stand till they fall with honour,' says the Baron Bradwardine, but the Cathedral fell with dishonour. The doctrines of the Church ceased to be credible; her ceremonies became mummeries; many of her bishops and canons set an ill example of luxury and lawless life: the end had to come, and it came with disgrace.

It is not possible for any one short of Shakespeare or Scott to show us what was passing in the minds of men at St. Andrews in those days of devastation. Many, remembering the burnings of Mill and Wishart, must have rejoiced that this tyranny was past. The crowd of fishers, 'prentices, and boys in general must have been delighted by the

drama of destruction. They could not yet foresee that the days of diversion were ending, that their Robin Hood pageants, their old sports and festivals, their honest game of golf or their skating on Sunday afternoons of winter and summer, were to be put down by the new kirk sessions. Scotland was to lose much of her mirth, with much of her beauty. The people resented this for years, and wished John Knox 'in his ain place,' but their resentment was of no avail. As for the canons and the friars many of them had already been Protestants at heart; perhaps the majority saw the ruin with no great regret. By adroitly changing sides,—'divers channons of Saint Andrewes have given notable confessiouns,' says Knox—they feathered their own nests. Several became parish ministers; in a small way they took as good care of themselves as the Commendator himself, the Bastard of Scotland. It is not unlikely that many of the merchants perceived that their business was on its way to ruin. St. Andrews lost its importance in a day. It became a favourite holiday retreat of Queen Mary when she returned to Scotland, but its prosperous age was over. In the various brief and ill-fated restorations of episcopacy, the town recovered a shadow of its eminence; episcopacy once fallen, it sank into the poverty and decay of the eighteenth century.

Till the death of the queen-mother (10th June, 1560) Scotland was a scene of civil war and of every horror. The Lords of the Congregation rode about with torch and sword, ruining where they came. The French soldiers behaved as mercenaries commonly do. Knox is rich in strange anecdotes of their brutalities. But they never reached St. Andrews; Kirkcaldy of Grange, with Fifeshire levies, held them in check, or the town might have fallen like the Cathedral. In 1560 the Scotch Parliament issued a law against the celebration of the Mass; the priest and people were to be punished, for the first offence by confiscation of goods, for the next by banishment, for the third by death. The confession of faith was issued: the Catholic clergy were therein denounced as 'no ministeris of Christ Jesus; yea (which is more horrible) they suffer wemen, whom the Holy Ghost will not suffer to teach in the congregation, to baptise.' This Parliament, which punished adherence to the old faith and proclaimed the new, being dissolved, there was consultation about the Book of Discipline. On the commission charged with its consideration was the sub-prior of St. Andrews, John Wynram, who, *conversis rebus* as his tombstone in St. Leonard's says, became superintendent of Fife. Douglas, rector of the University, and Knox were also on the commission. The object was to preserve

the old church revenues for the benefit of the kirk, a most laudable purpose. But Knox's noble accomplices in destruction had no mind to disgorge their spoil. 'The name of the Book of Discipline became odious to them. Everie thing that repugned to their corrupt affectionis, was termed in their mockage, devote imaginationis. . . . Thair was none within the Realme more unmercyfull to the poore ministeris then war thei which had greatest rentis of the churches.' Many of the nobles did subscribe it, but 'the promeise was illuded from tyme to tyme.'

Besides making proper provision for ministers and their widows, and for schools, the Book of Discipline tried to settle the affairs of the Universities. St. Andrews is recognised as the first and principal University. In 'the first college' (St. Salvator's) there is to be a reader in dialectic for the first class; the second class is to learn mathematics and astrology (which is no longer part of the curriculum); the third class is to be concerned with natural philosophy; thence men may proceed to degrees in philosophy. The medical course requires five years.

In St. Leonard's the first class is to be in the ethics, economics, and politics. For the second class, there are two readers in municipal and Roman law. The third college (St. Mary's) has, in the first class, a

reader in Hebrew, and one in Greek, taking up Plato and the New Testament. The second class is to be occupied for five years with divinity. No freshman was to be admitted till he had passed a matriculation examination, which remained in the state of 'a devout imagination.' The regents were to elect a 'leet' of three candidates, from whom the graduates were to choose a rector. St. Andrews was to have seventy-two bursaries, Glasgow only forty-eight. The bursars were to receive their commons out of college funds; 'rents and revenues of the bishop's temporality' were to be assigned to the colleges.[1]

A circumstance prejudicial to the Book of Discipline was the arrival of Queen Mary, on Aug. 19, 1561. The wicked of this world had dared to say, 'Why may nott the queyn have hir awin Messe? What cane that hurte us or our religioun?' Knox, of course, derives all the sorrows of Scotland from this laxity. A strife arose between the moderate party of men like Lethington, and the party of Knox and his ministers. The Book of Discipline was mocked at by Lethington, and in December 1561 an arrangement was made. The churchmen, like the Archbishop of St. Andrews, were to keep two-thirds of their revenues for life, a third was to go to the sustentation of the ministry, and the queen's use.

[1] See *The Book of Discipline*, in Knox, vol. ii. pp. 213-221.

Thus, as Knox remarked, the devil got two-thirds of the old church revenues, while God was put off with half a third. Maitland observed that, when the ministers had been provided for, the queen would not get enough to buy a pair of new shoes.[1]

Thus the Reformation was practically starved. The clerics, who retained much of their revenues, were of the aristocracy; other lords had in divers ways seized abbey lands. The whole proceedings were disgraceful to all but Knox, who, as he had destroyed, was anxious to reorganise. The policy of the Protestant nobles was in accordance with the covetousness but for which, according to Sir Ralph Sadler, a competent observer, they would never have been Protestants at all. The policy was as short-sighted as infamous. It necessarily produced a peasant clergy, with democratic instincts, and hence came the division between the gentry and the Presbyterian Kirk in Scotland. As to learning, the Kirk has ever been obliged to cultivate it 'on a little oatmeal,' with the scantiest provisions of books and appliances, all of which Knox was righteously anxious to provide.

To conclude the story of the Church property of St. Andrews. After the hanging of our last Catholic archbishop, Hamilton, in 1571, Morton milked the

[1] Knox, vol. ii. p. 310.

revenues by means of a 'tulchan bishop,' a mere puppet. In 1587 the revenues were attached to the Crown, and James gave them to his favourite, the Duke of Lennox. In 1606, when a Protestant episcopacy was established, the revenues reverted to the see. The University retained a share of them in the great civil war of Charles I. At the Revolution of 1688, the revenue relapsed to the Crown, and, according to Mr. Lyon, part of the old lands were sold by Queen Victoria, when Buckingham Palace was fitted up as her residence.[1] 'And there was the end of an auld sang.' The revenues of the Augustinian Priory had somewhat similar fortunes.

As for ordinary civic and ecclesiastical life in the town in this age of confusion, our best or only authority is Mr. Hay Fleming's edition of the St. Andrews Kirk Session Register.[2] Catholics were 'estemit infamous' for adhering to their faith, and were not permitted to appear in courts as witnesses against Protestants, 'members of the trew religioun.' On a certain occasion one John Law was accused of having said 'the divell knock out John Knox's harnes' (brains), and similar impious desires were uttered by others of 'the rascal multitude.' The business of the Kirk Session was mainly 'to deal with' cases of lawless

[1] Lyon, vol. ii. p. 146.
[2] Scottish History Society, 1889–90.

love, Sunday golfing, and like enormities. The records are records of illegitimate births; sinners are incarcerated in the steeple of the town kirk. There is a great deal of chronicling of such small beer, and the Reformation certainly did not make St. Andrews a moral town. But we have no reason to suppose that it had been an abode of purity before the Cathedral fell and the images were burned. The keeping of Christmas Day as a holiday was forbidden. If a man had no work to do, he must make work; to be idle was to be idolatrous. So ended merry Scotland.[1]

[1] Among other dilapidations at St. Andrews, we learn from Buchanan, in his *Chamaeleon*, that much of the property of St. Salvator's College was bestowed by Cranston, the principal (1551–1560), on Maitland of Lethington. Buchanan's evidence is by no means unimpeachable, but he had means of knowing the truth in this case.

CHAPTER VII

QUEEN MARY AT ST. ANDREWS—THE WITCHES

MARY STUART is the fairest and most fascinating of the historical shadows which haunt St. Andrews. As usual, we hear of her coming and going, of her retreats to the little town of the desecrated shrines; but of what she did here we know but little. A retreat she needed, for she had come into a terrible country—among open enemies, false friends, hatred, covetousness, treason. On all sides her path was beset by dangers which were insuperable and inevitable. Could she have said that Edinburgh was worth a sermon as Paris was worth a mass; could she have thrown off her creed and cast her lot with the congregation, Mary might have kept her head on her shoulders and her fair fame unblemished. But this, for a daughter of the Guises, was impossible; so her destruction was predetermined.

Mary came to a Scotland where her face, her wit, and her good manners made her some friends. She

charmed Melville, she charmed Throckmorton; probably she charmed Maitland of Lethington; but no friendships which a Catholic could make were of any avail.

She was grudgingly permitted the exercise of her own religion; but the spite of the irreconcilable Knox and the insults of the multitude dogged her devotions. She had to see bishops of her own creed, our archbishop for one, imprisoned for celebrating the rites of her faith and theirs; and she was informed that, if she did not execute the law against idolaters, the pious of the congregation would take it into their own hands. The Laird of Dalhousie was imprisoned in St. Andrews Castle, 'because he gaif three or four puir friars meat in his place.' Arran and Murray also burned all the books and vestments found at his house. Mary had the fluctuating support of statesmen like Lethington, and nobles who had robbed the old church were at variance with the ministers, who justly claimed their share of the ancient endowments. The Scottish kirk was in the hands of men who abominated all authority, ecclesiastical or secular, superior to their own. They had got rid of priests, of a sacred class with sacerdotal pretensions, but their own pretensions were really more arrogant. Anyone who liked, and whose violence of invective could persuade others, set up as a prophet.

There is no doubt that many of the ministers, as later in Covenanting times, were thought to be more or less directly inspired and gifted with powers of foreseeing

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events due to something more mystic than political sagacity. Such men could do much to bring about what they predicted, and, as they usually prophesied

evil, they were usually correct in their forecast. Thus, in place of a body with professional powers, Mary encountered a band of divines whose powers were personal, directly granted by the Deity. Every pulpiteer who chose took it on himself to be an Elijah, to denounce, doom, and beard an unlucky monarch who happened to differ in opinions from the orator. Knox rarely visited Queen Mary without leaving her 'in owlings' as he calls her sobs, and in tears. From such company, from the revilings of the prophets, the schemes of the intriguers, Mary retired as often as she might to St. Andrews. Here her brother, the Lord James Stuart, appears to have kept house in 'the New Inns,' of which only a gateway survives. The house had a fine prospect to the east across the sea. But Mary sometimes lived 'as a bourgeoise,' with a slender retinue, in one of the old merchants' houses on the south side of South Street, hard by St. Leonard's. The house now called Queen Mary's is said to have been occupied by Mary; and her chamber, with a small oratory as at Holyrood, looks over the ruined chapel of St. Leonard's.

One visit is well known for its tragical end. There was, at the Court, a French gentleman named Chastelard, who was a gallant and adventurous youth, skilled in the dances which the soul of Knox ab-

horred, but which he and his successors have never abolished in rural Scotland. 'In dancing of *The Purpose* (so term they that dance in which man and woman talk secretly, wise men would judge such fashions more like to the bordell than to the comeliness

QUEEN MARY'S CHAMBER

of honest women), in this dance the Queen chose Chastelard, and Chastelard took the Queen. . . . The Queen would lie upon Chastelard's shoulder, and sometimes privily she would steal a kiss of his neck.' (Knox, ii. 368.) These privities were not private enough to escape the eye or elude the fancy of John

Knox. It seems to be certain that Chastelard, who may have had a confidence in his charms not wholly unknown to the men of his nation, hid himself one night in Mary's chamber.[1] He was turned out; the Queen was not informed about the incident till the morning after. 'She commanded Chastelard out of her sight.' On the 14th, Mary, who was on her way to St. Andrews, lay at Burntisland. Chastelard followed her into her room, the Queen exclaimed, Murray entered, and Mary bade him dirk the intruder. Murray, more wisely, put him in bonds; he was tried at St. Andrews, and here he was executed on February 22. How daringly he bore himself on the scaffold, reading a poem of Ronsard's by way of preparation for death, is universally familiar. The affair is clouded with myths, Knox saying that Chastelard died 'granting that his declining from the treuth of God was justly recompensed upon him.' This means that Chastelard was a Huguenot. According to the Spanish ambassador at Paris, Chastelard confessed that he was suborned by the wife of Coligny to damage Mary's reputation.[2] Brantôme is responsible for the story of Ronsard's poem, 'qui est très-bien fait, et propre pour ne point abhorrer la mort.' Randolph says he died with repentance.[3]

[1] Feb. 12, 1562 63.

[2] Teulet, *Papiers d'Etat*, vol. iii. p. 5; Robertson, *Inventories*, p. lxxv, note 3.

[3] Tytler, vol. vi. p. 274.

It would be interesting to know in what place he was executed, and what scenes were the last that he beheld. But of all this we are left in the usual ignorance. In Whyte Melville's novel, 'The Queen's Maries,' he is executed within the castle. Chalmers gives the Market Place as the scene of the execution. No authority is quoted. We cannot determine how far Mary was responsible for his infatuation. According to the Spanish ambassador he played an evil game, and lost. Mr. Froude, perhaps too peremptorily, rejects the story. A fortunate lover Chastelard can hardly have been, though Knox naturally insinuates the worst. The worst, perhaps, is that Mary remained in St. Andrews, 'healthy and merry,' amusing herself, 'riding in the fields as time will serve her.' To be sure, had she withdrawn, and yielded to melancholy, she would have been accused of regretting a paramour. Her merriment must have been damped by news of the death of her uncle, the Duke of Guise, who was assassinated by a person of religious views which did not coincide with his own. After a visit to Falkland, the Queen returned to St. Andrews on March 29. Here she practised archery in her garden, shooting with the Master of Lindsay against Mar and one of her ladies. It is of this match that she reminds Lindsay, in the scene where he extorts her abdication by brutal violence, in 'The Abbot.'

In 1564-65 she was again in St. Andrews, whither Randolph followed her with one of Elizabeth's impudent proposals that she should marry Leicester. On the death of Amy Robsart, in 1560, Mary, then in Paris, had said that Elizabeth was about to marry her horse-master, who had made room for her by getting rid of his wife. The remark only expressed the opinion which Cecil and Throckmorton and Randolph seem to have shared. But this minion Leicester, the most worthless of her subjects, Elizabeth now amused her spite by offering as a husband to a sister Queen.

'Her Grace lodged in a merchant's house,' says Randolph; 'her train were very few.' 'I sent for you, to be merry,' she said, 'and to see how like a bourgeois-wife I live, with my little troop; and you will interrupt our pastime with your great and grave matters. You see neither cloth of estate, nor such appearance that you may think that there is a Queen here; nor I would not that you should think that I am she at St. Andrews, that I was at Edinburgh.' So she put the question by, and rode and hawked with her Maries, and played music 'reasonably well for a Queen,' as Melville told Elizabeth. Mary left St. Andrews for Wemyss, where she met Darnley, and the days of rejoicings and of merriment with her little troop began to end. The Scotch nobles were

austere men, and to make mirth for Mary deserved the stab. She married Darnley (whom the Protestants were anxious to assassinate) at Edinburgh, on July 29, 1565.[1]

Mary's next visit to St. Andrews was paid in December 1565, when she and Darnley were making head against the rebel nobles who rose in opposition to the marriage. 'The whole Barons and Lairds of Fife convoyed her Majesty,' says Knox, till she came to St. Andrews, where they signed a 'band' for her defence. She sent out troops and arrested a few suspicious characters, and issued a summons to various rebel lords, who neglected to appear and were forfeited. She visited Dundee and fined the town for some treasonable doings between 'the brethren,' (Knox's party) and the rebels. Here Mary passes out of our history. Fancy may please itself by reflecting that we see the same sands and seas as she beheld, may follow her as she hawks in the fields beside the Eden, where, like Queen Guinevere,

> She looked so lovely as she swayed
> The rein with dainty finger tips.

We may even climb the stairs she climbed to her chamber in the old burgess house, where her valets de chambre may have sung, and Rizzio taken the bass. Of the privy garden where she shot at the

[1] Tytler, vol. vi. pp. 343, 350.

butts with her Maries we know nothing. It may have been in Lord James's grounds, or in one of the long gardens that run down to the fields from South Street, but the house usually called hers had no great garden, as it is narrowly bounded by the chapel and college of St. Leonard's. If she shot here, it must have been from east to west; the two modern gardens were then one. The town she rode through had probably houses with thatched roofs, like that ancient house at Jedburgh where she lay ill after her ride to visit Bothwell at Hermitage. This much we may reconstruct of the St. Andrews where she sought a retreat from the treacheries of the capital and the scoldings of the preachers. The rest is left to the imagination, which pictures little knots of gaily dressed ladies and lords clattering on horseback through the West Port, on the way to an Eden which still ran clear through the woods of Dairsie. There is a gnarled old thorn tree in the front of St. Mary's College: 'Queen Mary's thorn,' tradition calls it, and avers that it was planted by the fairest hands in the world. Happily we have not to follow Mary through the plots of the next two years, nor to decide whether Darnley conspired against her life as well as against Rizzio's; whether Knox, who fled to Kyle when the Queen recovered her freedom after Rizzio's slaying, was an accessory-

to the bloody deed in which he claimed God as an accomplice; whether Mary herself did or did not betray her husband with a kiss on the night of Sebastiani's wedding. That tangle of infamy was woven otherwhere than in the town which saw the death of Chastelard.

But though Mary knew St. Andrews no more, two of its citizens were involved in her fortunes. One of these was the last archbishop of the Church, Hamilton. Him we might expect to have found loyal, if all the world deserted her. But when she was a captive in 1567, when she was held in Loch Leven Castle after the affair of Carberry Hill, Hamilton, it seems, was anxious that she should be put to death. Throckmorton had an interview with Tullibardine, and 'revealed a scene of treachery upon the part of the Hamiltons, which filled him with horror.' . . . 'Within the last forty-eight hours,' said Tullibardine, 'the archbishop of St. Andrews, on the part of the Hamiltons, has proposed to us' (the rebel lords) 'to put the queen to death. They have recommended this course as the only certain method of reconciling all parties, and on our consenting to adopt it, they are ready to join us to a man. . . . For,' he went on in answer to Throckmorton's horrified remonstrances, 'she being taken away, they account but the little king betwixt them and home'

(that is, the succession to the Crown) '*who may die.*' Lethington confirmed what Tullibardine had avowed.[1] Of all the infamies of that infamous age, when Morton and the rest conspired for Darnley's murder and threw the blame on the Queen, this is the most abominable. Hamilton was one of those who had recommended the marriage of Mary with Bothwell, and now he proposed to slay Mary, in the interest of the family of which he was a bastard. It is impossible to believe that Throckmorton invented these conversations with Tullibardine and Lethington. Hamilton, however, came to Mary's side when, by help of George Douglas, she escaped from Loch Leven, and was with her in her final defeat at Langside in 1568. He even implored her not to throw herself on the mercies of Elizabeth, as tender as his own. As for Douglas, after Mary's escape, he had a town house in St. Andrews, the large gabled house facing the Cathedral, where his arms are engraved on a stone in the wall. He held it from Moray, who seized most of the Priory lands. Douglas, at least, had 'kept the bird within his bosom,' and lived out his life in peace. But Hamilton was taken, in his mail and steel cap, at Dumbarton Castle, after the murder of the Regent Moray, in 1571. With

[1] Tytler, from MS. letter of Throckmorton to Leicester, vol. vii. p. 140.

the cry of 'A Darnley, a Darnley!' in memory of his own murdered master, Crawford stormed Dumbarton, and caught Hamilton, who was presently hanged for complicity in the slaughter both of Darnley and Moray. The archbishop confessed nothing but a guilty knowledge that Moray's death was meditated by a Hamilton. Mr. Lyon says, 'It is astonishing how little sympathy historians have shown for the fate of the archbishop.' Granting that Throckmorton's story is true, as doubtless it is, unless Tullibardine and Lethington deliberately fabled, the archbishop's short shrift was no shorter than he deserved. As the head of a persecuted remnant of Catholics, driven to practise their devotions in the wilds, we might respect him. As a false and militant intriguer, the mercies of the kirk were tender enough for him. We might as well excuse John Leslie and Hackston of Rathillet as Archbishop Hamilton; for no consideration of the guilt of Mary can justify his wish to slay her for the advancement merely of his own house. This murder would inevitably have been followed by the murder of her infant son, James, 'who may die,' as Tullibardine remarked. Hamilton's slayers were savage, of course, and Morton wanted his revenues, which he obtained. They were all savages, and few of them fell unavenged.

The social and religious condition of St. Andrews,

while Mary yet reigned in Scotland, and for many years afterwards, must have been deplorable. Powerful as the kirk was in politics, in mere matters of religion its ministers were numerically weak. Vacancies were not filled up; stipends were not to be wrung out of the holders of the revenues; many ministers were, so to say, starved out of their parishes. Mr. Lyon quotes as a question gravely debated by the General Assembly, 'whether a minister or reader may tap ale, beer, or wine, and keep an open tavern.' The answer is that a minister or reader who keeps a public-house must do so with decorum.[1] Churches were turned into sheepfolds, or became so ruinous that none dared enter them. The Rev. Mr. Ferguson, of Dunfermline, preaching before the General Assembly in 1571, declared that 'the poor are oppressed with hunger, the kirks and temples decaying for lack of ministers and upholding, *and the schools utterly neglected.*' Here the grave question arises, if the schools were utterly neglected, if ministers were obliged by poverty to keep public-houses, what kind of education must these men have had, who almost governed public opinion, and who threatened and coerced the rulers of the State? The Papal Nuncio who visited Mary says that many of the ministers were ignorant artisans, but adds that the Catholic clergy were

[1] Book of the Universal Kirk, p. 378.

scarcely more learned.[1] Reform was brought into education, mainly through the exertions of Andrew Melville at St. Andrews. But, meanwhile, the promontories blazed with burning witches, the poor women were swum in the Witch's Lake, a rock-surrounded pool of sea water near to what is now called the Step Rock. 'In my Lord Regent's passing to the north (1569) he causit burne certane witches in Sanctandrois, and in his returning, he causit burne ane uther companie of witches in Dundie.'[2] In Bannatyne's 'Memorials' (p. 233) there is a story showing how Knox 'dealt with' a witch from the pulpit; how some mystic cord was found beneath her clothes, in which she placed her forlorn old trust. Oddly enough, Knox himself was denounced as a sorcerer who had beguiled the affections of Lord Ochiltree's daughter, 'and he an auld decrepit creature of maist base degree.'[3] Mrs. Knox, after her husband's death, married Ker of Faldonside, an estate on the Tweed, just above Abbotsford. Scott often tried to purchase these lands. Ker, the second husband of Mrs. Knox, was the most ruffianly of the ruffians who murdered Rizzio. The lady had a singular taste in lovers.

[1] *Narratives of Scottish Catholics*, Rev. Father Forbes-Leith S.J.

[2] *Diurnal of Occurrents*, p. 145.

[3] C. K. Sharpe, *Witchcraft in Scotland*, p. 48. Quoting Nicol Burne, of St. Leonard's College.

THE WITCHES' LAKE

A Lyon King-at-Arms was also burned here for sorcery, and, as the offence is not easy to disprove, in 1582 the Presbyterians accused our archbishop, Adamson, of whom we shall hear later, of conspiring with a witch, who dealt with a ghost, the spectre of a certain William Simson. This idiotic charge being brought against the poor woman, she was placed in the archbishop's charge, 'who let her slip away'—a heinous offence. 'We were plain and sharp with him as to those witches, both from the pulpit and in doctrine, and by censure of our presbytery,' says James Melville. The witch was believed to have transferred the bishop's malady to a white pony, which thereby expired. The Reformation was followed by a plague of witchcraft and witch-burning, as by a plague of adultery and fornication, but of course it may be argued that both offences had been as rampant before the Reformation, but had been winked at by profligate canons.

CHAPTER VIII

ANDREW MELVILLE'S ST. ANDREWS

EVEN in those days all Scotland was not solely busied in stabbing and prophesying, murdering and procuring murder, and prosecuting the murderers. Men were reaping, sowing, studying, and fortunately we have the records of a student naturally kind, peaceful, and gentle, though an ardent opponent of all but Presbyterian power, in the 'Autobiography of James Melville.'[1] This gentleman took his part indeed, the part of his more famous, more learned, and more truculent uncle, Andrew Melville, in the triangular duel between the preachers, the nobles, and the king, James VI. As usual, it is difficult or impossible to sympathise fully with any of the sides in this long confused battle. James was the caitiff who rescued not his mother, though all Scotland was straining at the leash; who thought more of his succession to the English throne, and of his gratuities from Elizabeth,

[1] Wodrow Society, 1842.

than of his foremost duty. The nobles, as usual, were entirely given up to ambition and greed, but even they were fired by the crime of Fotheringay. The preachers were in arms for liberty, but so was James. Both sides were striving for freedom—both, as usual, meant by freedom, freedom to control other people. The preachers were not contending merely for the form of Church government, which the majority of the nation preferred—Presbyterianism. As Elizabeth told James, they and the Puritans were 'a sect of perilous consequence, *such as would have no kings, but a presbytery.*' The preachers were to be rulers, as being inspired prophets. Their sermons were furious leading articles, and when brought to account for language which might be regarded as treasonable, they were for appealing, in the first instance, to the verdict of clerical courts. Morton threatened to hang half-a-dozen of them, but, as Mr. Froude regretfully says at an earlier date, there was no lash and no gallows for presumptuous priests. The preachers, in fact, played the part of a licentious press, which was all on one side. To be governed by Presbyters, 'old priest writ large,' is not freedom. Hence the constant efforts made by James to introduce Episcopacy, efforts which bore the bitter fruit of the civil war. The Reformation left to Scotland a legacy of strife, which only subsided,

in part, with the Revolution of 1688. But the state of affairs then established would have been far from contenting the preachers of King James's time, and that it did not content their successors, the Cameronians, we learn, as late as 1749, from 'The Active Testimonies of Presbyterians.' An intruded Episcopacy was tyrannous and intolerable, a government of prophets is intolerable and tyrannous; to William III. Scotland owes a *modus vivendi*.

In this dispute of pedant king, simoniacal nobles, and frantic preachers, St. Andrews was a centre, as it also, thanks to Andrew and James Melville, became a centre of revived learning.

James Melville, born 1556 or 1557, was a son of Richard Melville (Melvill, Melvyne, or Melvin), of Baldovy, minister of Maryton, near Montrose. His father had studied under Melanchthon in Wittenberg. About five, young Melville began to read the Bible; at seven he went to school in Montrose with Mr. William Gray, where he was 'trained in learning, and exercise of honest games, and taught to handle the bow for archery, the glub for goff, the batons for fencing, also to rin, loupe, to swim, to warsell.' 'A happie and golden tyme,' he adds, for boyhood may be a golden time, even in years of public turmoil. They learned the Catechism, the Bible, the rudiments of Latin and

French, some Virgil, Cicero, Horace, the Colloquies of Erasmus, while Signor Davie was being slaughtered, and Darnley murdered, and Langside field was fought, and the stipends of the preachers were seized, and the fire of joy burned on Montrose steeple for the birth of King James.

Meanwhile Melville's father taught him to abhor subtle revenge, 'as I have known it practised in this country, and as yet it is working on: God make us simple as doves, and wise as serpents . . . I bless my Christ, I detest all revenge as devilry, and namely serpentine.'

Here, among the fruits of the Reformation, we have, thank God, a Christian at last, and one who, we may say, would not have been consenting to any deed of murder. An accident of his boyhood, when he unwittingly stabbed a fellow pupil in play, made James Melville 'the mair war of knyffes' (the more wary of dealing with knives) 'all my dayes.' Yet he was a man of his hands, and disarmed a furious young scoundrel who attacked him with sword and dagger.

In 1571, at the age of fourteen, Melville came home from school, and was set to work in the harvest fields. But 'I lyked the schollar's lyff best,' and, as he dared not oppose his father's wishes, he prayed earnestly that the scholar's portion might be

his. It was no great luxury of life that he desired and gained: the scanty inventory of his frugal furniture proves that he was never a rich man. He had six silver spoons at his death, and a silver tankard: his effects were worth but 137*l.* 6*s.* 10*d.*, including books valued at 2*l.* He went to St. Andrews in November 1571, and entered the course of philosophy under Mr. Collace, of St. Leonard's. Not being well grounded in grammar, he was puzzled by Cassander his rhetoric, and used to 'burst and greet'—'owl,' as Knox would have said—in lecture. Mr. Collace therefore gave him a bed in his own chambers, and taught him privately at night. Melville's father was greatly pleased with the boy's progress, and offered Mr. Collace a present of two pieces of gold, no mean gift in poor old Scotland. But Mr. Collace would accept no reward for his labours through all the time of Melville's course. They studied the Organon of Aristotle that year in Latin, and the candle-boy was by far the most forward student. On the University Seal we note a professor lecturing, while a boy holds his candle. This lad was David Elistone, 'whose ingenuity and judgment passed me as far in the whole course of philosophy, as the eagle the Howlet' (owl). The youth whom Melville so generously praises afterwards became insane in Paris.

In this year, 1571, when Kirkcaldy of Grange, the victor of Langside, was holding Edinburgh Castle for the Queen, Knox fled to St. Andrews. That he 'never feared the face of man' is proverbial; but he did not lack the better part of valour. He had once made Geneva his refuge. Kyle sheltered him after his share in the murder of Rizzio. Now, old and tired, but unbroken, he sought cover in St. Andrews. The monastic buildings were not all ruined, for Knox 'lodged down in the Abbey beside our college,' St. Leonard's. He was still preaching on Daniel, and probably still expounding that author's remarks on the pope. Melville used to hear him gladly, and carry away notes. After being 'moderate the space of half an hour,' Knox 'was like to ding the pulpit to blads' and made the small boy 'grew and tremble.'

Gruesome enough the aged prophet must have been. Afterwards he would rest in St. Leonard's gardens, wearied with prophesying destruction for Kirkcaldy and Queen Mary. Then he told the boys to 'stand by the good cause,' for which St. Leonard's was zealous: 'the other two colleges not so.' In St. Mary's, John Douglas, afterwards Simoniacal or *Tulchan* Bishop, 'was guid aneuche;' the other regents 'hated Mr. Knox,' as Bannatyne, his secretary, also tells us. By way of diversion—hear it, ye

godly!—stage plays were acted. We even read of a drama on the Prodigal Son played, not without scandal, at a marriage on a Sabbath. A regent of St. Leonard's diverted Knox with a congenial entertainment: a play on the marriage day of a Mr. Colvin, a prophetic play. 'The Castle of Edinburgh was besieged, taken, and the Captain' (Knox's old ally in many a bloody deed, Kirkcaldy of Grange), 'with one or two with him, hanged in effigy.'

The presence of Knox here allured other people of importance. Lekprevik, the printer, brought over his press from Edinburgh and printed 'Calvin's Catechism,' done into Latin heroic verse. There was plenty of Latin in Scotland, more than there is now, for to do the Carritch into elegiacs or hexameters would puzzle many a worthy minister. The Friar Tuck of Presbyterianism also attended Knox. He was John Durie, one of two ministers of Leith. 'The gown was no sooner off and the Bible out of hand, when on went the corslet' (on his clerical person), 'and snatched up was the hagbut, and to the fields.' Corslet and hagbut are better than the dagger, but ministers' consciences clattered like the elder Beaton's, and they, as well as Archbishop Hamilton, went clad in steel. Before Edinburgh Castle fell, and Mary's cause fell with it, 'Mr. Knox with his family passed home to Edinburgh' (August 17 (?),

1572). The world of St. Andrews was grateful for his departure, save 'the few godly in that town.' Most of the University 'nourished a deadly hatred and envy' against Knox. St. Leonard's stood by him; St. Salvator's detested him. 'Mr. Archibald Hamilton for a long time came not to John Knox's sermons because that he affirmed in his teaching that Hamiltons were murderers.' It was a good reason for deserting Knox's sermons, but that Knox should blame murderers was a trifle inconsistent.[1] Knox tried to have Hamilton compelled to attend his discourses. Hamilton declined to be 'thrallit to ony minister wha exemis himself fra order and godly discipline.' Hamilton held his ground and had the better of the dispute.

The Reformer died in the following November, 'quha, as was allegit, had the maist part of the wyte [blame] of all the cummeris [troubles] in Scotland, sen [since] the slaughter of umquhile [the late] Cardinal.' Knox did not live to see the fall of the castle and the hanging of Kirkcaldy, but the ministers took good care that his prophecy should be fulfilled. Great efforts were made to save Kirkcaldy's life, that of a gallant man; but Morton writes to Killigrew, 'Considering what has been and daily is spoken by the preachers, that God's plague will not cease till

[1] Bannatyne's *Memorials*, pp. 255–263.

the land be purged of blood . . . I deliberated to let justice proceed as it has done.' [1]

Melville gives us his last glimpse of Knox in St. Andrews, going gently 'with a furring of martriks about his neck,' a staff in his hand, supported by Richard Ballantyne, his servant, from his lodgings in the Abbey to the Town Kirk. Even now 'he was like to ding that pulpit to blads and fly out of it.' A pulpit, said to have been Knox's, was lately in the college chapel. It did not seem robust enough for his use. Despite Maitland's remark, uttered when Knox sent from his death-bed to warn Kirkcaldy, this son of thunder was no 'drivelling prophet.'

As to college studies, in the second year Melville learned the 'Demonstrations,' the 'Topics,' and 'Sophistic Captiones,' all in Latin. This year Archbishop Hamilton was hanged, and avenged by the shooting of Lennox at Stirling in the arms of his captor, Spens of Wormiston, a very noble gentleman who was slain in the attempt to defend his prisoner. In the third year Melville read the 'Ethics,' and proceeded towards his bachelor's degree 'with declamation, banqueting, and plays.' In the fourth year they read mathematics and Aristotle *De Cœlo*. Morton was now seizing church revenues, appointing

[1] Aug. 5, 1573, quoted by Tytler, vol. vii. p. 388.

one preacher to four churches. A regent of St. Leonard's, Davidson, who wrote the amusing play for Knox, attacked the monstrous doings of Morton in a book, and was banished. Melville's studies were now partly in Cicero *De Legibus* and Justinian. He also took great delight in music, learning the gamut and plain song from one who had been trained among the monks of the Abbey. Thus some faint echoes of the old art lingered on, voices musical among the ruins. The students were melodists, 'twa or three of our condisciples played fellon well on the virginals, and another on the lute and githorn' (zittern?). Their Regent had a spinet ('the pinalds') in his chamber, but feared that Melville was becoming even too musical. 'If I had attained to any reasonable measure therein, I had never done good otherwise, in respect of my amorous disposition.'

For amusement 'I had my necessary honestly enough of my father, but no more; for archery and golf, I had bow, arrows, club and balls, but not a purse for catchpull and tavern, yet now and then I learned and used so much both of the hand and racket catch [fives and tennis] as might serve for moderate and wholesome exercise of the body.'

All this makes a very pleasant picture of the student's life in old St. Leonard's, evil as were the times and limited as was the erudition.

Melville's heart cried out for Greek and for Hebrew, 'but the languages were not to be gottine in the land. Our Regent begoud and teatched us the A, B, C, of the Greik, and the simple declintiones,' but went no farder.' He spoke admiringly of Mr. Andrew Melville, James's uncle, who, when at the new college (St. Mary's), read Aristotle in the original, 'which was a wonder to them that he was so fine a scholar and of such expectation.' But Andrew Melville was in France; five or six years had passed since he wrote to his kindred; and it was feared he had perished in the religious wars. He had really been in Geneva for four years, and as an envoy of his brought letters, young James Melville wrote entreating his uncle to come home. This boy's letter in Latin proved, as Andrew Melville himself said, 'a special motion of his home-coming.' Thus a young lad of St. Leonard's gave Scotland a new John Knox—a Presbyterian prophet almost, or quite as resolute and truculent as the old seer. James Melville had heard Knox denounce tulchan bishops (1571)—that is, bishops appointed collusively by the nobles, to receive the revenues and hand them over to pious desperadoes like Morton. John Douglas, Rector of the University, was Morton's tulchan bishop, and even Knox pitied that 'auld weak man,' who was wrecked and finally killed by trouble and opposi-

tion.[1] The poor tulchan prelates were subject to the General Assembly. Douglas had been made Principal of St. Mary's as early as 1547. He left the Roman faith, and was tutor of Lord Lorne; as we saw, he was Rector of the University, when Morton made him his tulchan. The General Assembly bullied him for not preaching, and for neglecting the *exercise*, or pious meetings for divine discourse. At last, according to legend, the dying old man made an effort to preach, entered the pulpit of the town kirk, and died there.[2]

Douglas died in 1574.

We return to James Melville at the University, and the introduction of Greek by his uncle, Andrew Melville. Born in 1545, at Baldovy, Andrew Melville learned Greek, as a boy, from Pierre de Marsilliers, whom Erskine of Dun had brought to Montrose. At St. Andrews he alone could read Aristotle in the original, and he was much cherished by Douglas, afterwards Tulchan Bishop. At Paris he studied Greek under Turnebus, Aristotle with that enemy of Aristotle, Ramus. He actually lectured in Greek, which probably no scholar living could do now. He then taught at Poictiers and

[1] A *tulchan* is a calf stuffed with straw, and placed near a cow to make her give milk. Thus the tulchan bishops milked the Church for the benefit of the nobles.

[2] Lyon, quoting the *History of the Lives of the Scottish Reformers*, p. 215. *Naphtali* adduces this as a judgment on a bishop!

studied theology. During the siege of Poictiers his pupil was killed by a cannon-ball, and Melville, loving his memory, transferred his affection to his nephew James. A soldier reviling him for a Huguenot, Andrew Melville armed himself, mounted a horse, and challenged the man. From Poictiers he went to Geneva, became a friend of Beza's, and argued against Portus about the pronunciation of Greek. Portus, himself a Greek, pronounced by accent, Melville by quantity, as we now do, except Professor Blackie. So Portus called him a Scotch barbarian, who pretended to teach Hellenes how to speak their own language. Arrived in Scotland, he began to teach his nephew. He refused to be a Tulchan Bishop of St. Andrews, and became Principal of Glasgow University. There he is said to have wished to destroy that monument of idolatry, the Cathedral, and to have won over the magistrates. But the trades of the town rose like good men, and saved the church, while the young king, James, said that too many churches had been destroyed already. This is Spottiswoode's tale: the curious will find the legend narrated by Andrew Fairservice in 'Rob Roy.' But Dr. McCrie, Andrew Melville's biographer, thinks that the riot was somehow connected with the repairing of the Cathedral. He quotes evidence showing that the lead from the roof had been stolen,

as usual, and that the magistrates were restoring what was imperfect. But the share which the Kirk Session took in this work was ten years after Melville left Glasgow for St. Andrews. Thither he

A GATE OF ST. LEONARD'S

came as Principal of St. Mary's College in 1580; his nephew James was Professor of Hebrew.

Of the general condition of the University little has been said here since the Reformation. In 1566 Moray (later the Regent) made George Buchanan, a distinguished pupil, Principal of St. Leonard's. His

chamber is still shown in the old buildings, but the outer stair by which it was originally reached has disappeared. His arrival was followed by a great increase of students at St. Leonard's, in 1568–69. He presented some books of which a few are still in the University library. He also drew up a scheme of reorganisation, published by Irving in his 'Memoirs of Buchanan' (p. 360). He forbade the 'Pædagogues' to 'ding their disciples,' the dinging was only to be done by the principal or their regent. The whole system was never carried into practice.

A visitation of the University by Morton occurred in 1574, another in 1579, when Andrew Melville was appointed principal of St. Mary's. His time had been occupied in asserting Presbyterianism, and drawing up the second book of discipline, 'The Charter of the Kirk.' The office of bishops was denounced as anti-scriptural, a point on which heaven forbid that we should enter. His duties as Principal of St. Mary's did not interfere with his political activity. In 1580 James VI. was at St. Andrews, living in the New Inns, and 'a gyse and farce' was played in front of the windows, as James Melville tells us, for his diversion. As the curtain did not rise in time, a casual lunatic came forward, preached a moving sermon, made James Melville weep, and threatened the Earl of Morton, against

whom Lennox, who was present, was even then plotting. There was no escape from preaching in these days. The Town Idiot, Skipper Lindsay, was as moving, and as successfully prophetic, as Knox at his best. Probably he was imitating the innumerable discourses he had heard from the pulpit.[1]

St. Mary's College was very nearly burned down on Melville's coming; 'fire followed him,' as Knox says of the queen. A student, snuffing his candle on a winter morning, dropped a spark into a cellar, where there were shavings of wood. The fire caught; James Melville already foresaw 'the joy of the wicked' (people not of his way of thinking), 'but it pleased God mercifully to look on and pity the matter, sending the carpenter's boy with the key of the cellar,' so the fire was extinguished, and 'God keipit the wark from sklander.' The 'wark' consisted in 'judging the office of Bishops damnable,' a strong measure carried by Andrew Melville in the General Assembly at Glasgow in 1581. The book of 'The Polecie of the Kirk' was also passed. The civil magistrate is subject to the kirk spiritually, and in ecclesiastical government and discipline. The spiritual 'rulers judge both inward affections and external actions, in respect of conscience, by the

[1] Melville's *Autobiography*, p. 81. Andrew Melville had not arrived in St. Andrews at this time.

word of God.' 'The minister teaches the Magistrate how it should be done' (how the civil jurisdiction should be done), 'according to the Word of God.' That is, the civil power governs; but if it does not govern after some violent example from the Old Testament, some model of Israelite anarchy tempered by prophets, then the minister 'teaches' the civil power. This is the aspect borne by 'The Polecie of the Kirk' in the eyes of the secular reader.

Melville soon had occasion to teach the government 'how it should be done.' Esmé Stuart, created Duke of Lennox, the king's favourite, overthrew Morton, as that inspired idiot, Skipper Lindsay, had prophesied in his sermon at St. Andrews. Morton was executed, as 'art and part' in Darnley's murder, on June 2, 1581. The new favourite, Lennox, in despite of the ministers, intruded one Montgomery on the bishopric of Glasgow. At St. Andrews, Archbishop Adamson was maintaining that 'The Polecie of the Kirk' 'could not stand with a free kingdom;' and indeed it could not. But Lennox's appointment was no less tyrannous.

The kirk bade Montgomery resign his bishopric; a minister reminded Gowrie of the fine old plan of seizing the king.[1] They excommunicated Montgomery, and, in June 1582, Andrew Melville left his

[1] Tytler, vol. viii. p. 94.

numerous quarrels at St. Andrews, and addressed an extraordinary assembly of the kirk. He spoke of the 'bludie gullie' of absolute power—a gullie [knife] which came from the pope. The kirk presented a list 'of mair grievances' to the king in Perth.

'Who dare subscribe these treasonable articles?' asked Arran (James Stewart).

'Mr. Andro answeres, "*We dar!* and will subscryve them, and gif our lyves in the cause."'

Arran and Lennox saw that 'the Kirk haid a bak'—that is, was well supported, and the ministers were dismissed.

The kirk had armed backers, and was well aware of it: the boldness was less bold than it may appear. The old Scotch custom of making a band, or illegal association, was followed; the band was against Lennox, and, as usual, was encouraged by England. Lennox guessed what was coming, and meant to seize his opponents, but the English ambassador, Bowes, gave timely information to the subscribers of the band. The king was at Ruthven Castle, Gowrie's seat, and there Gowrie secured him. This was the Raid of Ruthven (1582) and a great cause of joy to the ministers. James Melville denies that the kirk was 'art and part' in the raid (p. 134), but yet 'they could not but rejoice in God.' James may have been kept in the dark, but Mr. Davison, minister

of Libberton, had urged the raid on Gowrie. 'Scotch nobles now are utterly unworthy of the place they hold; they would not, in other times, have suffered the king to lie alone at Dalkeith with a stranger' (Lennox), and so on.[1] James's dislike of Presbyterianism was not wholly unjustified, nor can any state be free in which the polecie of the kirk 'teaches' the civil power by seizing the person of its representative, or by urging and justifying the transaction.

The Principal of St. Mary's, in a letter of 1583, spoke of Morton and Gowrie as 'stout and valiant avengers of religion and the king's cause.' Morton was the most simoniacal of oppressors; his idea of avenging religion was to starve the kirk and pocket the money; while Gowrie's idea of avenging the king's cause was to seize him and separate him from his friends and kindred.

While Melville was in the midst of his political activity, he was quarrelling with half of St. Andrews. First, there were the teachers displaced from St. Mary's, notably one Hamilton, who 'vexed him with the College accounts,' 'till it pleased God to cut short the life of the said Mr. Hamilton,' as James Melville gratefully remarks.[2] Then Mrs. Hamilton married again, and her second husband, the Provost of

[1] Tytler, vol. viii. p. 94, quoting MS. Calderwood.
[2] *Autobiography*, p. 122.

Kirkheugh, pursued the suit: while the Deity was not pleased to cut *him* off. Another old St Mary's man threatened to hamstring Andrew Melville, who, getting his enemy to enter his room, shut the door and asked him when the hamstringing was to begin; 'it is even best time now.' Whereby he dominated the bully. Then all St. Leonard's rushed into the fray, for Mr. Andrew must needs attack Aristotle and his philosophy, which (in Latin) was all their business; 'their bread-winner.' Them Melville confuted, and they even became his disciples: Aristotle, however, is still regarded as a superior person. This was Melville's chief benefit to the University: he made men read Greek authors in Greek. 'But this was not done without mickle fighting and fascherie.' Next the dauntless Andrew had a broil with the town; for when he preached in their church he treated the magistrates as if they had been mere kings, presenting them with large fragments of his mind, and 'causing them hear their doings in the deafest ear.' The town was full of threatenings, angry placards were fastened on the gate of St. Mary's, and James Melville, finding Town and Gown united against his pugnacious uncle, admits that he was 'mikle fearit,' especially when the provost rose, one day, and walked out of the kirk.

But the Presbytery came down on the Provost,

and he was obliged to apologise for not sitting still to be publicly insulted. This is a fair example of liberty under the polecie of the kirk.

Another day Andrew Melville found a placard, written partly in French and Italian, on his college gate. He recognised the hand of Lermont the younger, of Balcomie, and, as usual, attacked him from the pulpit. 'Thou frenchified, italianised, jolly gentleman, who hast defiled the bed of so many married, and now threatenest with thy bastinados to defile this kirk, and put hands on His servants, thou shalt never enjoy the fruits of marriage, by having lawful succession of thy body, and God shall batoon thee in his righteous judgments.'

Consequently Lermont had no children, and, in 1598, died of ill-treatment from the Highlanders. If Andrew Melville had been a poor old angry woman, he would have been burned for this; a case of *malum minatum et damnum secutum*. Not having feuds enough on his hands, the Principal now fell to fight with the Prior and his pensioners, who kept the ministry vacant and spent the revenues in golf and conviviality. These he brought to their knees, and made them express repentance in church by aid of the General Assembly. Lastly, to keep his hand in, the Principal bearded the Archbishop Adamson, the successor of the tulchan Bishop Douglas, who, of

course, was no friend of Presbyterianism. In brief, Andrew Melville made St. Andrews a lively place to live in, while he did not neglect politics.

In 1582 the General Assembly (October 9) pronounced its formal approval of the Raid of Ruthven, and ordered that every minister should justify the action. 'It was even determined to institute a rigid persecution of all persons who presumed to express a different opinion.'[1] When the clergy also ordered the Gowrie gang to resign the church revenues, they were not listened to, but one of the preachers succeeded in making the young king cry. Lennox was banished and died in France. Intrigues with England, France, and the captive Mary went on, and on June 25, 1583, Walsingham was assured that the Gowrie party was secure; but the letter had not reached him when James rode from Falkland to St. Andrews, took refuge in the castle, where Adamson was residing, and was 'a free king' again. He had been met at Dairsie by the Earl of March, the provost of St. Andrews, and other gentlemen. He was first lodged in the Old Inns, a position of no strength, but Sir James Melville (the diplomatist) perceived the folly of this arrangement. Not till after supper did James enter the castle, but next morning the castle was full of armed men of the Gowrie faction. James was

[1] Tytler, vol. viii. p. 122, quoting MS. Calderwood.

reinforced, however, and next day practically proclaimed an amnesty.[1] James and Arran now set about reducing their old enemies to submission, but the Principal of St. Mary's was irreconcilable. In February 1583 he was summoned to appear before the king and council on a charge of seditious sermons. But he declined their jurisdiction. The Government had no right, he argued, to judge his 'doctrine.' He flourished a Hebrew Bible in their faces, saying, 'Let me see which of you can judge me thereon.' He was ordered to be interned in the castle of Edinburgh, but his friends feared that Blackness, 'a foul hole,' was to be his prison. It had not been too foul a prison for Cardinal Beaton. Melville announced that he would go to gaol 'if the king commanded, and God so commanded, and so directed him.' God directing him to make a bolt for it, he flew to Berwick and was in safety. To a secular mind it seems that Melville's conduct was equivalent to that of a prisoner of war who breaks his parole. 'He received with all respect the charge to enter himself a prisoner within twenty-four hours.'[2] Dr. McCrie discusses at great length Melville's 'declinature' of the civil jurisdiction, and argues that he only wished to be tried by his presbytery in

[1] Sir James Melville's *Memoirs*, pp. 289, 290.

[2] McCrie, vol. i. p. 293; James Melville's *Autobiography*, p. 144.

the first instance. His object apparently was to produce a conflict between Kirk and State on the question as to how far a preacher had unbounded political license.[1] Dr. McCrie quotes agreements and precedents justifying Melville. Melville was not so much tried, perhaps, as committed for contempt of court 'for his unreverent behaviour before his Majestie and counsell,' as his nephew says.

The kirk does not seem to have seen any harm in Melville's breach of parole, which, like all such acts, must have increased the discomfort of other persons in his case. The pulpits were 'dinged to blads' in his praises, but James Melville at St. Andrews had a heavy heart. He packed up the books of the outlawed Principal, 'and scarce was there one that I had known in his common use that rankled not my wounds again.'

Merely in the interests of education it might be regretted that Melville did not mind his books and lectures more, and politics less. James went on with his work, incidentally denouncing our archbishop, Adamson, who had been laying questions of the polecie of the kirk before the Protestant bodies of France and Geneva. James Melville accuses Adamson of giving perverted versions of the kirk's rules, and the exiled Andrew, in an epistle to the kirk, spoke

[1] McCrie, vol. i. pp. 293-302.

of Adamson's 'filthy cause,' 'seditious sermons' (the Gracchi *de seditione querentes*), forgeries, destruction of the college; talked of the Ruthven raiders as 'the holiest and best part of the nobility,' and, in a Greek quotation, showed a noble superiority to accents. Finally he described the bishop as a wolf.

In 1584 Gowrie was beheaded for his share in a new plot; Adamson returned from his mission in England; James was bribing a border ruffian, Jock of Peartree, to shoot Angus, and both James and Arran were determined to reduce the kirk. Adamson had gone to England, like Sharpe later, to be trained in episcopacy, and to learn the ways of it. The students of St. Andrews, however, armed with muskets (hagbuts), surrounded his palace, and bade him remember Cardinal Beaton. Arran refused stipends to all ministers who would not accept episcopacy, 'many of them were banished,' and, strange to say, there was a very general submission to the king. Even the Laird of Dun, the Nestor of the kirk, was faithless found; Craig, once Knox's coadjutor, surrendered. In St. Andrews James Melville heard that the archbishop was about to apprehend him; he fled to Dundee, learned that his indictment for treasonable correspondence with his uncle had been framed, and therefore, dressed as a 'shipbroken seaman,' he embarked for Berwick.

The ship touched at St. Andrews with a cargo of slates, and here our poor James had to lie in the hold, waiting for the tide. Here he was so extremely sea-sick, that he begged to be set on land, 'choosing any sort of death for a good cause, rather than so to be tormented in a stinking hole.' His voyage was perilous, and the skipper swore terribly, but finally he reached Berwick and safety.

James abode in Newcastle, preaching to the exiled lords, and thence went to London. Meanwhile Heaven, which is Presbyterian, punished St. Andrews with a plague, and much unusually disagreeable weather.[1]

The people, therefore, clamoured against the Court. The English Court also encouraged the return of the exiled Scotch lords; in October, 1585, Elizabeth let them slip, and they, with their ministers, including Andrew Melville, invaded Scotland. Arran fled, James and his nobles were taken at Stirling, and a new administration was in office.

While Angus was thus in power, on February 8, 1586–87, Mary's head fell at Fotheringay. In the records of the Kirk Session for February 8, 1586–87, we read that Archbishop Adamson, by verbal orders from the king, directed the minister and reader to pray publicly for his Highness's mother, for her con-

[1] *Autobiography*, p. 222.

version and amendment of life, and, if it be God's pleasure, to preserve her from this present danger wherein she is now.' They met and prayed at 2 o'clock in the afternoon; they were praying for the dead. The ministers, now in high hopes, found that the pious nobility, except Angus, cared very little for their quarrel. The indulged ministers, who had yielded to James, were at strife with the returned brethren, and matters looked gloomy for Andrew Melville's cause. Craig, Knox's old ally, was now on the other side; affairs seemed very much as they did on the day of Bothwell Brig; there was a moderate and also a violent Presbyterian party. Meanwhile James Melville was preparing St. Mary's for Andrew's return. Adamson had changed it from a theological to a philosophical college; this had to be undone. Adamson excommunicated the Melvilles; an assembly of armed men was reported to be lying in wait for the archbishop; he was carried in an unseemly and indescribable fright to the castle; a hare ran down South Street, and through the North Gate, past the castle, and this hare was believed by the people to be 'the bishop's witch.' For this affair Andrew was interned, and the archbishop was freed from a Presbyterian excommunication. Andrew was soon released, and, in June 1587, was entertaining the king and Du Bartas in St. Andrews. 'I

mon have a lesson,' said his Majesty, so Andrew 'refuted' all the king's proceedings against the kirk, much to his Majesty's annoyance. After some arguing with the archbishop, the king and Du Bartas were entertained in hall, with wet and dry confections and all sorts of wine, whereat his Majesty 'camped (drank) very merrily a good while.' He was a placable prince, and agreed with Du Bartas that Melville was a better controversialist than the archbishop. In spite of all James's selfishness and his desertion of his mother, it is hard to believe that he actually bribed Jock of Peartree to shoot Angus. We have only Jock's word for it.

In 1587, unluckily for our purposes, James Melville left St. Andrews for the ministry of Anstruther. Here came rumours, in 1588, of the Armada landing a force at St. Andrews; but, in fact, he had to give kail, porridge, and fish to half-starved and shipwrecked Spanish sailors, whom the wind had driven round the east coast. Though distant from the town, James kept an eye on it, and tells a story illustrative of manners in the reformed city. The archbishop, he says (but we need not believe all that he writes about the archbishop), stirred up an armed retainer of his, named Hamilton, M.A., to quarrel with our professor of law, Mr. Welwood. This gentleman, walking down South Street to hear a

lecture in St. Mary's, was struck by Hamilton with the handle of his sword. For this Hamilton was degraded from his Master's degree, and the rector also commanded him to apologise in the place where he had offered the insult. But Hamilton was made a burgess of the city (which detested Melville), and afterwards promised to make due apology.

As Welwood walked in cap and gown to St. Salvator's, to give his own lecture, a sand-glass in one hand, a book in the other, Hamilton rushed at him and wounded him in the wrist. His friends ran to the Baillies, one of whom, with the archbishop's brother-in-law, Arthur, went to the house where Welwood was lying, and there caused a disturbance. A tumult arose. Town, gown, and country gentlemen ran to arms, and Arthur, while fighting with rapier and dagger, was run through the body and fell dead. One James Smith, 'of singular virtue' —that is, a Melvillite—was said to have slain Arthur, though all his friends vowed he was tooling with a broadsword, not with a rapier at all. Consequently James Smith got into trouble, much to Melville's regret. However, he was convinced that the archbishop was at the bottom of it.

The kirk now (1590) hit on a splendid plan for getting at the archbishop. The polecie of the kirk was to excommunicate every member of the Pres-

byteries who would not sign the Book of Discipline. Here they thought to catch his grace, 'but God had wrought that matter better' by causing the King to give the bishop's revenues to Lennox. 'The miserable Bischope fell in extreme poverty,' and had to become a pensioner of Andrew Melville's. He sank so low as to pray to be released from his Presbyterian excommunication and to sign a recantation of his errors. He confessed that he had believed 'Presbyteries to be a foolish invention'—*le pauvre homme!*

Adamson was probably not much better than an inferior Sharpe. He was much assailed for the crime of witchcraft, and a dull satire was written on him, called 'The Legend of the Tulchene Bischope of Sanct Androis.'[1] Probably he did consult Alison Peirson, who dealt in simples, and may have been a quack, but no witch. Mr. Hay Fleming says that 'the attention of the session was first drawn to her by the ungrateful Archbishop.' This seems a mistake. She was already in prison, and the archbishop merely requested the Kirk Session to examine the charges against her. He is accused of enabling her to escape, which is much to his credit.[2]

The triumph of the kirk was at hand. Huntley had slain the Bonny Earl of Moray (whereon

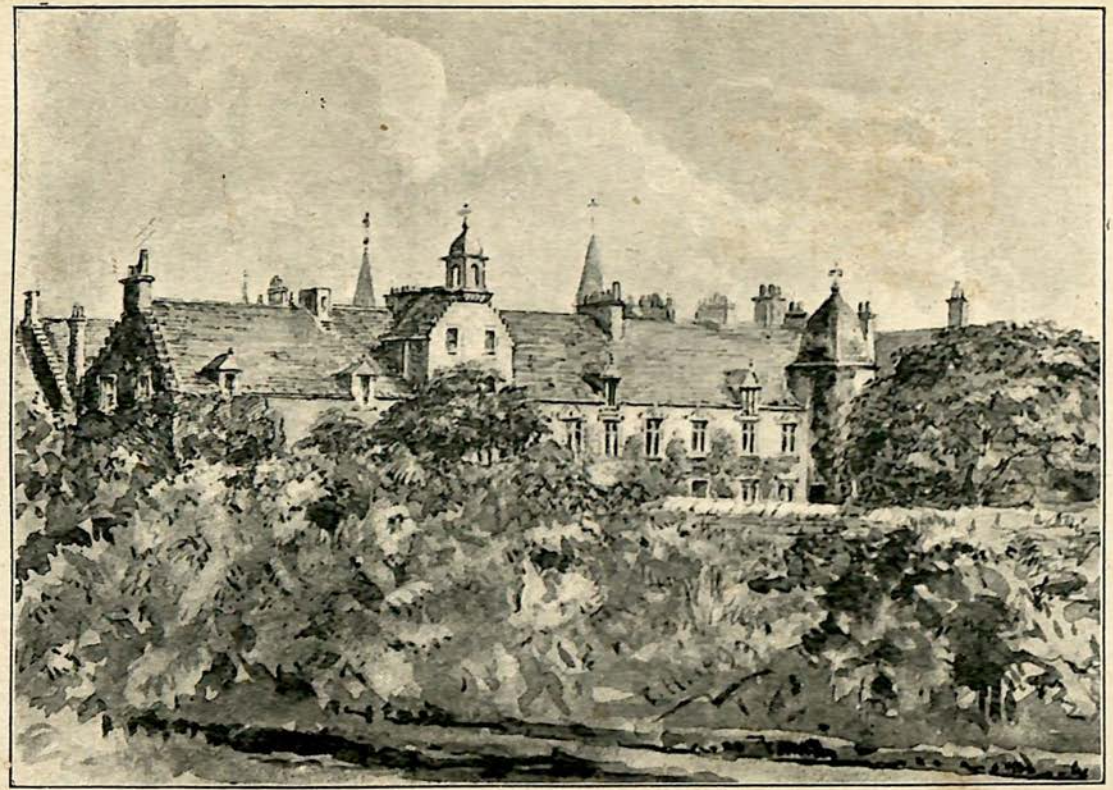
[1] Dalzell's *Scottish Poems of the Sixteenth Century*. Edinburgh: 1801.

[2] *Kirk Session Records*, vol. ii. pp. lxxviii, 508.

common rhymes and sangs' were made, including the familiar ballad), and James was involved in the scandal. Thus, unpopular with the Commons, and threatened by the nobles, James yielded to the kirk, abolished the Acts of 1584, and established Presbyterianism (June 1592). Certain Catholic plots and risings, however, alarmed the kirk, which demanded the proscription of all who would not sign the Confession of Faith. 'The Ministers were bent upon the total extirpation of Popery.'[1] This did not suit James's policy; it meant a rising of the Catholic North, so kirk and king were once more at daggers drawn. St. Andrews had been moderately quiet; there had only been an attempt to rabble Andrew Melville, because one of his students, practising archery in the garden behind St. Mary's, had hit a townsman.

James Melville, however, was in an unquiet frame of mind, and, as moderator of a provincial assembly in September 1593, cut off from the Communion, delivered to Satan, and issued an edict of boycotting against Angus, Huntley, Errol, and some other 'idolators.' In late autumn all St. Andrews saw the principal of St. Mary's, white spear in hand, marshalling town and gown against a raid of the Laird of Dairsie's.

[1] Gardiner, vol. i. p. 494.



ST. MARY'S FROM THE GARDENS

The cause of war was this: the burgesses and trades of St. Andrews generally chose Lermont of Dairsie (an estate about four miles off, on the Eden) as their provost. This family of Lermont seems to have been hostile to Melville. We find him often at feud with the provost, and libelling from the pulpit that 'jolly gentleman' of the name, who was 'frenchified.' In 1593 the burgesses, deserting Lermont, chose for provost Captain William Murray. Then arose strife between the town and the Lermonts. Balfour of Burley carried a Melvillian ('an honest man') away from his own house, the daughter of another citizen was 'reft away,' and finally Lermont of Dairsie threatened to attack the town. Our old friend and Queen Mary's, Sir George Douglas, with Lord Lindsay, aided Melville, and Lermont was prevailed upon 'to byd out and take reason in part of payment.'

It is impossible to trace here the endless combinations and intrigues which follow the discovery of 'The Spanish Blanks,' a conspiracy between the Catholic lords of Scotland and the Spaniards. These intrigues had been going on since 1587. Huntley, Errol, Morton, and others were constantly plotting with Spain; Bothwell was on one side or the other, as his own advantage seemed to dictate. The counties of Inverness (where the Reformation

stopped, in the west, at Loch Sheil), Caithness, Sutherland, and Aberdeen, with much of Buchan, Angus, Wigtown, and Nithsdale, were Catholic, or would follow a Catholic chief. The king knew well the danger of driving so large a part of the nation to the wall ; the kirk, on the other hand, pressed every chance of extirpating idolatry root and branch. In 1592 the Spanish Blanks were discovered ; these were signatures of Huntley, Errol, and Angus to white sheets of paper, which were to be filled up by the Spanish king. The kirk was alarmed, and called for vehement measures. James was lenient. A preacher prayed for 'sanctified plagues' against him. Bothwell seized him ; James recovered his liberty, and his policy was to unite the discordant nobles. But this involved transactions with the Catholics and more trouble with the kirk. Then James Melville, as moderator of the Provincial Assembly of Fife, excommunicated, and, as we may say, interdicted or boycotted the Catholics. Civil war seemed at hand, when the king tried a compromise, the Act of Abolition, banishing the lords who would not adopt the religion of the kirk (1593). This did not satisfy the preachers, and, in 1594, the Catholic lords were declared traitors, and James marched against them. 'With the kirk it was a war of religious persecution, or rather ex-

termination.'[1] The Catholics defeated Argyll at Glenlivet, but in October 1594 James marched against Huntley, accompanied by Andrew Melville in his corslet of steel.

They penetrated to Huntley's castle of Strathbogie, which Melville insisted on destroying. Huntley withdrew to the hills of Caithness, but James, having accomplished little, returned to the South.

James might seem to have satisfied the kirk, and for two years James Melville was one of his Cabinet Council, whereby he spent much, but, being an honest man, got nothing. But the kirk was never to be reconciled. St. Andrews, as usual, supplied the spark for a new fire. A minister named Black had been very active here, and had even brought the light loves of the citizens under order. But he was extremely violent in political harangues. In 1595 James Melville had induced the king to let matters pass quietly. Black, however, was still to distinguish himself.

In 1596 the Catholic lords, Huntley, Errol, and Angus, were in Scotland. Huntley had returned from exile without permission. He expressed a desire to be converted, if once his conscience were convinced, and offered to lend an ear to the arguments of the kirk. But the kirk appointed what we may call a

[1] Tytler, vol. ix. p. 143.

committee of public safety, 'the Council of the Church,' whose duty was that of the Roman dictators, to see *ne quid Ecclesia detrimenti caperet*—to guard against any dealings with idolaters. 'There can be no doubt that this was an open defiance of the Government.'[1] The king asked why, if the earls were penitent, he should not be merciful. In fact, to his mind, 'the kirk was creating a tribunal independent alike of the laws and the throne.' In this the preachers precisely agreed with the Jesuits. Father Ogilvie, executed at Glasgow in 1615, said, 'I decline the king's authority in matters of religion. And this which I say, the best of your ministers do maintain, and, if they be wise, will continue in the same mind.'[2] Father Ogilvie was tortured, like the witches, by being kept awake for many nights. The evidence is from the manuscripts of Wodrow. The king maintained that the line between kirk and secular authority must be firmly drawn. Now it was (1596) that the St. Andrews minister, David Black, delivered, or was accused of delivering, a sermon, in which he called Elizabeth an atheist, charged the king with treachery, and declared that 'all kings were devil's bairns.'

Here Moysie, a contemporary diarist, speaks of

[1] Gardiner, vol. i. p. 498.
[2] Gordon's *Scotichronicon*, vol. i. p. 421.

'a great disaster fallen out among the clergy of St. Andrews, which had divided that city into factions.' About twenty-six St. Andrews people bore witness to Black's violent harangue.[1]

Andrew Melville also, thrusting himself forward with a deputation, which met the king at Falkland, plucked him by the sleeve, called him 'God's silly vassal,' and informed him that there were two kings in Scotland, James and Christ. James temporised, but none the less, urged by the English ambassador, whose queen had been insulted by the preacher, he prosecuted Black for his sermon. Like Melville, Black declined the jurisdiction of the Privy Council. He was finally sentenced to temporary exile 'beyond the North Water.' Matters came to a determined duel between James and the assembled ministers: compromises were sought, and might have been accepted, when some court intriguers caused a wild but vague tumult in Edinburgh. Men flew to arms with no very definite purpose. James was alarmed and angry, withdrew from the town, made the court withdraw, and held Edinburgh at his mercy. He had now the ball at his feet: he let the kirk know he would be king, he subdued the General Assembly, he reconciled the Catholic nobles, he removed Black from his pulpit in St. Andrews, and, in June 1597,

[1] Moysie's *Memoirs*, pp. 127–8, 134.

he bearded the invincible Andrew in his den. The king showed his usual want of dignity. Robert Wallace was preaching, apparently in the town kirk; when he came to the 'application' (the usual political harangue), the king interrupted him. Andrew Melville (it is a pretty scene!) threatened the king with fearful judgments. James could only hold a visitation of the University, depose Andrew from his rectorship, and, by way of compensation, make him dean of the Theological Faculty.

The report of the visitation remarks: 'July 11. Mr. Andro Melvill fund be voting' (decided by votes) 'thet he has not performed the office of a Rector in the administratioun thairof, to the rewling and ordouring of the University. That neither in the government of the College, nor in teiching, nor in administratioun of thair rentis, he conformit him to the reformit Fundatioun and Act of Parliament.'

Dr. McCrie, however, boldly maintains that the Acts of Visitation 'do not contain one word which insinuates that the affairs of the New College were out of order' (p. 113). William Welwood, of the wounded hand, was dismissed from his professorship, and Melville lost an ally.

An awful warning followed James's interruption of the sermon. There was an earthquake—'a young

earthquake,' as Byron says—in the Highlands! Moreover, our friend James Smith, of the broad-sword, was assaulted and slain in the streets.

To end the story of Melville. He and the king went on 'heckling' each other, as James Melville puts it, on every possible occasion, till a kind of limited Episcopacy was established in 1600. In 1602 he was confined to his college and gardens. In 1603 James succeeded to the English crown. Later he summoned Andrew to London. Here Melville seized the lawn sleeves of Archbishop Bancroft, shook them, and called them Romish rags. For this violence, and for an epigram on the king's chapel, and perhaps on general principles, James imprisoned him in the Tower, and deprived him of his principalship of St. Mary's, but finally permitted him to go to France in 1611. He died in France in 1622.

James found a more compliant set of professors here, in 1617, when he visited St. Andrews, heard long Latin addresses, and received about a score of Latin poems. The library, which he founded, was not completed, 'partly through our poverty, partly through our torpor,' said the Latin oration.

Melville was the Becket of Scotland. In his contest with the king and with Episcopacy our sympathies must be divided. If we side with the sturdy determination of Scotland to keep its chosen

form of religious government, we must not forget that this was also, practically, a secular government. The eternal pretension was to dominate the State by an appeal to the populace, and that appeal was based on an assumption, practically, of spiritual power, vouched for by prophecy. What the ministers said was what Christ said, and the evidence for this was the assertion of the ministers. On the other hand, the *Narratives of Catholics*, published by Father Forbes-Leith, show that the Church had high hopes of recapturing James VI., and that the fears of the kirk, with the consequent acts of intolerant persecution, were not so baseless as we might naturally suppose.

The social and moral condition of St. Andrews, in the Melvillian epoch, was that of a vulgar Verona. If we may argue from the Kirk Session Records, published by Mr. Hay Fleming, there was a rustic Romeo and an unabashed Juliet behind every garden wall. The censures of the kirk fell in vain on these young people, 'relapses' are frequently chronicled, and the stool of repentance can have had few terrors when it was so often occupied. Black, the preacher, managed to lower the average of misdeeds, but the improvement did not long survive his expulsion. Meanwhile St. Andrews glittered with sudden swordblades: the Welwoods and

Arthurs were the Montagues and Capulets of the little town, always biting their thumbs at each other. The Kirk Session Records also mention many scrapes of the Lermonts, one of whom took a shot at the archbishop on the Links. In 1586 his Kirk Session wished to try Archbishop Adamson for making some allusion to Christmas in a sermon preached on a Sunday which chanced to be Christmas Day, and for quoting a remark (attributed by some to Andrew Melville) that the inhabitants of St. Andrews were a set of goats. Whoever said so was not unduly severe, as the endless entries in the Kirk Session book, and the minute inquiries of the members into details of lawless love, suffice to demonstrate. The kirk could put down golf on Sunday, but there are worse sins against which it was practically powerless.

CHAPTER IX

MONTROSE AT ST. ANDREWS

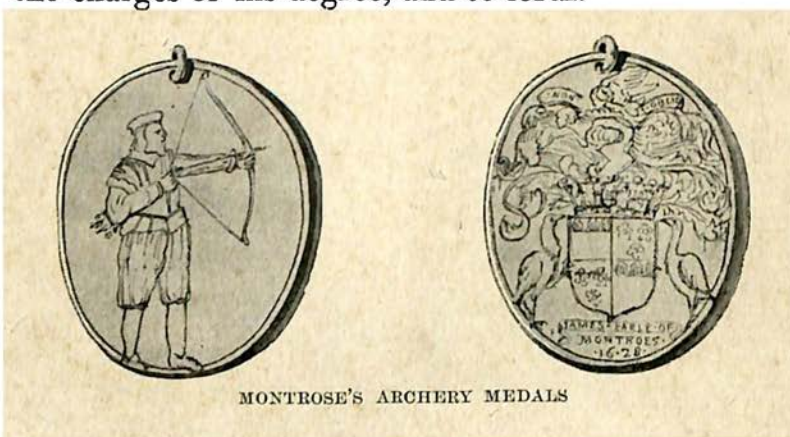
In these sketches of St. Andrews history we look eagerly for records of the life that was lived here, but, among chronicles of events and politics, fragments of common life have hitherto been rare. Scarcely till we reach Melville's time do we find little pictures of the streets, the jackman wounding the professor, the scuffle in which a skilled rapier drew Arthur's blood. But the student life of the great Montrose is revealed to us by means of an account-book kept by his tutors, and the 'happy time' which the champion of the Covenant, and later of the king, enjoyed here is partly to be restored.

On January 8, 1627, the young Earl of Montrose rode from Kincardine to Kilbryde on his way hither, and on January 26, 1627, in the list of freshmen matriculated is the name of *Jacobus Gramus, Comes Monterouse.* He was then a boy of fifteen, with long curls, his hair parted on the left side; he wore a ruff

MONTROSE WHEN A STUDENT

coming up to the chin, and covering the neck. His face, two years later, can hardly be called handsome, but has well-formed features. We learn that a cabinet of his books was brought from Glasgow; he carried with him from home a treasured folio, Raleigh's 'History of the World.' He also possessed Camerarius, his Living Library, a Treatise of the Order of Knighthood, The Life and Death of Queen Mary, Godfrey de Boulogne, Seneca, Xenophon in Latin, and we find him buying a Greek grammar. Little else do we learn of Montrose's studies, except that he paid a scholar to write notes for him in lecture, perhaps during one of his frequent absences at the Cupar races, for Montrose did not disdain the Scotch turf. His sword was a gilded one, the gift of Lord Napier; he had a cross-bow set with mother of pearl, and 'a brazen hagbut.' At St. Andrews he studied, more or less, for two years—1627–1629. He was always riding to country houses—Carnock, Claverhouse, Dairsie, and many others. He was a free-handed, gay young 'tuft.' Numerous entries of gifts to the poor occur in the accounts. To a Hungarian poet—how such a minstrel reached St. Andrews we know not—he pays fifty-eight shillings for 'some verses made to my Lord.' Was this a panegyric, or did the Hungarian write Montrose's verses for a classical professor? One cannot believe that

Montrose was a reading man. He is always buying golf balls (10 shillings) and golf clubs, always losing or winning at golf, always shooting at the butts, where he won the silver arrow, which, with his medal, is now in the College; always giving suppers to his friends and his brother-archers, and spending money on caddies, giving it to grooms, to beggars, to a dwarf, to Irish folks, to help a poor French scholar to pay the charges of his degree, and so forth.



MONTROSE'S ARCHERY MEDALS

At one time he is ill, and is nursed by 'James Pett's dochter.' Pett was the club-maker, the Tom Morris of the day, and we doubt whether Miss Pett had attained the mature age of fifty, as stipulated by the old ordinances. She served to him dainty dishes, people made him presents, now of a wild goose, now of trout. Chess and cards amused my lord's malady; it would not surprise us if Miss Pett took a hand in a game, while other young lords came in to

console Montrose. There were many such lads of noble or gentle birth in the colleges then; some years before this date Montrose's future foe, 'gleyed Argyll,' Gillespic Gruamach, then Lorne, had won the silver arrow, 'the only passage of arms,' says Mr. Mark Napier, 'in which he was not worse than discomfitted.' Almost all the names on the archery medals are honourable names, including Robertson of Struan, the Jacobite laird and poet; Morton (1622), Wemyss (1627), Lord Lindsay (1692), Rothes (1694), Elcho (1716), Sharpe of Strathtyrum, a descendant of the archbishop's (1738), with abundance of Leslies, Bethunes, Grahams, and Carnegies. Montrose's medal shows on one side his arms, on the other an archer drawing a bow: the date is 1628. If we find Montrose paying a 'chirurgen' for mending a boy's broken head, we may plausibly conjecture that he had hit the boy with a drive at golf. Like Dugald Dalgetty, he gave his horse a pint of ale after a day's hard work in hunting. After his victory at the butts, he offered largesse to the drummer and piper who celebrated the event with music. The 'violers' or fiddlers at dinner he handsomely tipped. He entertained his table in hall with sack. His board at college amounted to 90*l*. He decorated the walls of his room with trophies of bows. The college gardener supplied his rooms with flowers, and he carried

a rose in his button-hole on Sunday. 'The rest of the lords' supped with him in his rooms.

On the whole, however the poor students may have fared, a young earl's life at St. Andrews was comfortably equipped, and as Melville, who was far from rich, delighted in the memory of his student years, Montrose also must have looked back on his with pleasure. It is probable that one so open-handed and so brilliant was welcome in all sorts of society; and Montrose certainly won the heart of Mr. Wishart, the minister of St. Andrews, who became the historian of his astonishing campaigns. So the curtain drops on the golden years and rises on the struggle of king and Covenant.

These chapters try, with scant success, to disengage the share of St. Andrews from the general tangle of Scotch history. It is, or easily may be, well known how James, in 1618, by aid of an archbishop (Spottiswoode), made the General Assembly accept the Articles of Perth. They seem harmless enough: first, the Holy Communion is to be received kneeling. This could never be forced on the Scotch. To their minds (we are not speaking of their scientific theologians), the Sacrament is a commemorative festival, instituted by our Lord in remembrance of Him. We cannot suppose that the apostles knelt at the Last Supper. Kneeling seemed to imply, pro-

bably, a recognition of the Real Presence; at all events, it had no Gospel warrant. No more devout and awful ceremony than a Presbyterian Sacrament exists, but to kneel, the people, as a whole, refused, and there were scenes of confusion and brawling. The second article permitted the administration of the rite to the sick. The Scotch objections to this are less obvious. The third permitted children to be baptised at home, which in the last generation was the regular Scotch practice. The fourth ordered children of eight to be catechised by the minister and blessed by the bishop. Can anything be more innocuous? The fifth article decreed the commemoration of Christmas, Good Friday, Easter, the Ascension, and the Pentecostal miracle. This was odious to the Scotch, who were well aware that 'Yule' is pre-Christian, therefore a Pagan holiday converted by the Church.[1] The Puritans in England had a horror alike of popular and ecclesiastical holidays, as remains of Gentilism; in Scotland a similar sentiment prevailed. In all manner of harmless things, the people and the kirk saw the intrusion of idolatry, of Popery, which they feared and loathed with a deadly hatred. James thus alienated the

[1] The author, as a child, read in a manual of Cameronian devotion, the property of his Cameronian nurse, that Yule is derived from Julius Cæsar, who lived about 1520!

people, and he completed the process by punishing disobedient ministers.

In 1625 Charles came to the throne. With the best intentions he promptly alienated the nobles by decreeing a measure of restoration of kirk lands. *Hoc nocuit*; this began the ruin of Charles. 'Thus far the Church of Scotland must honour Charles I. as a benefactor,' says Principal Cunningham, the successor of Andrew Melville in St. Mary's College.[1] But the deed of revocation was the root of the rebellion. The nobles were enraged and joined the kirk, when the people were possessed of 'a bloody devil,' as Baillie says, after the attempt to introduce a liturgy. Our Archbishop Spottiswoode was mobbed in the uproar begun by Jenny Geddes in St. Giles's on July 23, 1637. He was odious to the nobles, as Charles had made him chancellor; and again, because he was recovering church rents in Fife, where many parish kirks were dilapidated. Baillie[2] even attributes his energy in introducing the liturgy to a policy of recommending himself to the king, and so obtaining more power for the recovery of church property. As the gentry aided the uproar about the Prayer-book, Spottiswoode was frustrated on all hands. The committee called 'The Tables,' formed in October 1637,

[1] *Church History of Scotland*, vol. ii. p. 57.
[2] Baillie, vol. i. p. 18.

became dominant in Scotland. 'They soon assumed all the powers which were possessed by the clubs of Paris during the French Revolution.'[1] On February 28, 1638, the Solemn League and Covenant (practically a 'band' like those of which we hear so much before so many murders) was signed in the Grey Friars Church in Edinburgh, and the people, kirk, and nobles were united in this league for the king and 'against all their enemies,' among whom the man Charles I. was presently reckoned.

In the fury of enthusiasm for the Covenant St. Andrews, town and gown, did not share. The university gave its reasons for declining to sign.[2] 'All such bands and leagues among subjects, without the privity and consent of the prince, are everywhere suspicious,' and, moreover, are forbidden by law.[3] No doubt the archbishop kept St. Andrews loyal. Baillie speaks of him in 1638 as 'growing in his rage,' and going back to court. 'Our people' (not at all in a rage) 'think, by clear law, if they get any reason, to have him excommunicat, and readily thereafter execut.' 'He would be content to fall into the people's hands for the desyre of martyrdome,' in which the pious mob would probably have gratified the archbishop.[4] The rabble was very murderous.

[1] Cunningham, vol. ii. p. 78.
[2] Lyon, vol. ii. p. 372.
[3] James VI., Parl. 10, Act 12.
[4] Baillie, vol. i. p. 88.

'Their unhappy and ungodly violence hurts our good cause,' says Baillie; 'they are lamented by us, but there will be no removal for them except the law be patent for our grievances.' By August 1638 most of the St. Andrews doctors, but not Wishart, Montrose's friend, had been bullied into signing the Solemn League and Covenant.[1] Meantime bishops were being accused of invented crimes. 'St. Andrews, I fear, be made infamous; no kinde of cryme which can be gotten proven of a bishop will now be concealed.' It is not hard to get crimes proven against the unpopular. The archbishop had retreated first to Newcastle, then to London. At St. Andrews (December 7, 1638) the poor old gentleman was convicted, 'besides his common faults, of ordinare profaning of the Sabbath' (it was difficult to breathe without profaning the kirk's sabbath), 'carding and dyceing in time of divine service, ryding through the countrey the whole day, tippling and drinking in taverns till midnight, . . . lyeing and sclandering our old assemblies and covenant in his wicked book. It was undertaken to prove, near to the place where the witness has lived, his adultery, incest, sacrilege, and frequent simony. He was deposed and decreed presently to be excommunicat.' Unluckily he could

[1] Baillie, vol. i. p. 98. There is an interesting volume of signatures in the University library.

not be executed, as 'our people' desired. Such were the charges which the Covenanters wished to believe about bishops. Spottiswoode, it is fair to say, had been present when a Catholic priest was either put to, or threatened with, the torture of the boot. Father Ogilvie accuses the archbishop of striking him.[1] In a letter to James, Spottiswoode recommends the use of 'the boot, or the torture' (1614).

These charges of the Covenanters were made in the riot and hubbub of the Revolutionary Assembly at Glasgow. Even Baillie says (i. 123): 'From the Pope, from the Turks, or Pagans, we might learn modesty and manners:' no small part of a Christian life, and conspicuous by their absence among the enemies of our archbishop. 'Our rascals without shame make such dinn and clamour in the house of the true Godd, that if they attempted to use the like behaviour in my chamber, I could not be content till they were down the stairs.' However, there were most of the noblest names in Scotland: Argyll, Mar, Moray, Angus, Glencairne, Tullibardine, Boyd, Erskine, Elcho, and scores of others, including Montrose.

The excommunicated Spottiswoode died in London in November 1639. He was fortunate in not

[1] *Narratives of Catholics*, p. 300.

surviving to see the ruin which on his deathbed he predicted to the Duke of Hamilton.[1]

Already (October 1639) Wishart and other adherents of Spottiswoode had been dismissed from their livings and chairs at St. Andrews in favour of Samuel Rutherford and Robert Blair, men more akin in temper to Andrew Melville.

[1] Lyon, vol. ii. p. 6. Quoting *Memoirs of the Dukes of Hamilton*, pp. 74, 79.

CHAPTER X

THE REIGN OF THE SAINTS—'FAMOUS SAMUEL RUTHERFORD'

Scott says somewhere, in a letter to a friend, Mr. Richardson, of Kirklands, that, of Covenanters and Cavaliers, he always finds himself hating most the party which, at a given moment, chanced to be in power. The Covenanters assuredly show best when under persecution. By their courage, their resolution, their untamable spirit, they win our esteem, and make us forgive the gloomy absurdity of their folklore, and palliate the ferocity of their revenges. When driven to the hills their cause has the charm of all forlorn causes, just as the Jacobite party, in 1745, has the romance of a gallant loyalty to the impossible.

In their triumph and their glory, when they deny the right of burial to people who have not signed their Covenant, in the Reign of the Saints, the Covenanters at St. Andrews are far from being

amiable or estimable.[1] In 1639 the Assembly, having vanquished the royal opposition, met under Charles's commissioner, the Earl of Traquair, discarded the Service-book, the Articles of Perth, and Episcopacy, annulled the acts of James's Assemblies in 1606, 1608, 1610, 1616, and 1618, determined for yearly and even occasional General Assemblies, restored 'the beautiful face of the kirk,' as in Andrew Melville's day of power, and renewed the National Covenant. 'Unhappily they proceeded still further,' says Principal Cunningham. 'They not only renewed the Covenant, . . . but ordained that all should be compelled to swear to it; that it should be specially administered to all Papists' (against whom it was directed) 'and others suspected of disaffection to the good cause. . . . The Covenant was no longer a bond of brotherhood, but an instrument of oppression. . . . The Covenanters knew full well that it was wrong for the Episcopalians to touch a hair of their heads; but they knew not that it was wrong for them to compel Episcopalians to swear to a covenant they abhorred, with outlawry before them in case of refusal.'[2] They were the saints, the allies of God, the other high contracting party to their bond. Tolerance in

[1] For refusal of burial, see Nicoll's *Diary*, 1650, p. 8.
[2] Cunningham, vol. ii. pp. 115, 116.

these days we are not to ask for. James Melville denounces an opponent for asserting 'liberty of conscience.' Both sides impartially persecuted when they had the opportunity. But the curious thing is, that the Covenanters are still fondly applauded as the friends of freedom. Not for liberty, but for domination, did they now war, and even in the days of their own defeat they were still as determined as ever not only to hold by the Covenant, but, if occasion served, to impose it on the rest of the world.

The Assembly which we have described did not bring peace but a sword. The Covenanters, of all people, had been intriguing with France and soliciting the assistance of our old ally. Irritated by this, Charles did not ratify the acts of the Assembly. Argyll invaded the North and burned the bonnie house of Airlie. On August 20, 1640, Montrose rode that wan water, the Tweed, the foremost of Leslie's army of invasion. Newcastle was held by the Scotch; Charles summoned a Parliament at Westminster; Strafford and Laud were impeached; Charles ratified the Assembly's acts; the Scotch were well paid for their 'brotherly assistance.'

St. Andrews again became the scene of action. The General Assembly met there in July 1641. They met in a rage. 'For many went to St. An-

drews as it had been a place of combate.'[1] The outgoing moderator preached a sermon in which he seemed to say that 'our kirk was presentlie burning with schism;' there being a difference of opinion about private meetings for religious exercise where laymen expounded the word. After a sermon which bored Baillie, the Assembly met in the hall of St. Salvator's College. The colleges, as usual, were rent by feuds. The principal of St. Mary's, Howie, Melville's successor, was very old, and his accounts were no more satisfactory than Melville's had been.[2] The Assembly then removed its deliberations to Edinburgh. A significant circumstance occurred. The Bishop of Galloway, that man of sin, had deposed a quarrelsome minister named Lamb, for whom the ministers of Edinburgh, who knew much better than the bishop, found a kirk in Peeblesshire. His Presbytery suspended him; he appealed to the Assembly, but, falling in quarrel with a young man, stabbed him mortally 'with his whinger.' He was hanged; ministers are not to be trusted with whingers.[3]

Charles met the Scotch Parliament in Edinburgh and yielded everything. Already Montrose, Napier, and Stirling of Keir were in a band for some pur-

[1] Baillie's *Letters*, vol. i. p. 359.

[2] Howie's initials are embossed on many parts of St. Mary's College.

[3] Baillie, vol. i. p. 368.

pose not believed to be kindly to the Covenant. To our University was granted 1,000*l.* out of the revenues of the bishopric. 'Sacrilege!' says Mr. Lyon. Argyll seized the bishoprics of Lismore and the Isles. News of the Irish Rebellion reached Charles at golf; he threw down his club (Wodrow denies this) and, as soon as possible, returned to England, 'a contented king from a contented kingdom!' He went to a kingdom nowise contented. On August 22, 1642, Charles's standard was set up at Nottingham.

At St. Andrews, July 27, 1642, the General Assembly had met, in the dawn of the Civil War. 'We found there, in the people, much profanitie in ignorance, swearing, drunkennesse, and the faults of the worse burghs, with extraordinary dearth.'[1] The Reign of the Saints had not, so far, done much for morals in St. Andrews. Mr. Henderson and Mr. Robert Blair occupied pulpits, bright lights of the Covenant, but 'profanitie in ignorance,' and terrible language in bunkers, were to be remarked by the Assembly! They met in the hall of St. Salvator's. Argyll was present as ruling Elder of Inverary, and made an unsuccessful attempt on ministers' stipends. He would allow popular elections of ministers if they vowed never to ask for an increase of salary! Maccailean Mohr, however, was very attentive to

[1] Baillie, vol. ii. p. 45.

business, and sat on the University Commission. They decided that the rector should be chosen by the Senatus, the ministers of the town, the schoolmaster, all divinity students, masters, and bachelors, excluding the undergraduates who are now the electors. To the immortal honour of Mr. Alexander Henderson, he gave 1,000*l.* (Scots) towards the building of our University library, in which the Cavalier prisoners from Philiphaugh were later tried and condemned to death. A librarian was appointed. The principal was ordered to preside at dinner in hall and to hold prayers every night. 'Collections' were to be held before and after every vacation.[1] Greek was to be begun in the first year, also Hebrew, and arithmetic in the second year. Logic was studied, the ethics in the third year, with more logic, the Aristotelian physical treatises, and the *De Anima* in the fourth. The taking of long notes was discouraged. The wearing of the gown was enforced. Golf was recommended, cards were forbidden: nothing is said about billiards. The salary of Samuel Rutherford, Professor of Divinity, was increased for his 'great labours and extraordinarie pains.' He was made Principal of St. Mary's in 1647. A Professor of Humanity in St. Leonard's was appointed.

[1] Collections are a college examination held at Oxford before the vacations.

'Humanity' means Latin in Scotch.[1] Regents were allowed to marry, which some of them had done already at a venture.[2] Thus the interests of the University were not neglected *inter arma*. At this Assembly the divine Henderson lost his temper. 'After the venting of his stomach, to all our much compassion, the gracious man was eased in his mind, and more cheerfull,' says Baillie. 'All the town did much storm' about the appointment of a minister whom they desired, though his doctrine was not thought so spiritual and powerful as the case of St. Andrews required. It needed, as we have seen, a very potent dose of doctrine. Andrew Honeyman was made Robert Blair's colleague. We shall hear more of those worthies. 'The Assembly resolved to supplicate the king, and to deal with the Parliament, for peace;' vain dealings, vain supplications! 'The New Way,' insubordination within the kirk, began to show its 'horns.' Ladies armed with sticks resisted the entrance of a minister appointed to a church. The English Parliament 'granted all our desyre in abolishing of bishops,' and invited ministers to join their synod in November. Henderson and Ruther-

[1] Scot of Scotstarvet endowed this chair. There was a difficulty with the schoolmaster, who thought his own business was threatened by competition. The Latin professor was looked down on by the philosophers.

[2] *Report of Commission*, p. 210.

ford were chosen, among others, for this embassy. The kirk hoped soon to be like Bonny Leslie.

Saw ye Bonny Leslie
As she went ow'r the Border?
She's gone, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests further!

Presbyterianism might now show her beautiful face in England, and Uniformity be proclaimed.

'The English,' says Baillie (meaning the Parliament), 'were for a civill league, we' (the Assembly, of 1643) 'for a religious covenant' (August 1643). 'They were for keeping a doore open in England to Independencie. Against this we were peremptor.'[1] Presbyterianism, the beautiful face of the kirk—for her *beaux yeux*, and for nothing else, Scotland would aid Parliament against king. The estates and the Assembly signed the proselytising Solemn League and Covenant. On September 22 the minister, Henderson, set forth the beauties of the League before Parliament, the assembly of divines at Westminster, and the Scotch Commissioners. The Covenant was signed; signature was enforced by confiscation in England, and Leslie, Earl of Leven, crossed the Tweed with an army of the Saints. The Wars of the Lord had begun. 'The common idea seems to have been that there could be no religion beyond the pale of presbytery, nay, beyond the Covenant.'[2]

[1] Baillie, vol. ii. p. 90.

[2] Cunningham, vol. ii. p. 138.

While Rupert and Leslie, Montrose and Fairfax fought, how did domestic life go on in the St. Andrews of the Saints, where profane ignorance, drunkenness, and swearing were so painfully conspicuous? We may learn a little about private life from the 'Minutes of the Presbyteries of St. Andrews and Cupar.'[1] On the frontispiece are the signatures to the Solemn League and Covenant of 1643. Here is Robert Blair, of the Town Kirk, he who, as we shall hear, so cleverly detected and outwitted the devil. Here are Andreas Honyman (later, alas, a bishop!) and 'Samuell Rutherfurd,' author of 'Lex Rex.' The first entry in the book (Oct. 20, 1641) deals with witchcraft. A little later Blair and Rutherford show their zeal in forcing the Covenant on Lady Fainton. Drunkards and other sinners are to be exhibited in penitence before the congregation; the well-worn bench on which they were made to sit or stand is in the Town Kirk to this day. Elders are to play the spy on their flocks. Penny bridals are discouraged; the University is forced to sign the Covenant again. 'Monuments of superstition' are destroyed in the house of Pitcullo: apparently some carvings over the door. Every relic of old art was abominable.[2] A man is censured for riding on a

[1] Abbotsford Club, 1837.

[2] The old house of Pitcullo, between Leuchars and Dairsie, is now

Sunday to try to procure a reprieve for a witch. This errand of mercy was Sabbath-breaking. Goodlad was the name of the offender; all honour be his. Blair and his friends go to a witch-burning at Crail. The drinking of 'dirgies' after a burial is abolished, but here the kirk failed, though justly objecting to 'making merry' at funerals. Sir James Lundie is sent on a round of apologies for not going to kirk: for the same offence a woman is handed over to the secular arm. Sandilands, of St. Monance, is accused of drinking to Montrose, and wearing his badge; his case is remitted to the General Assembly, and Thomas Bonar is incarcerated for singing

Bobo Finla did command
The valiant Grahame and the Irish band
To beat the rebels out of the land.[1]

'Those who are appointed to plunder deficients,' the unsaintly, '*drink what they plunder.*' Married people who have anticipated the ceremony must do public penance. 'Enormities in the Ministry' are

roofless, and so overgrown with ivy that no carving, idolatrous or harmless, can be found on its walls. Within there is a singular turret-room, or boudoir, with mouldering decorations of the last century. The little chamber is panelled, and has a high-pitched roof; the panels are decorated, partly with carved rosettes and ribbons in the Adams style, partly with inlaid shells of various species from St. Andrews Bay. Seen in the light of the westering sun, green through the heavy ivy which screens the empty casement, this desolate chamber, once the dainty retreat of some fair forgotten lady, exercises a singular melancholy spell.

[1] 'Bobo Finla' may have been a slang name for the king.

censured; long hair, tippling, 'minced oaths' (as 'by Jingo'), an inclination to the king's side, are among the backslidings. On September 17, 1645, the Presbyters triumph over Montrose's defeat at Philiphaugh, and appoint a thanksgiving for Sunday. They had reason to be thankful, having suffered sorely from Montrose; some hundreds of honest burgesses of Fife had been slain in fleeing from his clans; many of St. Andrews 'burst' from their exertions in running away, 'and died without stroke of sword.' And now David Leslie had come on Montrose through the morning mists, had surprised and routed him below the junction of Ettrick and Yarrow.

The clergy rejoiced, and the provincial assembly of Fife implored the Scotch Parliament speedily to execute 'those bloodie men,' the Cavalier prisoners, who had been admitted to quarter. Thus 'the land may be purged of blood!'[1] Parliament granted 'their just and pious desyres.'

The gentlemen of the king's side, who had been taken at Philiphaugh, were, for the most part, warded in the castle. Among them was Sir Robert Spottiswoode, son of our archbishop; he was examined in the castle, and gave a brief account of the fray. He did not reach the 'haugh' till Mont-

[1] *Memorials of Montrose*, vol. ii. p. 250.

rose himself had arrived, and drawn up his men, and the flight had begun before he could join the army. He received quarter on the field, but the ministers recked little of those military mercies.

The captives were tried in the large hall of the University library on the first floor. Parliament met on November 26, and sat till February 6, 1646. The preacher, Robert Blair, opened proceedings with a sermon on Psalm ci., ending 'I will destroy all the wicked of the land, that I may cut off all wicked doers from the city of the Lord.' Cant and other pulpiteers followed with similar exhortations. Argyll was there, and Sir Archibald Johnston; the measure which they meted was later meted to them again. They did business on Christmas Day, as Mr. Lyon notes, to show their contempt for that sacred season. The General Assembly kept urging them on, but one cavalier escaped. This was Lord Ogilvy. He used *un vieux truc, mais toujours bon.* His mother and sisters were allowed to visit him in prison: he changed clothes with one of the young ladies: she lay down in his bed, and he walked out with the rest of the party. This was lucky for Lord Hartfield, another prisoner. Ogilvy was, on his mother's side, nephew to Lord Haddington, and cousin of Crawford Lindsay. The Hamiltons had contrived his escape, and the Hamiltons had a

grudge against Lord Hartfield. Argyll, therefore, procured the pardon of Hartfield.[1] Perhaps this view of Argyll's conduct is rather hard on Gillespic Gruamach. He had at that time in his charge Ewan Cameron of Lochiel, who admitted that Argyll 'was as civil and careful of him as his father could possibly be.' Young Lochiel, afterwards so famous a loyalist, found means to visit the condemned prisoners. He asked Sir Robert Spottiswoode to explain the state of political affairs. Sir Robert bade him always judge men by their actions. 'There is no knowing the heart.' The saints, he said, might be judged by their conduct towards God, their country, their King, and their neighbours. 'Remember, young man, you hear this from one who is to die to-morrow for discharging these sacred obligations, and who can have no other interest in what he says but a real concern for your prosperity, happiness, and honour.'

Lochiel listened: he visited Colonel Nathaniel Gordon and William Murray, who were all condemned. Next day he, with Argyll, saw them executed. 'They had the face and courage of gentlemen,' he said, 'and they died with the meekness and resignation of men who were not conscious of guilt.' Argyll, who was to die no less bravely,

[1] *Memorials of Montrose*, vol. ii. p. 258, note 2.

argued on the other side, but Lochiel's bent was taken, and his sword, when he drew it, was drawn for his king.[1]

The Cavaliers are said to have been decapitated by the maiden—the Scotch guillotine—which was brought over from Dundee. According to the life of Lochiel, 'they were not allowed to speak,' but Mr. Lyon quotes their speeches from Wishart. This authority states that Spottiswoode was interrupted by Robert Blair, the preacher, who, it seems, behaved with brutal insolence. Spottiswoode's body was buried by the care of Hugh Scrimgeour, owner of Queen Mary's House, in which Charles II. afterwards resided when in St. Andrews.[2]

As to this execution, which has been vehemently denounced by Cavalier writers, we may note that Baillie, on October 17, 1645, remarks that 'no man in England has been executed for bearing arms against the Parliament.'[3] The agents in the deed were Argyll, Johnston, and the ministers, who 'kept the Parliament right against a powerful party.'[4]

[1] *Memoirs of Sir Ewen Cameron of Locheill*, Abbotsford Club.

[2] An attempt at a defence of Blair, who insulted the memory of Spottiswoode's father, the Archbishop, may be seen in Dr. McCrie's edition of his *Life*, pp. xiv, 180.

[3] Baillie, vol. ii. p. 322. Mr. Lyon says that, in a letter of this date, Baillie justifies the execution by quoting 2 *Kings*, vi. 22. I cannot discover the passage in Baillie.

[4] Baillie, vol. ii. p. 345. He is writing on or about Jan. 20, 1646, the date of the execution at St. Andrews.

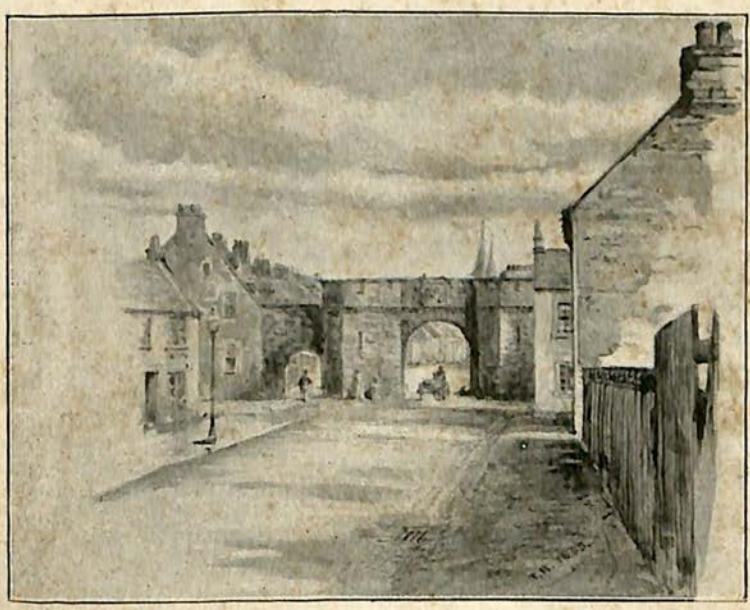
In attempting to estimate the conduct of the clergy and Argyll, we must not forget how much Argyll had suffered from Montrose, who sacked his country, and how much the populace of Scotland had endured from the savagery of Montrose's Irish. They, in a civilised land, were like Red Indian or Zulu forces let loose among Europeans. The sack of Aberdeen was neither forgotten nor forgiven, and Spottiswoode, with his gallant friends, was a sacrifice as much to natural revenge as to the bloodthirsty zeal of a theocracy modelled on the wildest passions of ancient Israel. Others might have forgiven, these flowers of the kirk never forgave.

We have deserted the main stream of politics, but it is interesting, soon after Philiphaugh, to find the rift within the lute of the Scotch and English alliance. 'The faction that here prevails minding liberty of conscience,' says Baillie, writing from London in 1645. Liberty of conscience the Presbyterian Scots hated almost as much as popery; as late as 1749 we find it denounced in *Active Testimonies of Presbyterians*; it seemed to them as nefarious as, in Queen Elizabeth's time, it seemed to De Quadra, the Spanish ambassador. The Scotch army in England was dissolute and unpopular. Foreign armies usually are. Charles took refuge with the Scotch. They would not accept an uncovenanted king in their country;

his conscience revolted against signing the covenant, and he was handed over to the English in January 1647. The traditional 'groat' passed, in arrears of pay, but as the Scotch could neither stay in England nor take Charles home, where the ministers would have had his uncovenanted head, it is not easy to say what the Scotch were to do. Charles at Carisbrook Castle accepted terms embodied in 'the engagement' in 1647, a form of compromise which much divided the Covenanters among themselves. Parliament, which was for the engagement, and the General Assembly, which refused anything but a persecuting covenant, were now at feud. 'The pretensions of Hildebrand were not so high as those of this conclave of presbyters in the Scottish Vatican.'[1] The Engagers, invading England in a tardy fit of loyalty, were routed, and their leader Hamilton was taken and executed. The Whiggamore raid placed Argyll at the head of affairs; ministers of the Engagers were driven from their pulpits; only 'godly men' might sit in Parliament. On January 30, 1649, Charles was executed at Whitehall, a martyr of his own religious ideas. Had he chosen to hunt with the Covenant he would have died otherwise and otherwhere, but there are acts of tergiversation to which he was unequal. Charles II. was proclaimed in

[1] Cunningham, vol. ii. p. 158.

Edinburgh (he was at the Hague) on condition of accepting the Covenant. Wood, the professor of divinity here, conveyed the terms to the king. Meanwhile Montrose, an uncovenanted leader, invaded the north, was routed near the Kyle of Oykel on the Hill of Wailing, was captured half-starved in Assynt,



THE WEST PORT

and the most illustrious pupil of our university was hanged in Edinburgh, going to his death like a bridegroom.

Charles did not resent this deed as a man should have done. He came over to Scotland, signed the Covenant, and visited St. Andrews. At the West Port, the gate at the west end of South Street, the

silver keys of the town were delivered to him, and he was welcomed by Honyman, later Bishop of Orkney. Rutherford lectured to him on the duties of kings, and Blair rebuked his wife in his own house for offering Charles a chair. So tradition alleges; Dr. McCrie thinks the anecdote false, nor can we find for it adequate authority. Charles lodged, as we said, in Queen Mary's house, the last house in St. Andrews which ever sheltered an English king.

As Cromwell could not allow Charles to reign in Scotland, he marched north, while the saints purged their army of the Uncovenanted and Engagers, losing thereby hundreds of men. Then came Dunbar. The ministers 'promised victory over these erroneous and blasphemous parties,' the Englishmen, says Nicoll. Being inspired, the preachers understood war better than Leslie; they compelled the conqueror of the great marquis to leave his chosen ground; they were delivered into Cromwell's hand, and they ascribed their defeat to the presence of some loyalists in the king's guard of horse! Our presbytery here, which had been excommunicating 'Engagers,' now had to hold a solemn day of humiliation; gone were the triumphs for Philiphaugh. They had been defeated by Cromwell's 'sectaries' and by the inclination of the ministers to meddle with matters out of their province. But, regarding themselves as modern

Elijahs, they took all things for their province (September 17, 1650). The Remonstrants averred that Charles, who gave no signs of a changed heart, was really the Jonah of the Covenant. They attacked the English in open field, and were defeated. Charles himself fairly ran away from the ministers like a schoolboy; he fled from Perth, but presently, like a schoolboy, he returned. Our presbytery exhorted the brethren to try 'persons accessory to the king's escape'—from six daily sermons.[1] The recaptured Charles was crowned at Scone on January 1, 1651. Argyll placed the crown on his head; we know how he requited Argyll. In a kind of access of common sense, Engagers and others, after doing penance in sackcloth, were now allowed to join the national army, while the chief Remonstrant, Colonel Strachan, was 'delivered to the devil in the church of Perth by Mr. Alexander Rollock.'[2] Going further in the path of common sense, Parliament and the General Assembly removed the bans from every Engager or other Malignant who satisfied the Kirk. These acts were called *The Resolution*. Twenty-two ministers protested. These were the *Protesters*. The Covenant was now thoroughly divided against itself, and our Zion was torn by intestine feuds. Needless to say

[1] *Records of Presbytery*, p. 59.
[2] Balfour's *Annals*, vol. iv. p. 240.

that the Principal of St. Mary's, Rutherford, was a Protester, as was James Guthrie, a St. Andrews man who distinguished himself by his tenacity and truculence, 'ryping up the bowels of his mother church'[1] (July 1651). The Assembly met at St. Andrews, but adjourned to Dundee. Rutherford's party was anxious to annul its proceedings. In August, Charles raced to Worcester, as his great-nephew did to Derby, met Cromwell on September 3, and was crushed. He fled to the continent; Scotland was put under Monk, and 'for nine years Presbyterian Scotland was little better than a province of Puritanic England.'[2]

To this the saints had brought us, and what neither Edward I. nor Henry VIII. could do was easily done by the sectaries who held for liberty of conscience. Among other captives, James Sharpe, minister of Crail (1648), was taken to London. He was to be notorious for his life, and singular in his death. As for the preachers, 'much of the Ministrie could not purge themselves of their vices, of pride, avarice, and cruelty . . . they were divided in their judgementis, and made their pulpits to speak one against another: great care they had of their augmentations.'[3] Time went on; the Resolutioners

[1] Nicoll, p. 55. [2] Cunningham, vol. ii. p. 169.
[3] Nicoll, 1651, p. 60.

and Protesters were at excommunicating point, when, in July 1653, comes Colonel Cotterell into the General Assembly, with 'some rattes of musqueteirs and a troup of horse,' and asked the moderator what they made there, and by what authority they met. The moderator, with astonishing *aplomb*, said '*they medled not with anything civil!*' The colonel, after some talk, led the assembly a mile out of town, and told them to be off by eight o'clock next morning.[1] This was the welcome close of misgovernment by General Assembly.

So ended the reign of the saints. The kirk had assumed a secular supremacy, in fact if not in terms. Gillespie had changed the magistracy of Glasgow, more tyrannously than any prelate could have done, says Nicoll. The ministers claimed theocratic powers; the kirk split into warring camps, and it fell. But we must remember that the old leaven of the Covenant never ceased to work, that there was always a party in the kirk, the Extreme Left—the High Flyers—which did not desist from its pretensions. Of this party the Protesters were, in Monk's time in Scotland, the representatives. Baillie describes (1654) the eloquence of one of their ministers, 'a strange kind of sighing, the like whereof I had never heard, as a pythonising out of

[1] Baillie, vol. iii. p. 225.

the bellie of a second person.' They introduced Sacramental Fasts, filled with eight or ten consecutive sermons, if we allow an hour to a sermon, which is, perhaps, too little. Now began the Holy Fairs, which Burns described. 'Then was Scotland a heap of wheat set about with lilies, or a palace of silver beautifully proportioned, and this seems to me to have been Scotland's high noon,' says the Rev. Mr. Kirkton.[1] He reckoned it Scotland's high noon, when English soldiers dismissed her Assembly, when English officers tried cases in our town kirk, when Protesters and Resolutioners fought for churches, when English musketeers made a derision of the Stool of Repentance, while army chaplains argued against our ministers, and afterwards treated them to 'a standing drink.'[2] The Protesters were at one time more favoured by the English than the Resolutioners; they were Rutherford's party, and the seed of the Covenanters of the Restoration.

Meanwhile, at St. Andrews, so decayed was the city, we had to patch our harbour with the slates, timber, lumps, and rubbish of our castle. It was like patching coats with pieces out of trousers, and the town council complained to Monk of the total decay of shipping and sea trade. Monk could

[1] His *History* was edited, with unfeeling notes, by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe.

[2] Lamont's *Diary*, p. 28.

not abate their taxes.[1] St. Andrews must have been a lively place, ecclesiastically, if not commercially, for Blair was a moderate Resolutioner, or neutral, while Rutherford was a Protester.[2] They fought even over University matters. 'The English' were obliged to keep them in order, and appoint James Wood, opposed by Remonstrators and Rutherford, to the principalship of St. Salvator's.[3] The Communion could not be celebrated, because, on political grounds, the magistrates were excommunicated.[4] It seemed likely to end in everybody excommunicating everybody, so that the kirk would have been represented solely by some Davie Deans of the period.

The object of the Left, in the kirk, or Remonstrants, was to 'purge' out the people who did not agree with them, especially all who had any taint of loyalty, or 'Malignancy.' In this effort they were represented by James Guthrie, while Sharpe, of Crail, was sent to London by their opponents, Baillie's party, who might now be called Moderates, though the technical title by which they were known was the Resolutioners. But the death of Cromwell, and the Restoration, make a break in these politics, which we take up again in the following chapter.

A few anecdotes of famous Covenanting minis-

[1] Lyon, vol. ii. pp. 54-55.
[2] Baillie, vol. iii. p. 248.
[3] Baillie, vol. iii. p. 316.
[4] Baillie, vol. iii. p. 280.

ters of St. Andrews will illustrate an essential point. The ministers claimed, or were believed to possess, supernatural gifts. This was a great source of their power and popularity. Mr. Blair, the preacher who is said to have rebuked his wife for handing a chair to Charles II., and who disturbed the last hours of Sir Robert Spottiswoode, has often been mentioned. The story ran that for two months before his own death he 'had an impression that the Prince of Orange will be the deliverer of this Church.' This was, apparently, regarded as a prophecy.[1] For a miracle, take this: 'Mr. Blair his daughter was ill of a running sore, and had been so for a while. One day Mr. Blair looked at it, lift up his eyes to heaven, and laid his finger on his child's sore, and said, "My God shall heal my bairn, and she shall be healed." And immediately the sore healed.' Mr. James Baird had 'the satisfaction to see him, when on his death-bed, perform what was very near a miracle.'[2] It was quite a miracle. The child was scrofulous. Mr. Blair touched her: she recovered. The Presbytery, however, prosecuted a layman for performing similar miracles, 'touching for the crewels' (*escrouelles*, scrofula), as it was called.

We are now to behold Mr. Blair of St. Andrews

[1] Wodrow, *Analecta*, vol. i. p. 26.
[2] *Analecta*, vol. i. p. 84.

in his dealings with the accuser of the brethren. When this divine was minister here, a youth applied to the presbytery for admission to trials, a kind of exhibition of skill in preaching. 'Though he was very unfit, the presbytery appoints him a text.' He could make nothing of the text, but, as he walked 'in a remote place from St. Andrews' there came up to him a stranger in black coat and band, who asked him about his trouble. The sad story told, the stranger averred that he himself was a minister and, indeed, chanced to have 'an excellent sermon on that text in his pocket.' This he handed to that poor young lad, only asking him to sign a receipt and promise of reward *in his blood.* The innocent youth made no difficulty in complying, the sermon was preached, and 'pleased and amazed the presbytery to a degree.' Mr. Blair alone 'smelt out something,' so, calling the youth apart, he said it was 'a nate sermon;' devilish good no doubt it was!

Had Mr. Blair's young friend received any assistance? The whole story came out. 'Did you give him a written promise subscribed with your blood?' The blushing boy confessed to this singular circumstance. Then Mr. Blair told him 'with an awful seriousness' that the stranger was 'the Divel.' The presbytery met, but I regret to say that they did not chronicle these moving particulars in their records.

After a night in St. Andrews they retired with the young man to a remote church. 'They prayed all round;' lastly Mr. Blair prayed. Then came 'a violent rushing of wind upon the church' (not unusual in gusty St. Andrews), and the youth's covenant, like a Mahatma's letter, dropped from the roof.

This absurd story was formally written by Mr. Wodrow, a devout and learned minister and an author inexhaustibly amusing, on September 15, 1707.[1]

Lamont, in his curious 'Diary,' mentions a poor young expectant who was so puzzled by the text set by the presbytery that he drowned himself, as was supposed, in the sea beneath the Witches' Hill, opposite the Step Rock.

Mr. Blair once met a gentleman who lived near St. Andrews, sober! Their horses were standing by a stream, perhaps the Swilcan Burn. One horse drank, the other did not. Mr. Blair preached from this practical text the merits of sobriety. The gentleman took it ill and rode off. About a month later Mr. Blair found this gentleman, who was 'bookish' and kindly, lying dead in the pool where they had met. The ministers asked him what he thought of it. 'He, after some time declining to speak, had this

[1] *Analecta*, vol. i. pp. 102–104.

expression, In the place where he rejected the counsell of God, there the Lord slew him.'[1] These few anecdotes of Mr. Blair may not be true, but they show what the Covenanters in St. Andrews liked to believe about their ministers.

Mr. Samuel Rutherford, another most famous divine of that age, may have been 'a stranger to much conflict with the devil,' as Bunyan says. Wodrow tells, however, a pretty story of his childhood. When a little boy, dwelling on the Border near Jedburgh, he fell into a well, and his companions ran off to call for assistance. When help arrived little Sammy was found quite safe but very wet, and said that he had been rescued from the water by a bonny white man, in whom Wodrow recognises an angel. Mr. Rutherford was educated at Edinburgh University, where he lectured later, but some irregularity or peccadillo in connection with his marriage caused him to resign his situation. By the influence of Lord Kenmure (the covenanting Kenmure, not, of course, Burns's hero) he was smuggled into orders without episcopal ordination, as it seems, and got the living (a very meagre living) of Anwoth. Here his church is still a place of pilgrimage. He was banished to Aberdeen by the Bishop of Galloway, but attended the Revolutionary General Assembly at Glasgow,

[1] Wodrow, vol. ii. p. 66.

and later was made divinity professor here, rising to be principal of St. Mary's. He was a great writer of devotional letters, 'in general remarkable for coarseness and inelegance,' says his biographer, Mr. Murray. They are, in fact, remarkable for those singular erotic expressions of devotion which we more commonly find in enthusiastic Catholic ejaculations than in Protestant religion. 'When Christ in love giveth a blow, it doth a soul good; and it is a kind of comfort and joy to get a cuff with the lovely, sweet, and soft hand of Jesus.' At St. Andrews 'God did so singularly second his indefatigable pains that the University forthwith became a Lebanon, out of which were taken cedars for building the House of the Lord.'[1] His 'Lex Rex,' published in 1644, was a defence of the rights of subjects to rebel. In 1660 it was burned at St. Mary's by the wisdom of the Restoration. Rutherford's editor, Mr. Murray, represents him as indefatigable in visiting the sick, in teaching his class, and associating with the students, and in literary labour. When the quarrel of Resolutioners and Remonstrants or Protesters broke out, Rutherford sided with 'the godly' as he calls them, the irreconcilable Protesters. When Baillieand others sent Sharpe to plead their cause with Cromwell, Rutherford commissioned

[1] Preface to his *Letters*, 1664.

Simpson. The Resolutioners, Sharpe's party, he calls malignant deserters of the Covenant who have actually 'engaged to live peaceably and inoffensively,' and who 'persecute the godly.'[1] Sharpe, on the whole, succeeded better than Simpson.

St. Andrews, as we saw, fought over the Resolutions with its usual pugnacity. Rutherford refused to serve at the same Communion Table with Blair, who was more or less neutral. He made Wood's life such a burden at St. Mary's that he accepted the Principalship of St. Salvator's. 'They prostituted the altar by using it as an instrument of personal or party altercation.'[2] At the Restoration Rutherford wrote to the extreme party, under Guthrie, expressing loyalty, if the Covenant were granted, and 'toleration of all religions' refused (1660). On September 15, 1660, the Committee of Estates condemned Rutherford's 'Lex Rex,' which, as we saw, was burned at the gate of his own college. He was confined to his own house, and cited on a charge of treason: in these sad circumstances he died on March 20, 1661. His books were valued at 1,800*l.* (Scots), his household furniture at 200*l.*, a noble proportion in the equipment of a scholar. His tomb-

[1] *Life of Rutherford*, p. 289.
[2] *Life of Rutherford*, p. 294.

stone, with a long inscription, still exists in the Cathedral.

'Verilie I think they are justlie suffereris quho go about to be persecuteris,' says honest Nicoll, in 1651.[1]

[1] *Diary*, p. 72.

NOTE.—The story of Mr. Blair, the Devil, and the Probationer, is reported by Increase Mather as having occurred to another minister in France. Wodrow reports that Welch, the preacher, when meditating, was observed to shine in a supernatural light. Ministers, in fact, were 'mediums.'

CHAPTER XI

THE REIGN OF THE SINNERS—ARCHBISHOP SHARPE

THE Saints, as we have seen, can hardly be congratulated on their administration of St. Andrews. In private society, as the records of the presbytery and the other testimonies declare, drunkenness, profanity, light loves, and witchcraft were rife. Principal Cunningham lays some stress on the profligacy of covenanting Scotland, and gives a few notable examples. But it is fair to remember that scandals which, in ordinary society, lie dormant, were dragged into the light, and rebuked or punished, by kirk sessions and presbyteries. Offences must needs come, and always do come: we know them better because the kirk laid them bare, forgetting the wise Roman maxim about *facinora* and *flagitia*. But that the age was not the golden time of morality and religion fondly described by Kirkton is perfectly certain. Fox, the Quaker, found in Scotland a great deal of hypocrisy, and the seed of his teaching fell

on brambly and stony ground. Nicoll notes the increase of nameless crimes, for which a young man and two young boys were burned in Edinburgh.

In public matters presbyteries and families were divided, and at daggers drawn. The sacred table of the Communion was a battle-field at St. Andrews. The colleges were torn by the fury of personal, political, and ecclesiastical hatreds. The kingdom was held by Cromwellian Gallios, much as we hold India, or as the Romans held Palestine. This was the end, and was the natural end, of the Scotch theocracy.

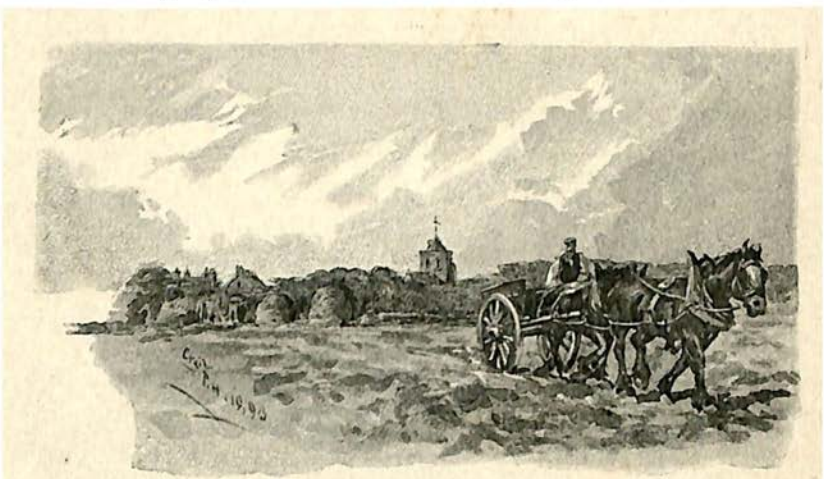
With the Restoration began what the godly might not unjustly call the Reign of the Sinners. No sentimental preference for the Cavaliers, no enthusiasm for that liberty of conscience which the Covenanters so detested, can blind us to the fact that the sinners erred as egregiously and mischievously as the saints. If the saints put down private religious conventicles, so did the sinners.[1] If the saints turned many clergymen of the episcopal party out of their parishes, even so, to severe presbyterians, did the sinners. If the saints declared null and void the acts of King James's assemblies, so in the Rescissory Act, annulling the Puritan legislation, did the sin-

[1] In 1639 'an Act was unanimously passed prohibiting all persons, not ministers or preachers, from expounding the Scriptures.' *Life of Rutherford*, p. 182.

ners. The government of the Restoration failed not to copy the government of the godly in all its violences. It is easy to be wise after the event, but before the event the administration of Charles was not only unwise but dishonourable. Perhaps the best plan in Scotland would have been to keep up the policy of Cromwell, to disregard the Covenant, to deprive excommunication of its legal consequences, and to let Resolutioners and Protesters 'stew in their own juice.' The Covenant seems impossible, for Charles would have had to persecute, in Scotland, what he approved and protected in England. Even this was not beyond the versatility of the Hanoverian kings, who persecuted Episcopacy on the north, while they protected it on the south of the Tweed. This conduct, however, is neither easy nor graceful, and this conduct the Covenant required. The Covenant was practically impossible, but, left to themselves, Resolutioners and Protesters would perhaps have wearied of launching ineffectual excommunications: paper bullets of the kirk. They might even have become reconciled, and Giant Presbyter, with his teeth drawn, would have become as harmless as Bunyan found Giant Pope.

No such plan was adopted, and a chief instrument in carrying out the senseless policy of Charles was a professor in St. Mary's College, James Sharpe.

The history of St. Andrews, from 1660 to 1679, is the history of Archbishop Sharpe, just as, sixty years earlier, it was the history of Andrew Melville, and a hundred years earlier, the history of the cardinal. Sharpe was so hated in Scotland during his life, and his death won him so many friends, or pitying observers, that it is not easy to write of him without prejudice or favour. Yet, as he was the



CRAIL

last man who made St. Andrews notable in history, this ecclesiastic deserves a chapter to himself.

James Sharpe (born 1618) was the son of Mr. William Sharpe, sheriff clerk of Banff. His enemies found a piper in his family, and proposed that Sharpe should give the bagpipes to his church. He was distinguished in his University career, and when 'regent' in St. Leonard's (answering, more or less,

to a tutor of a college in England) was made minister of Crail.[1] As we have seen, he was captured by the English and carried to London, where the Presbytery corresponded with him (March 31, 1652). He was released, it is asserted, on accepting the 'tender' of submission to the government *de facto;* this was afterwards made a charge against him, as may be read in Wodrow. The author of his 'Life' (1723) absolutely denies the allegation (p. xiii). In 1656 he was allowed to have an 'expectant' (much like a 'probationer') as an assistant in his work at Crail. In 1659 a third professor was needed at St. Mary's; Rutherford warmly befriended a Mr. Raitt; Colville, Professor of Divinity, urged the claims of Sharpe; whom the Presbytery chose 'for his piety, learning, and prudence,' and as an old St. Andrews man and regent. Sharpe, therefore, was preferred to Rutherford's *protégé.* Rutherford was a Protester, Sharpe a Resolutioner, and the dispute must have been bitter. Wodrow accuses Sharpe of a private grudge against Rutherford. We have already seen how he represented the Resolutioners against the Protesters, in an appeal to Cromwell. He was much in the favour of Baillie, who laughs at him as an 'ignaro' for his want of acquaintance with Arabic.

[1] Admitted Jan. 27, 1648.

We now reach the turning-point in the history of Sharpe and of the kirk; his negotiations in London, and with Charles at Breda, before and immediately after the Restoration. The authority followed is Wodrow's 'History of the Sufferings of the Church of Scotland' (Glasgow, 1836). Wodrow was a learned and curious, if credulous, writer, and no mean antiquarian for his date.[1] He had a sentimental and antiquarian interest in the sufferings, wherein his own father very narrowly escaped. He may be called prejudiced, his language is often strong; he believes silly and superstitious charges against his kirk's enemies. But he cannot be styled unfair, and he gives so many original documents that his inferences may be corrected, when needful. The editor, however, of the anonymous 'True and Impartial Account' of Sharpe (1723) blames Wodrow for not examining and inserting the depositions of witnesses in the case of his murder, which were accessible in the sheriff-court books of Fife. He makes other charges, not without some justification.

After Monk left Edinburgh, six noted Resolutioners, or Moderates, among them Douglas and Wood, Rutherford's opponent here, the Principal of St. Salvator's, sent Sharpe to deal with the general in London.[2] He met Monk at Coldstream, and drew

[1] *Flor.* 1700–1730.

[2] February 6, 1660.

up his manifesto to the army, which paved the way for the Restoration.[1] Sharpe's first letter from town was written on St. Valentine's day. The Cavaliers disliked him as 'the Scottish presbyter.' As early as March 10, he reported that 'moderate Episcopacy is setting up its head.' He assured men of note that Scotland desired the king only 'on Covenant terms.' Douglas, meanwhile, was informing Sharpe that the 'new generation' in Scotland 'bear a heart-hatred to the Covenant,'[2] while the Protesters 'fear that the king come in.' This was what Sharpe heard from Edinburgh. He has been charged with telling Charles that Scotland did not care for the Covenant, and that the Protesters were against him. If he did, he only spoke in accordance with what Douglas reported from Edinburgh. 'The generality of this new upstart generation,' says Douglas, 'have no love to presbyterial government, feeding themselves with the fancy of episcopacy, or moderate episcopacy.'[3] Sharpe was a man of the world. When the sturdy covenanting Douglas assured him that, while 'the honest party' was staunch, the majority of the new upstart generation was for episcopacy, against presbyterianism, 'wearied of that yoke,' he would draw his own conclusions. They were erroneous, as he learned on his return to Scotland. The ministers

[1] *Life*, p. xiv. [2] Wodrow, vol. i. pp. 15, 16.
[3] Wodrow, vol. i. p. 21.

had still great power, but there must have been a notable reaction against 'the yoke.' Sharpe, on his side, wrote, 'I smell that moderate episcopacy is the fairest accommodation, which moderate men, who wish well to religion, expect.'

Sharpe was, or believed himself to be, a moderate man, who wished well to religion. But this not unbecoming frame of mind was disguised by letters in which he frequently asserted his hope and belief that Episcopacy would not reach Scotland. It is difficult to suppose that these remarks were candid. The unfortunate minister was acting as a diplomatist, and he became diplomatic. He was acting as a politician, and he executed afterwards the turning movement with which modern politicians are not unfamiliar. He was sent to Breda, where Douglas bade him inform the king that 'he need not declare any liberty to tender consciences here in Scotland,' as if all Scots had been Presbyterians. Douglas was not unacquainted with the existence of Catholics and sectaries; he said again and again that the new generation desired Episcopacy, but he insisted that tender consciences were not to be tolerated.[1] At Breda Douglas thinks Sharpe 'was corrupted.' The king won his heart by inquiries for old Scotch acquaintances. 'How is Mr. Smith?' he said,

[1] Wodrow, vol. i. p. 22.

laughing. 'Is his broadsword still to the fore?' Sharpe declared that Charles was 'resolved not to wrong the settled government of our church.' He added that it was vain to try to impose the Covenant on England, and that he saw no obligation to do so. As for Charles, 'I am persuaded a sweeter and more affectionate Prince never nation had.' 'What could I do but follow him, when the young man came to my house?' asked Kinlochmoidart in the '45. The Stuart charm, and the divinity which then did hedge a king, were potent over Sharpe. He went to London when Charles went, and henceforth the burden of his letters is, 'I see not what use I can be any longer here; I wish my neck were out of the collar.'

There is an American tale of an engineer who was sent to survey a new railway line. He wrote to his employers that a certain town was trying to buy him. Later he wrote, 'Send some one else: they have not come to my price, but they are getting very near it.'

Perhaps Sharpe's requests to be recalled were like this worthy engineer's. 'I am desirous to be taken off, and returned to my charge.' 'I hear they talk of bringing Episcopacy into Scotland,[1] which I

[1] Principal Cunningham says that Sharpe 'suggests no suspicion' of this. The author of the *Life* of 1723 takes the point that Sharpe, while commissioned by the ministers, gave them fair warning.

trust they shall never be able to effect.'[1] Sharpe adds, 'The Protesters' interest cannot be kept up, and I apprehend Parliament will handle them but too severely.' His prediction was fulfilled. Charles's promise, which he chronicles, 'to preserve to us the discipline and government of our church,' was broken. 'The Protesters' doom is dight,' he says, as Skipper Lindsay said to Morton, and as truly.[2]

Sharpe returned to Edinburgh. A great deal of light is now thrown on Sharpe's conduct and character by letters in 'The Lauderdale Papers.'[3] These documents include letters from and about Sharpe, by himself, Lauderdale, Kincardine, and other politicians. The editor, Mr. Osmund Airy, almost exhausts the vocabulary of hatred and contempt on the archbishop.[4] Yet one can hardly say that the letters much change one's opinion of the prelate. 'Mr. Pliable' he certainly was, but nobody ever regarded

[1] Wodrow, vol. i. p. 39. [2] Wodrow, vol. i. p. 45.

[3] Camden Society, 1884–85, edited by Mr. Osmund Airy.

[4] Thus, on May 4, 1660, Sharpe wrote from Gravesend to Wood, Principal of St. Salvator's. He told Wood that he had been 'surprysed with a desire from my Lord Generall to carrye a message from him to the King.' Yet Mr. Airy remarks that Sharpe 'was playing the double game. He was supposed by the Resolution party to be going to the Hague as their agent. In reality he went as Monk's.' But he is actually telling Wood, a Resolutioner, that he is acting for Monk. There are marginal marks on Sharpe's letters to Drummond. Mr. Airy seems now to think that Drummond marked them for Lauderdale's eye; now that the marked passages were meant by Lauderdale for the king's eye, as evidence against Sharpe. Vol. i. 41 note, 60 note.

him as an enthusiastic devotee of any method of Church government. His one rooted sentiment was aversion to that form of Presbyterianism which produced a pope in every parish, and regarded every energetic preacher as in a manner inspired. Events had shown that this condition of affairs meant anarchy tempered by priest-craft, or, at least, by presbyter-craft. Sharpe was a consistent adversary of the Remonstrators, the Guthries, Gillespies, Rutherfords, &c. He had also, perhaps, an original preference for a moderate Presbyterianism, not dominant in civil matters. When he came from London, after the Restoration, he saw that the strength of the country was opposed to Episcopacy. But he gradually perceived that Episcopacy was certain to be introduced, and, as every one knows, he gently edged round, till he accepted a mitre. The Lauderdale letters display him in the course of this evolution. I do not see that they make his change worse than other changes of politicians. All politicians are guided by mixed motives: Sharpe, like another, may have flattered himself that, as Episcopacy was not a sin in itself, he might be serviceable in the process of introducing it, might benefit the cause of order, and do some good to himself. These are not the motives of a saint; they are the motives of a politician. Once consecrated,

Sharpe was inevitably involved in the intrigues for power between Middleton, Rothes, and Lauderdale. He was something of an earthen pot among these brazen vessels. He had to play a difficult, sometimes a double part. If he was hated by the Presbyterian multitude, he was regarded with doubt and detestation by many of the nobles. They were jealous of the influence and power in the hands of a man who was born in the middle classes. Like others of his rank and period, he was subservient (as we think now) in his style, when addressing a great noble. He could not contain his joy when, on Lauderdale's hint, Charles wrote to him a letter in his own hand, signed with 'the diamond seal.' He gave way on the question of the Royal supremacy; in brief, he trimmed his sails as cleverly as he could, like other statesmen. It is not a lofty character, but even Knox could make compromises and concessions. Sharpe had really no business *dans cette galère.* He would have acted more wisely had he retired to his professorship of divinity at St. Mary's, which he clearly accepted as a haven from those stormy seas. He was a scholar, a man of naturally urbane and moderate temper, but he also had 'a working mind,' and skill in affairs. The temptation was too much for him; like all who turn their coats, like most politicians, his opponents might call him, and did

call him, an apostate. Politician for politician, I see not that he deserves more than another the violent denunciations of Mr. Airy, that he is 'a knave,' *pur sang*, 'that his is a life of almost unexampled petty meanness.' His very hand is 'small, paltry, niggling, and exceptioually annoying,' says Mr. Airy, not correcting his proofs well, in his irritation. 'The style is self-conceited and pedantic,' faults which do not strike one, and 'his hand of write,' in an example in the University library, is really beautiful.

Many of Sharpe's letters of 1660-1661 are to Mr. Patrick Drummond, a minister in London. On December 11, 1660, he says that 'as some can bear me witness, I endeavoured to prevent the exercising of severity towards the Remonstrators, and what pains I took is known to Mr. Blair, to obtain an indulgence to Mr. Samuel Rutherford.'[1] On December 13, he warns Lauderdale of the danger of introducing Episcopacy. Ministers, people, nobles, gentry, and boroughs are all against it. Douglas, therefore, must have exaggerated the tendency of the new generation towards the episcopal model. On the same day he denies to Drummond that he has suggested the bringing in of bishops. 'I have done more for the interest of Presbyterian government than any minister who can accuse me.' But he has-

[1] *Lauderdale Papers*, vol. i. p. 41.

maintained the royal authority in civil matters. Throughout the letters he speaks of desiring a General Assembly. 'I am a Scot and a Presbyter.'[1] 'You did merrily call me a politician' (not more merrily than truly). 'I am an honest Scotchman, and hope to live and dye one.' He has rejected better offers of promotion in England (like Knox) than Scotland can provide. In an undated letter to Lauderdale, he complains of the tyrannical pretensions of the Remonstrators, 'their fancied modell and absurd dictates.' 'I fear there can be no remedy against this malady without exercising severity upon the leading impostors, Guthrie, Gillespie, Rutherford, which will daunt the rest of the hotheads . . .' He recommends 'shutting up close the cheef sticklers.' If by 'severity' he means capital punishment, then indeed Sharpe is a hypocrite of the basest kind. He believes a General Assembly would be hostile to the tyranny of Guthrie and his set. In this letter Sharpe says that Gillespie boasts of having been asked to aid Episcopacy, and of having refused. This Sharpe believes to be false. In a letter not published by Wodrow, Sharpe avers that Gillespie had *offered* to promote the king's wishes.[2] In January he writes to Drummond about the Parliament being held, with Middleton as commissioner. 'He professeth he hath

[1] *Op. cit.* vol. i. p. 52.

[2] Stephen's *Life of Sharpe*, p. 61.

no purpose to meddle with the Church.' He regrets the Rescissory Act, and believes Parliament would vote for Episcopacy. He constantly prophesies this end of matters, and (i. 77) thinks of retiring to his chair at St. Mary's. 'All I see can be done is to keep matters from the evil in extreme' (i. 80). He was not a man of extreme opinions. He prevented six Remonstrators from being cited before Parliament (i. 84). Douglas and he have discussed Church matters with Middleton (i. 85).

At Holyrood, 'I speak when I am asked,' on Church matters (i. 86). He trusts that though Tertullian became a Montanist, because he was charged with being one, he will not change for that reason, 'but sure my provocation is great' (i. 87). The spectacle is common. Like other politicians, he

relented,
And vowing he would ne'er consent, consented.

He thinks of retiring, *de mutando solo*. Even so others, having declared that 'an English gentleman' has other fields than politics, have turned their coats, and gone back to that field. All this is of March 19, 1661.[1] He writes later, on the same day; the change is at hand, and will be grievous to many honest men, 'in which I would be very loath to have any hand.' He, and Douglas, and Wood, of

[1] Vol. i. pp. 86–88.

St. Andrews, are to see the commissioner on the subject. On April 15, he addresses Drummond as 'Sir.' Clearly Drummond has blamed him; but Sharpe, Mr. Airy may note, had addressed Drummond as 'Sir' before.

On May 21, 1661, he is in London, and writes to Middleton.[1] He had gone thither with Rothes, and Douglas was asked to go, but declined 'by reason of age and indisposition.'[2] He tells Middleton of an interview with Clarendon. 'I found that which your Grace was pleased often to tell me was not without ground.' On this, Mr. Airy remarks that, on March 21, Sharpe had told Drummond that 'I have not touched on Church government in sermons or conferences at our Court or elsewhere.' Mr. Airy thinks this a proof that Sharpe is dishonest, a liar in fact. But Sharpe constantly told Drummond that the change was coming; he dined with Middleton daily; he spoke his mind, as he tells Drummond, when he was asked; he had meetings with Middleton to canvas the matter, as he told Drummond, and one really sees no contradiction in his statements. He had not preached on Church government, nor handled it at 'conferences,' whatever he may mean by that phrase, but it does not follow that Middleton had not often predicted to him the introduction of Episcopacy.

[1] Vol. ii. Appendix C.

[2] *Life* of 1723, p. 53.

'I am sorry if Mr. Douglas, after such professions made to your Grace, shall disappoint your expectations.' So Douglas, too, had been 'sitting on the fence' though Mr. Airy calls him an unbending Presbyterian. Sharpe had done the same: gradually and finally, he alighted on the Episcopal side. We knew that before. The letters make no difference to our estimate of his character.

We thus see the process of change in Sharpe's policy between the end of 1660 and the middle of 1661. While he was thus drifting into Episcopacy, Argyll was arrested in London. In Edinburgh, that leader of the Protesters, James Guthrie, with others, was taken at a meeting in a private house, where they were composing a memorial to Charles.[1] While protesting loyalty, they threatened Charles with the wrath of an angry God if he 'licked up the vomit of Toleration,' and reintroduced 'the corruptions of the Prayer-book,' 'whose steps lead unto the house of the great whore, Babylon, the mother of fornication.'[2]

The use of the Prayer-book 'in your Majesty's chapel and family' must be abolished, to please the Protesters! 'Involving the subjects in new troubles,'

[1] Aug. 23, 1660.

[2] Dying speech of Mr. Guthrie: Wodrow, vol. i. p. 194.

as Nicoll says, was the alleged object of Guthrie and his companions.

If Guthrie and his friends had been allowed to prevail, Charles, like Mary, would have been hated for the use of what religious ceremonies and Prayer-book he chose. Guthrie and the rest ask for the extirpation of every religion but Presbyterianism. Guthrie, as we saw, was hanged: he and the rest refused to 'acknowledge their fault' in meeting, in preparing other similar assemblies, and agitating for an edict of general persecution.[1]

The day after their capture (August 23) a proclamation was issued against unlawful meetings and seditious papers. The Government obviously feared a Presbyterian agitation of the old sort against tolerance. "A restraint put upon them from persecuting others is to them persecution,' says Wodrow, with amusing simplicity, speaking of the Episcopalians after 1688. His words exactly describe the theory of Guthrie. It was persecution not to be allowed to persecute. The Covenanters are popularly supposed to have been martyrs for freedom of conscience. The very reverse is the fact; or rather, they were martyrs for a conscience which urged them to persecute the consciences of others. This, at least, is a form of conscientious-

[1] Wodrow, vol. i. pp. 71, 72.

ness, and so far respectable. It is this which makes the persecutions by Presbyterians less odious than those by Beaton or Sharpe. Neither of these men can be supposed to have persecuted for the satisfaction of their consciences. Both were urged by political motives.

The Parliament of 1661 got rid at one blow of the Covenant and the Presbyterian legislation since 1637: it also introduced Episcopacy. In his letter, brought down by Sharpe from London in August, 1660, Charles had promised to maintain the Church as by law established. In 1661, he could say that Episcopacy was by law established, the Presbyterian laws having been rescinded. This was an almost incredible piece of childish prevarication. The executions of Argyll and Guthrie were equally indefensible. When Guthrie petitioned for the Covenant, Charles was a covenanted king, and he a covenanted minister. His book, 'The Causes of God's Wrath,' had been published long before, and of distant date was the Remonstrance in which he had been active. An amnesty should have covered these offences, if offences they could be called. We may not love Argyll, we may admire Montrose; but, like James Melville, we must detest the system of revenge to which Argyll and Guthrie were victims. The Government had good reason

to apprehend trouble from Guthrie and his party; they may have hoped to strike terror by his execution. But the deed was a slimly legalised murder, and the mystery is how not only Sharpe, but the saintly Leighton, could accept Episcopal office from such an administration. Sharpe, it may be true, had begged for Guthrie's life.[1] He need not have been dishonest in holding that there was a considerable party for Episcopacy in Scotland, and it seems superfluous to blame *him* for the difference between Protesters and Resolutioners, which prevented them from urging a common appeal in favour of Presbyterianism. That silence strengthened his argument for Episcopacy, if not his belief in its practicability. He certainly found that ministers of the 'honest,' or covenanting party, would not accept bishoprics. Douglas refused St. Andrews, and bade Sharpe take it, with a curse on it.[2] He did take it, curse and all, and with Leighton, 'betrayed the liberties of the kirk Christ in Scotland.' 'The heart is unknown,' as Sir Robert Spottiswoode said on the day before his death. A conscientious Covenanter Sharpe cannot have been; that he simply sold himself, rather cheap, is the

[1] Letter in Wodrow MS. published by C. Kirkpatrick Sharpe in *Kirkton*, p. 113. Sharpe also claims the credit of saving the life of his old opponent, Mr. Simpson.

[2] Wodrow, vol. i. p. 215; *Kirkton*, p. 135. The author of the *Life* of 1723 gives a totally different version, making Douglas acquiesce in Sharpe's appointment, p. 54.

theory of his enemies. All the Scotch bishoprics together did not amount to 5,000*l.* yearly. Sharpe is accused of avarice, as Leighton is charged with 'an over extensive charity'! His real defect, probably, was ambition—to be of the Privy Council, to deal with great affairs, to dream of the Chancellorship, nay, to have a carriage, a coachman, running footmen, were not things indifferent to Sharpe. He may also have honestly believed that Episcopacy was practicable and desirable, but men distrust such conversions. So behold Sharpe, in 1662, brave in those very lawn sleeves which he himself, in 1660, called 'Babylonish garments.' It is not an edifying spectacle. He entered St. Andrews in great state on April 16, accompanied by Lord Rothes, a hundred and twenty horsemen from St. Andrews, and some six hundred from other parts of Fife. No ministers were present, except Barclay, and Comry of St. Leonard's College. His first sermon was on 'The pressing of Episcopacy, and the utilitie of it.'[1] We may imagine the talk in the town, and the faces of the ministers.

In this year a declaration against the Covenant, or any such league or band, was passed by Parliament, and had to be signed by all persons in public trust. To sign this was as hateful to Covenanters as

[1] Lamont, *Diary*, p. 183.

signing the Covenant had been to others in the former years. Step by step the sinners were following the errors of the saints. New declarations, bonds, and oaths were yearly invented and enforced. Hundreds of ministers were now ejected, conventicles were forbidden. 'Curates' were thrust on the people. They were accused of witchcraft, profligacy, and ignorance. Soldiers at the church doors turned back worshippers who came from other parishes, where there might be no minister at all. This persecution fell not on a minority, as under the Covenant, but on the mass of the population. Sharpe succeeded in erecting the High Commission Court, though even Lauderdale disapproved of and resisted it. It dealt with Papists, Conventiclers, deserters of their parish churches. Sharpe, or a bishop, with any five members, might imprison or fine delinquents (1664). This was called the 'Crail Court,' from Sharpe's previous ministry at Crail. Some boys pelted a curate at Ancrum, as Wodrow says was 'usual,' and they were whipped, branded, and sold as slaves to Barbadoes.[1] In all these adventures it must not be supposed that the Covenanters were the only sufferers, or that Sharpe alone was responsible. Kirkton in his History, which long lay in manuscript, till it was edited by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, says that 'no man

[1] Wodrow, vol. i. p. 394.

was more dissatisfied' than our Archbishop, when the Council, under Middleton, ejected a large number of the younger Presbyterian preachers (Oct. 1, 1662). He was not present at the Council; the members are said to have been drunk.[1] Nor was the lot of the curates a happy one. They were persecuted in every way, from the boyish trick of filling their boots with ants, to stoning, beating, and 'rabbling.' Kirkton himself, a strong Covenanter, says he has known dissolute men of his own party atone for the sin of overnight by insulting a curate in the morning. Their characters were at the mercy of every loose wench who chose to lay her child at a curate's door. The same trick was practised, to be sure, on holy Mr. Peden. The covenanting writers chose to believe Isobel Lindsay, a woman who (as the St. Andrews Presbytery Records show) used to yell insults at Sharpe, and who was always accusing her neighbours of witchcraft. On this excellent testimony Kirkton and Wodrow, who often borrows long passages from Kirkton's MS., believe that Sharpe, when a regent, had a child by Isobel, and murdered it; also that he entertained the devil in person. Isobel avowed that she had seen Sharpe and two other clergymen dancing in the air.[2] But we shall return to the covenanting myth of Sharpe. While the legends about him are as foolish as they are

[1] Kirkton, pp. 149, 150. [2] Kirkton, p. 84, and C. K. S.'s note.

truculent, he was undeniably an agent in the persecution which drove the peasantry to the insurrection quelled at the Pentland Hills (1666). 'Bishop Sharpe pushed violently the prosecution and execution of the prisoners, and indeed his bloodthirsty temper at this time made him very odious.'[1] He is accused of keeping back a letter from Charles to himself as president, ordering that no more lives were to be taken. The assassins searched for this letter when Sharpe was murdered. The story is credited by Burnet.[2] Sharpe is also said by Kirkton, and Wodrow adopts the passage, to have written one letter to Charles in which he makes little of the rising, and another to a courtier, in which he describes it as very serious. 'The king never thereafter gave him the credit which he had with him before.' 'The cruel bishops' are also said to have executed men who surrendered on promise of quarter. This would be an exact following of the cruelty of the ministers after Philiphaugh.

One bishop was not cruel. Wishart, Montrose's chaplain, a St. Andrews man, had been made Bishop of Edinburgh. He, in the covenanting days, had been confined by the saints in a loathsome dungeon, where the rats bit and scarred his face. Not ignorant

[1] Wodrow, vol. ii. p. 87.
[2] *History of his own Time*, vol. i. p. 435.

of misfortune, he succoured the prisoners of the Pentland fight with supplies of food.[1] Indeed, Burnet's anecdote (Wodrow merely calls Wishart a drunkard) says that the prisoners were in danger of repletion. Wishart's character is clear, and it was not he, but another Wishart, who translated some loose poems of Ovid. But Sharpe's most infamous offence, which no covenanting example can be adduced to counterbalance, was permitting, or urging, some of the prisoners to be tortured in the boot. A disused abomination of Scotch procedure was revived. Whether Sharpe suggested, or whether he acquiesced in, such horrors as the advisers of Elizabeth inflicted on the Jesuits, his conduct is a stain on his reputation which can never be obliterated, even though he never was present at the horrid scene.

Sharpe was now more hated than any man in Scotland. He had been in and out of favour; he had been put down by Lauderdale, and like Lauderdale himself, as described by Lord Ailesbury, was 'of a very abject spirit when put down.' He had been used as an instrument by the profligate government, depressed or exalted as suited their plans. On July 11, 1668, as he and Honeyman, also a St. Andrews man, Bishop of Orkney, were entering a carriage in the Blackfriars Wynd in

[1] *Life of Sharpe*, 1723, p. xxiv.

Edinburgh, a fanatic named Mitchell shot at Sharpe, and wounded Honeyman. Mitchell had been out in the Pentland affair. He is called 'a weak scholar' by Kirkton; he was a very weak scholar indeed, and an infamous character, if we may believe Dr. Hickes in 'Ravillac Redivivus.' He had lodged in the same house as that unhappy wretch, Major Weir, the gaoler of Montrose, and had been chaplain to a niece of Johnston of Warriston, the butcher of Sir Robert Spottiswoode and his friends. This Mitchell, 'a youth of much zeal and piety,' as Wodrow says, easily escaped in the confusion, after wounding Honeyman. 'The cry arose, a man was killed. The people's answer was, "It's but a bishop," and so there was no more noise.' So Kirkton. Wodrow puts it, 'Some rogues answered, "It's but a bishop."'

In July, 1669, an 'indulgence' was granted to Presbyterian ministers. This 'must not be reckoned as part of our sufferings,' says Wodrow. The Indulgence was arranged through Robert Douglas, Sharpe's old friend, Lauderdale, and others. The complying ministers were to be reinstated, and allowed to keep presbyteries and synods, under certain conditions. This was said to take away any pretext for conventicles; it really distracted the kirk. The indulged were called 'dumb dogs;' Wodrow believes there was a plot for their universal massacre

in Ayrshire by the Irreconcilables. He accuses Sharpe of fomenting the dissension, which, in his opinion, nearly produced a Presbyterian St. Bartholomew, or Sicilian Vespers.[1] Whether Sharpe made use of the indulgence to cause schism in the kirk or not, Wodrow says he hated it, and he preached against the Act announcing the king's supremacy.[2]

The state of affairs which followed the indulgence, and other measures of the same kind, is familiar to all readers of 'Old Mortality.' The service-book was not, indeed, read by the curates—a point on which Dr. McCrie corrected Scott—though there may have been some exceptions. But while the Milnwoods and Mortons heard the curate, or an indulged minister, the populace and many persons of noble family, especially ladies, flocked to field-preachings and conventicles. There was dragooning, exaction of fines, reading of roll-calls at church, on the prelatical side; on the other side curates and their families were assaulted and insulted, churches were violently seized, and the people, according to Kirkton, only obeyed the laws as far as they recognised their equity. 'I fear all the bairns that are baptised by the curates, God reckons them as children of whoredom,' said a preacher, Mr. Frazer of Brae. In

[1] *Analecta*, vol. iv. p. 302. Wodrow thinks it 'indubitable,' but he is very credulous of everything but virtue in a bishop.

[2] Wodrow, vol. ii. p. 137, editor's note.

February, 1674, Mitchell, who had tried to murder Sharpe, was detected by him at the funeral of Robert Douglas, Sharpe's old friend, and was arrested by Sir William Sharpe and two of the archbishop's servants. A letter from Lauderdale's brother, Lord Halton, to Lord Kincardine (February 10, 1674), shows that he confessed his offence 'on assurance of his life,' given by the chancellor.[1] His confession he signed, and it was expected by Halton that he would lose his hand and be imprisoned in the Bass for life.

On February 12 Halton writes that Mitchell 'is remitted to the justice court to receive his indictment and sentence, to have his right hand cut off . . . and the forfeiture of his whole goods and property. This last part is not to be executed till his Majesty be acquainted, *because assurance of life was given him upon his confession.*'

On March 2 Mitchell was brought before the court, and his indictment was read. He denied the charge, and his case was adjourned to March 25. On March 12 the council passed an Act, announcing that Mitchell had made a voluntary confession before them of his share in the Rebellion of the Pentlands. He denied the attack on Sharpe, 'until having retired with a member of the said committee, he did con-

[1] Wodrow, vol. ii. p. 249.

fess upon his knees he was the person, upon assurance given him, by one of the committee, as to his life, who had warrant from the lord commissioner and secret council to give the same,' which he and the committee signed. Yet, on March 12, he refused to plead guilty, though assured that, if he did not, he would lose the benefit promised him on his confession. The lord commissioner and the committee therefore declare that they are freed from their promise, as Mitchell refuses to fulfil the conditions on which it was made. On March 25 he still refused to plead guilty. There was no proof but the confession, which he declined to acknowledge. He was sent to the Bass, and his case was deferred till January 1678.

The events that followed are the gravest stain on the character of Sharpe. In January 1676 Mitchell was tortured, refusing to acknowledge his confession, and speaking of his 'innocent blood.' His new trial began on January 7, 1678. Rothes, Halton, Lauderdale, and Sharpe all bore witness—Lauderdale that he gave no assurance of Mitchell's life; Halton that he heard no such assurance asked for or offered; Sharpe that no such assurance was given or asked for *before the Council.* Of the committee Sharpe was not a member.[1] Sharpe added that when Mitchell

[1] Wodrow, vol. ii. pp. 469, 470.

was first taken he promised that on his confession he would do his best for him. Mitchell then produced a copy of the Act of Council of March 12, 1674, already cited, in which the promise of his life is spoken of. The judges decided that the Act could not now be called for, 'by the law of the kingdom and practice of this court.' The registers were not produced, and the copy of the Act was not taken as evidence that assurance of life to Mitchell had been given. He was found guilty, and hanged.

Burnet's account of this affair is singular. First he says that Sharpe promised Mitchell's life to a friend of the prisoner's, who acted as go-between. This Sharpe denied; he said he would use his best endeavours if Mitchell confessed. Next Burnet says that Mitchell was advised by the judge, 'who hated Sharpe,' not to repeat his confession. 'A rare judge!' is Swift's annotation. In 1678 'Sharpe would have his life.' In the new trial the judge, Primrose, hating Sharpe, sent to Mitchell's counsel the copy of the Act of Council, acknowledging but withdrawing the promise. 'A rare judge!'

A day or two before the trial Primrose told Lauderdale and others that 'many thought there had been a promise.' Lauderdale had really forgotten all about it; he said it was impossible. Prim-

rose thought within himself (as he told Burnet), 'I have you now,' meaning that Lauderdale would perjure himself unwittingly. Unluckily Lord Kincardine, who remembered the letters of Lauderdale's brother (Lord Halton), could not find them. The letters were recovered after the verdict, and Lauderdale would have granted a reprieve but for Sharpe, says Burnet. 'Primrose did most inhumanly triumph in this matter,' averring that he had caused his enemies, Sharpe, and Lauderdale, and Halton, to damn themselves.[1]

We can see that Lauderdale and the rest showed almost incredible levity; as to Sharpe, we must judge between his word and that of Mitchell's friend. The defender of Sharpe, in 1723, remarks that the archbishop was not a member of the committee of the council which secretly promised to save Mitchell's life in exchange for his confession. He was not interrogated on what passed before the committee, but on what passed before the council. Yet the council, on March 12, 1674, acknowledged having authorised the promise. As to Sharpe's private promise he has given his own account of it, which may be taken as counterbalancing that of Mitchell's friend. It is one of those points on which, in an unwitnessed conversation, difference of opinion

[1] Burnet, vol. ii. pp. 127–134.

and of statement invariably arises. On the whole the charge of wilful perjury against Sharpe is, perhaps, 'not proven.' On the other hand he must have been aware of the Act of Council withdrawing the promise. Lauderdale and the rest may have forgotten it in so many years; but, when their attention was once drawn to it, their behaviour is unpardonable.

Primrose behaved, as Burnet says, more like a devil than a Christian. The letters of Halton led, in 1682, to Lauderdale's disgrace at the hands of the Duke of York and Charles.[1] Sharpe's share in the business, whatever it may have been, caused a plot for his murder eight days before Mitchell's death. As for the evidence of Burnet he hated Sharpe, on whom as a youth of twenty-one he used to inflict his precocious advice. Sharpe probably treated him with no great respect, and Burnet consistently attacks his memory. The whole business of Mitchell's trial increased the general hatred of Sharpe, and was remembered by his murderers.

In 1675 Sharpe had a quarrel with Ramsay, the Bishop of Dunblane, and severe letters passed. Dunblane hinted that written letters by Sharpe maintaining the divine right of presbytery, and

[1] Burnet, vol. ii. p. 307, Note A. From a MS. note by Lord Auchinleck, father of James Boswell, and grandson of Lord Kincardine, to whom the letters were written.

speaking of leaving the country should episcopacy be introduced, were extant. Sharpe answered, 'Better men than either you or I have, without any criminous imputation, changed their sentiments about the form of governments and public administrations.' He treats Ramsay's threat of revealing 'foul things' with perfect dignity and temper.

We may now pass to that famous event, the murder of Archbishop Sharpe on May 3, 1679. 'This bloody and perfidious man was cut off,' as Wodrow says, and 'I freely own that I do not approve.' He urges, however, that the homicide was unpremeditated. 'The people concerned had not the least view of this, or any design this way.'[1] He absurdly enough palliates the conduct of Hackston of Rathillet as a mere looker-on, and tries to prove that, as the assassins were only hunting for Carmichael, a person employed to harry Covenanters, their slaying of Sharpe was a hasty resolution suggested by the opportunity. The point is of little moment, but Wodrow is in the wrong, as a paper by one of the assassins preserved in Wodrow's own manuscript collections enables us to prove. This murderer was one James Russell, a good specimen of the extreme left of the covenant, a man of strange scruples, for example as to 'the lawfulness of

[1] Wodrow, vol. iii. p. 40.

paying at a toll-bar, or calling the days of the week by their Pagan names. He believed in divine messages conveyed in texts of scripture 'borne in' on the mind, and indeed long after his time this was a common tenet in Scotland.

According to Russell there was a meeting held in Gilston on April 8, 1679, to consider the ruffianly conduct of Carmichael and the soldiers at his command in bullying Fifeshire folk, torturing servants to extract evidence against their masters, and generally carrying out the policy of the Council. Hackston of Rathillet was present, among less known men. Little was done. On April 11 they met again at a miner's house beside Lathon. Here they determined to lie in wait for Carmichael. If he were found in Sharpe's house (the New Inn, *Hospitium Novum*, between St. Leonard's and the harbour), they all engaged or 'judged duty' to hang Sharpe and his subordinate 'over the port,' probably the old gateway still standing. So much for the absence of design on Sharpe. 'Many of the Lord's people and ministers judged duty long since not to suffer such a person' (as Sharpe) 'to live.' 'Other worthy Christians had used means to get him on the road before.' The meeting adjourned, and met at Walker's house in Lesly, on April 18. Hamilton of Kinkells sent a representative. There were other

meetings; the Lord's will was sought; Balfour, the famous Burley, was sent for. They also affixed a notice on the school door in Cupar, threatening all who ventured to buy their distrained goods. On May 2 they met at Gilston; thirteen met, but one was rejected. Hackston and Burley (John Balfour of Kinloch) were the gentlemen of the party. They slept in Black's barn at Baldinny; about 7 A.M. they heard that Carmichael was out hunting: they chased the Laird of Blebo, taking him for Carmichael, but Rathillet discovered that the object of their hatred had been warned, and returned to Cupar.

They now thought of dispersing, but Balfour told them how, being at his uncle's house of Paris, he had the word borne in on him, 'Go on and prosper!' which text he also lit on in 'Sortes Biblicæ,' a page of the Bible opened at random. Then came a boy from Mrs. Black, the farmer's wife at Baldinny, who was in the conspiracy, and who also wanted to kill the minister of Ceres, a friend of Sharpe's. The boy was sent back with a message, and returned at once. Mrs. Black had seen Sharpe's coach; the murderers too observed it 'between Ceres and Blebo Hole,' and cried, 'Truly, this is of God.' Russell remarked that he had enjoyed great out-lettings of the spirit: 'He could not be quit of the thoughts of Nero, and asked where he could get that scripture, for he could not

find it.' Indeed none of the Apostles, in their extant writings, suggest the killing of Nero. Russell added that he, with other godly men, had on several other occasions endeavoured to waylay Sharpe 'and some others' *before* the execution of Mitchell.

Rathillet declined to take the lead, as he was known to have a private dispute at law with Sharpe, as Norman Leslie had with the cardinal. However he 'would not leave them.' They galloped to Magus Moor; the bishop looked out of the carriage window; Russell cried, 'Judas, be taken!' They kept firing at the coach, throwing away their empty pistols. A pistol of the period, found on the moor and now the property of Mr. Hay Fleming, would be very innocuous at any but the shortest range. They stopped the coach, disarmed the archbishop's servant, cut down the postillion, and fired several shots into the coach, where the archbishop and his daughter were. Russell bade Judas come forth; he surrendered to Balfour, 'for I know you are a gentleman and will save my life; but I am gone already, and what needs more?' They then charged him with keeping back the Pentland pardon. He left the coach and fell on his knees, as did his daughter. They then hacked him at random, *and Balfour rode him down.* Russell 'hacked his head in pieces;'

they also stabbed him, his daughter having said to her servant that there was life in him.

According to Russell, not Sharpe, but Guilon, a weaver and one of the crew, begged Rathillet, sitting with his cloak over his mouth, to spare the archbishop. Guilon and Rathillet were the only men hanged for the deed, in which Miss Sharpe was also wounded.[1] Sharpe had sixteen great wounds, only one, as the surgeons testify, from a bullet;[2] his daughter was robbed of her papers, gold, and money, as we learn from a letter written immediately after the murder by William Sharpe, son of the archbishop.[3]

That Sharpe was regretted by 'a great multitude of people in Dunblane' is the statement of Russell, the murderer. Dunblane was north of the severely presbyterian line; it had known prelacy for some years in the example of the unworldly and admirable Leighton. In Dunblane the murderers called for a double gill of brandy, and jested much as Knox

[1] The story of the archbishop's address to Hackston of Rathillet, of his daughter's unfortunate speech, of the familiar spirit like a bumble bee in Sharpe's tobacco box, of the Archbishop's invulnerability to bullets, is in another manuscript of the Wodrow collection. In an account affixed to an edition of a libellous life of Sharpe, first published in his lifetime, it is said that he read in a prayer-book, 'which increased our surprize and indignation.' Scott may have thought of this in the scene where the Covenanters are about to kill Morton.

[2] *Life* (1723), p. lvii.

[3] In Appendix to Kirkton.

jests over the cardinal's slaughter. We need not follow them on their path to Drumclog, Bothwell Brig, Airsmoss, Tala Linn, Holland, or the Grass-market. Russell himself was a cause of violent schisms at the strange meeting of Tala Linn. The revolution of 1688 practically ended the reign of furious political preachers for that season, though McMillanites, 'glancing Glassites,' and a dozen other sects arose, sobered down, and became, in some cases, important presbyterian communities.

The private life and the Covenanting myths of Sharpe are full of local interest. From the book of his friend Martine, 'Reliquiæ Sancti Andreæ,' we infer that Sharpe resided, as a rule at least, in the New Inns, 'the present house which hath belonged to and been inhabited by the archbishops ever since the annexation of the priorie to the archbishop. It is very well in repair and of late much bettered than formerlie'[1] (p. 190). Martine is speaking of repairs which were probably executed for Sharpe.[2] Though Sharpe is also said to have inhabited a house in South Street, we may decide, in the interests of the picturesque, that the New Inns was the palace from whose gate Russell and the rest agreed to hang him. Here, too, we may place the curious tale of Sharpe's

[1] Lamont's *Diary* confirms this statement.

[2] Martine throws lilies from full hands on the grave of Sharpe, praising his 'wisdom, courage, zeal, and prudence.'

double, or wraith, which is of the kind examined by the Society of Psychical Research. We owe the story to Wodrow.[1] Sharpe was in Edinburgh examining the prisoners taken at Pentland, and he needed a paper which lay in a certain 'shotle' or shelf of his cabinet in the New Inns. He sent his running footman to look for it, and the man, leaving Edinburgh at ten, reached St. Andrews at four on a summer afternoon, having run very fast. 'When he opened the closet door and looked in, he saw the bishop sitting at a table near the window as if he had been reading and writing, with his black gown and tippet, and his broad hat which did surprize the fellow at first, though he was not much terrified; for being of a hardie frolick temper, or a little hollowed as we called it, he spake to him myrrily thus: "Ho, my lord! well ridden indeed! I am sure I left you at Edinburgh at ten o'clock, and yet you are here before me. I wonder that I saw you not pass by me." The bishop looked over his shoulder to him with a sour and frowning countenance, but spoke not a word.' The footman ran downstairs and called the steward; they both saw the archbishop standing 'on the stair-head,' looking angry. Soon after the footman found the room empty, took the paper, and next day told Sharpe the story. The

[1] *Analecta*, vol. iv. p. 104.

archbishop bade him hold his tongue about it. This footman may have been the Andrew Wallace disarmed by the murderers.

Another time the Council was trying Janet Douglas, a witch, when Sharpe told her that she might be sent to Barbadoes.[1] She asked him who was with him at midnight on Saturday. The bishop 'turned black and pale.' Rothes, to the delight of that sinner, was informed by Janet that Sharpe had been closeted with 'the meekle black devil'! Sharpe is also accused of having plagiarised a sermon, for which offence a lady refused to marry him.

Among people who may have missed Sharpe were 'the poor at my lord's gates,' often mentioned in the accounts kept for the archbishop by George Martine, author of the 'Reliquiæ.' Among books we find Sharpe buying Donne's 'Sermons,' 'three Spanish books and maps,' 'books for William Sharpe' (25*l.*), Buchanan's 'Psalms,' 'Sallust and Ovid,' 'A Dissuasive from Popery.' The 'Mystery of Conventicles,' Paget's 'Heresiography.' 'Violers in the Abbey,' and 'The Poor in the Abbey' are mentioned, in which part of the abbey we know not. We find 'the silver staffs' carried before Sharpe,[2] so they cannot then have been in Kennedy's tomb. The amounts paid for

[1] Witches were still burned, but it appears that they suffered less than in the two previous decades.

[2] *Household Book*, p. 533.

good cheer are very considerable; the donations to the poor do not exceed nor rival Montrose's largesses; but the author of the 'Life' testifies to more important charities, secretly bestowed. Seventy-two pounds is paid for an ivory cabinet, 120*l.* for the jewelled setting of the king's miniature. William Sharpe's golf balls and clubs are occasionally mentioned, and here be the expenses for pipes smoked with Lauderdale, 'the ashes of the weed of their delight.' Sharpe was clearly a rich man, for he bought Scotscraig, and, in 1669, Strathtyrum, close to St. Andrews; but he had obtained a good estate with his wife, whose father disinherited his own son as 'a loose character.'[1] It may also be noted that Mr. Robert Blair, no archbishop, purchased the lands of Clermont in Fifeshire, so some Presbyterian preachers were men of means.[2] It is not certain that Sharpe ever resided at Strathtyrum, where his initials are extant on the entablature of an old dovecot.

His bloody gown was laid on the coffin before the pulpit during the funeral ceremony. His son erected the curious and interesting monument in the town kirk. The archbishop kneels in marble, an angel offers him the martyr's crown; below is represented the scene of the murder. The archbishop's features are the mild, sagacious, and benignant lineaments

[1] Lamont. [2] Lamont's *Diary*.

familiar to us in engravings from Lely's portrait. In 1725 the tomb was 'destroyed;' probably its contents were rifled. A reward for the discovery of the offenders was offered by the town and by Sir James Sharpe of Strathtyrum. The monument is now in a seemly condition, and the silver communion plate presented by Sharpe is in use. The exact spot of Sharpe's slaying is commemorated by a small cairn in a damp little wood near Magus Moor.

Outside of the wood is a tombstone in memory of five prisoners from Bothwell Brig, who refused to promise not to take up arms again in defiance of the king. They were hanged in chains on the scene of the murder. Of Sharpe's assassins only two were executed, Hackston and Guilon, the two who dealt no blow. Hence the Covenanters decided that heaven approved of the enterprise; but why heaven should not also have protected Hackston and Guilon does not appear. Hackston had a descendant who fought for the prince in the '45.

Here we leave the last famous historical character who illustrates St. Andrews, for Claverhouse, though he studied here, had no other connection with the place. An attempt has been made to deal impartially with the character of Sharpe. He changed sides; so did Mr. James Guthrie, who began life as an Episcopalian, took the Covenant at Samuel

Rutherford's, and met the hangman as he left the house!

Politicians constantly change sides, but their ways grow darker when they are ecclesiastics and great personal gainers by the manœuvre. All this we might now forgive Sharpe; his acquiescence in the use of torture we can never forgive. We cannot estimate the exact measure of his guilt or innocence in the case of Mitchell. If there be anything in physiognomy, and if Sharpe was a bad man, he sinned against a good nature.

CHAPTER XII

THE DECAY OF ST. ANDREWS—DR. JOHNSON

After the murder of the archbishop, and after the revolution of 1688, St. Andrews inevitably dwindled and decayed. The town which Knox, Winram, and the rest of the godly described, when writing to Beza in 1666, as 'the most flourishing city for divine and human learning in Scotland,' became a peculiarly filthy and starveling village. Sharpe was succeeded by Archbishop Burnet (1679–84), who was *felix opportunitate mortis*, and died before his Church was overthrown. His successor, Arthur Ross, is chiefly notable for signing a loyal address to James II., from the University, in 1688.

When the Prince of Orange succeeded to the throne, the bishops of the Scotch Church might have made terms with him. But their principles made it impossible that they should pray for him; their Church was disestablished; their clergy had to

suffer by extrusion from their benefices and by the ruffianism of the mob. The Jacobite regents and professors were turned out of the University in 1696. Presbyterianism came to its own, but the Covenant was left in the lurch, to the horror of the Cameronians.

The utter decay and destitution of the town is proved by an attempt made, in 1697, to shift the University to Perth. The professors complained that St. Andrews was in a remote nook, yet too near both Edinburgh and Glasgow. As the professors aver that in 1696 they subsisted entirely on the fees of students, and as students were scarce, their poverty may be imagined. Mr. John Craigie declared that St. Andrews lacked the most usual commodities. Victuals were dear; clothes, shoes, and hats had to be brought from Edinburgh. The water supply was polluted by dirty clothes, dead fish, and other horrors. The air was thin and piercing; 'nitre grows upon the walls where fires are used, if there be a window to the north.' Pestilences were common. The place was 'now only a village where farmers dwell, the whole streets are filled with dunghills, which are exceedingly noisome, and ready to infect the air, especially at this season, when the herring-guts are exposed in them.'

The inhabitants have 'a great aversion to learning and learned men,' probably despising them for their

notorious want of skill at golf. No burgess had ever been a scholar, none had ever bequeathed a penny to the University; only one local person (the librarian) had ever been qualified to make a livelihood by his brains. Town and Gown riots were fearful: the Town brought up cannon to the college gates, and one of them drew a whinger on Dr. Skene within the college. On the other hand, the students had conceived the spirited project of burning down the town; and, on the whole, a city less academic than St. Andrews was after the revolution can scarcely be conceived. To say that a burning enthusiasm for letters and learned men, or an entire absence of ancient and fishlike smells, is even now a characteristic of the city would be to exaggerate unpardonably. But cannon and whingers and fire-raising have for some time been obsolete. The scheme for removing the University was unsuccessful, though the town of Perth made some handsome offers.

An accident which occurred in 1709 need not detain us. Some students, boating in the bay, were driven out to sea, and did not make land for nearly a week. Two of them died soon after coming ashore near Aberdeen. An engraving was executed to commemorate the event, and may be seen in the University library.

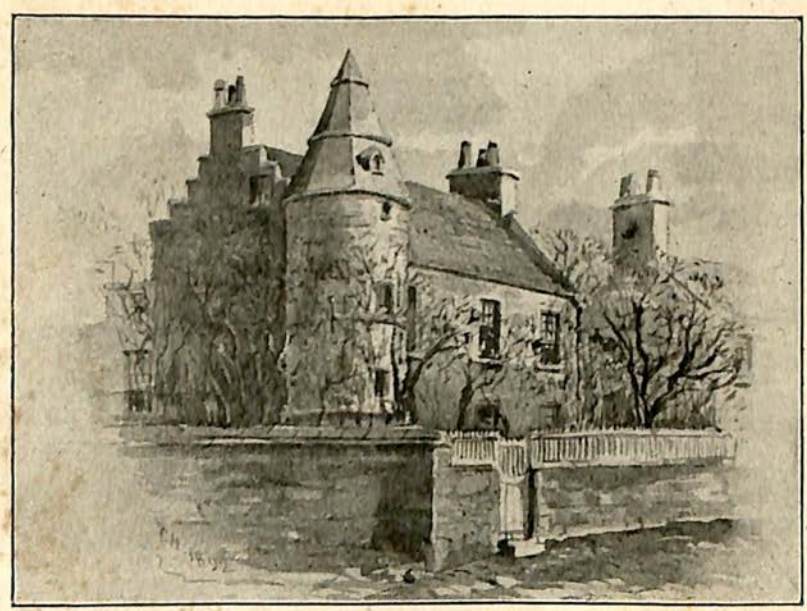
In the '15, or rather '16, a St. Leonard's man, Arthur Ross, robbed a carrier of some Whiggish warrants, and was sentenced to be whipped by the Greek professor! There was a cruel lack of romance in this punishment of loyalty. Other St. Leonard's men rang the bells on the day when James VIII. was proclaimed, and altogether St. Leonard's was true to the White Rose and the Lost Cause.

In 1727 St. Mary's was burned, with Principal Haldane in it. In the '45, as the author is informed, Prince Charles's cavalry entered the town as the congregation was leaving church, and enlisted only three men. One of these persevered in the cause till Culloden, and for some time lay hidden in the vaults of the old priory. When the king (the wrong king) was prayed for in church, he put on his bonnet and walked out. Our hearts warm to this loyalist—this Abdiel in a nest of Whiggery. The Chevalier Johnstone, in his own romantic escape after Culloden, came to St. Andrews. Here is his testimony:—

'It was full of the accursed race of Calvinists, hypocrites who cover over their crimes with the veil of religion; fraudulent and dishonest in their dealings; who carry their holy dissimulation so far as to take off their bonnets to say grace when they take even a pinch of snuff; who have the name of

God constantly in their mouths, and hell in their hearts. No town ever so much deserved the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah.'[1]

Thus the Chevalier. His annotator, Mr. Young, declares that St. Andrews was Jacobite and Episcopalian; that Sharpe was much regretted.[2] The



OLD HOUSE NEAR ST. SALVATOR'S

Covenanters used yearly to assemble at Magus Moor, where the captives from Bothwell Brig were hanged, and march on the town to burn Sharpe's monument. But they were always prevented by the townsmen in

[1] *Memoirs*, Third Edition, 1822.

[2] A descendant of his, in 1710–1714, won the silver arrow, and calls himself 'Collegii Sancti Leonardi alumnus addictissimus.'

arms. The truth is that certain moneys accrued to the town as long as the monument should be kept up. The Chevalier says that the mob had arrested a Jacobite the day before he limped into the town. He had a kinswoman in St. Andrews, who only directed him to a farmer, with a request for the loan of a horse. The farmer said, 'She cannot make me profane the Lord's day,' and would not lend the steed. The chapel furniture of the Episcopalians was burned in the street, according to a tradition of Mr. Lyons; the man who burned it became paralysed. The University disgraced itself by conferring the Chancellorship on the Butcher Cumberland. The rebellion had to be suppressed, but Cumberland's cruelties are undeniable and are unforgiven.

In 1747 the colleges of St. Salvator's and St. Leonard's were united. St. Leonard's had been burned, but had the better income; St. Salvator's had the buildings which, in a very distressing state, lasted till the middle of the nineteenth century. From 'Some Historical Remarks on the City of St. Andrews'[1] we learn more about the decay both of town and University. There were 945 houses, of which 159 were in ruins. Of the 4,000 inhabitants, many were 'idle and half-starved.' 'The private houses have been sumptuous and stately, most of

[1] London, 1728.

them well painted, or wainscotted with oak.' In 1892 an old house in College Street was taken down; a door in it was of oak, excellently carved with the arms and initials of one of the Lermonts of Dairsie, a Provost of the town about 1550. The college 'cloysters' and rooms 'have been very magnificent and convenient,' but were dilapidated in 1728. The Principal's salary is stated at 60*l.* yearly. St. Leonard's was then in good repair. The harbour 'is in a very miserable and pitiable condition;' the pier was 'beaten down' by tempests; if the pier were carried to the point of the rocks, 'no harbour could be more safe, or of easier access.' The shipwrecks were frequent, vessels being unable to make the harbour. The holes wherein the posts of an old wooden pier stood are still visible; it was ruined in 1655; the next pier, built out of the castle, was broken in 1698.

As in 1728, we have still shipwrecks, and a pier so inadequate that it causes great difficulties to the trade of the fishing population. But we still wait for the contributions of the Christians to whom our old author made his unavailing appeal.

It was to this dreary, dilapidated, but still picturesque St. Andrews that Boswell carried Dr. Johnson in 1773. Once more we find a great man in the town whither so many and so famous had

flocked of old. What Boswell writes on the visit is so accessible that to make a summary of it seems almost superfluous. The travellers drove from Cupar (August 18). 'We had a dreary drive in a dark night. We found a good supper in Glass's inn, and Dr. Johnson revived agreeably.' Before he revived Boswell may have had much to suffer. From a print of about 1830, showing Market Street (the home of our last witch) with Glass's inn prominent, on the right-hand side as you go towards the cathedral, it seems probable that here Johnson had the good supper. An ugly modern house occupies the site. The Doctor praised the St. Andrews Latin verses in 'The Muse's Welcome to King James' (1617), and averred that we lost our learning in the Civil Wars. 'But for that —— League and Covenant our longs and shorts' (elegiacs) 'would be as good as yours,' said an old Scotch gentleman long ago. Pitcairne's tribute to Dundee,

ULTIME SCOTORUM,

does not reflect credit on the Scotland which survived the Covenant. From Glass's, Bozzy and the Doctor made a procession by candle-light to St. Leonard's; the grounds and remaining buildings were 'quite academical.'

With Dr. Watson, to whom, after the union of the Colleges, one of the houses was sold very cheap,

they remained during their stay. In the streets the Doctor found 'the silence and solitude of inactive indigence and gloomy depopulation.' 'By some civil excuse' he was always prevented from entering the chapel of St. Leonard's. 'Where there is shame there may be virtue.' Boswell says he did not see St. Rule's. He could not have missed it, as he saw the cathedral, remarking there that to differ from a man in doctrine 'was no reason for pulling his house about his ears.' 'I hope John Knox is buried in the highway,' he said. 'I have been looking at his reformations.' The Doctor walked uncovered on the consecrated ground; 'it was a very fine day.' 'He talked loudly of a proper retirement from the world,' which would not have suited the Doctor at all. 'He wanted to mount the steeple, but it could not be done,' though the stair in St. Rule's must surely have been practicable. 'Amidst all these sorrowful scenes,' he concluded, 'I have no objection to dinner.' They visited the castle. Of the library, Principal Morison told the Doctor that 'we had no such repository of books in England.' The professors gave them a very good dinner, and he repeated to them the Latin grace of his college, Pembroke. They visited Sharpe's monument and St. Salvator's, where Dr. Johnson admired the chapel, but the key of the library, very characteristically,

could not be found. A nonjuring clergyman was 'strutting about in his canonicals, with a jolly countenance, and a round belly like a well-fed monk,' happy, perhaps, in the hopes then entertained of a child to be born to 'the fairest fair,' Louisa of Stolberg, the wife of Charles III. About such hopes we read in the MS. of a nonjuring clergyman of the day, 'The Lyon in Mourning' of Bishop Forbes. At Dr. Watson's they met Miss Sharpe, the Archbishop's great-granddaughter, and in the vaults of the priory they saw a poor old woman whose husband's ancestors had owned the house, and who counted kin with the Bruces. The Doctor beheld but one tree in the garden of Colonel Nairne, who had been out in the '45 on the Hanoverian side, and had been employed to batter down the castle of his fathers.

The Doctor left St. Andrews 'filled with mournful images and ineffectual wishes.' He had been 'gratified by every mode of kindness and entertained with all the elegance of lettered hospitality.'

He did not know that a young student was to make a poem ridiculing the 'good dinner,' and proposing, as more suitable, fearful Scotch messes—haggis, skait, sheep's-head, sowens, and similar delicacies. The student was Robert Ferguson, whom Burns hailed as his master, whose tomb he raised

at his own charges. Two or three of Ferguson's poems deal with student life here; mainly with beer-drinking in the lodge of the janitor, and with archery, then more fashionable than golf. Ferguson is our only modern poet, our harmless Villon—a noisy, lively lad, full of whisky, and melancholy, and religious fears. He died in a madhouse at about the age of twenty-four; 'he died cured,' as far as the fever of his brain was concerned. Scotland has done very little honour to him: St. Andrews has forgotten him. A copy of his works could not be purchased here; yet Burns's generosity did not over-estimate his promise, the veracity, as we may call it, of his genius —a genius lucid, pathetic, sad, and wildly gay, but wholly destitute of passion. Like many poets, he did little at college but versify, sing, drink, and divert himself. He had to go down, and, in Edinburgh, his constitution did not long resist a career of cheap conviviality, tempered by some amusing and harmless escapades. He died in the year after Johnson's visit.

We turn to another less famous St. Andrews man, whose amiable life is chronicled in a book most unconsciously diverting—'Poems,' by the late George Monck Berkeley, Esq., LL.B., F.S.S.A., with a preface by the editor.[1] The editor is Mr. Berkeley's

[1] London, 1797.

mother. The preface consists of 630 pages, the poems occupy 212. Berkeley was the grandson of the bishop. His mother prattles about Berkeley and all other topics in a style which would have rejoiced him who 'admired to see the simplicity and harmlessness of a lady'—Mr. Pepys. Never was a more garrulous old lady, never a lady more addicted to italics

Young Berkeley, on leaving Eton, wished some time to pass before entering at Oxford, that his school friends might go down and he escape the temptation to hunt twice a week. He therefore chose St. Andrews, and 'almost every peer and man of fortune in Fife' called on his dear parents. Mrs. Berkeley most justly calls Scotland 'The land of *kind* hospitality.' They knew Lord Monboddo and his lovely daughter, and Dr. Reid, the philosopher. Mrs. Berkeley thus describes St. Andrews:

'On entering the city at the Argyle Port' (the west end of South Street), 'your eye is greeted with a noble wide street, one mile in length, and at the lower end of a noble breadth, with stone houses, most of them disfigured by what is termed *a fore-stair*, that is, an open staircase on the outside, in a zigzag manner across the front of the house, and a huge *smidie* (she means *midden*) a dunghill!' . . . As for the town, 'John Knox *preached* it into ruin by removing an archbishop, dean, and eight resident

prebendaries, who fed the hungry, clothed the naked, and administered to the wants of the sick and needy, who are all now starving. On a full sight of this dreary, deserted city, Mr. Berkeley wept to think he was to remain, if God spared his life, three long years in it.' Moved by the young man's tears and by the death of Johnson's friend Watson, Mr. Berkeley offered to return to England; but George said that, 'let him suffer what he might,' he would stay. 'He shed more tears at leaving St. Andrews than he drew sighs at entering it.'

Here follows a story of old student life, which it would be a pity to abridge, as we have so few:

It is to be hoped that the relation of a little adventure which Mr. Berkeley met with during his residence at St. Andrews may be pardoned. A very few days before the term began in autumn, Mr. Berkeley, who was at that time a very keen sportsman, was told by the son of the professor of medicine, a very sensible young man, now settled in Canada, that, if he wished it, he could lead him to a place where ptermagants abounded. The youths set out, marched several miles, night overtook them, and they wandered in a very dark evening, unable to find the road. At length the moon began to appear, and presented to their view a figure all in white. Mr. Berkeley soon learned to speak Scotch so perfectly as at any time throughout his life to be mistaken, whenever he wished it, for a true Scot, which often amused his friends or strangers of that country, which his mother ever termed 'The land of kind hospitality,' a proof whereof will soon appear.

Mr. Berkeley accosted the young woman with 'Lassie, whither gang ye?'

Lassie: 'To yon house, laddie.'

Mr. B.: 'Can we get lodging there to-night?'

Lassie: 'Hoo can we ask that question with these weapons in your hand? They *must* lodge ye.'

Mr. B.: 'God forbid that we should attempt to *force* anyone to

lodge *us*, and to convince you how harmless we are I will instantly discharge my piece.'

Mr. Berkeley immediately fired off a fine double-barreled gun, and requested his friend to follow his example. They then escorted the nymph above a quarter of a mile to the house, where Mr. Berkeley refused to enter until permission was obtained by their kind guide, who went in alone. In a minute out rushed a bevy of fair nymphs, more than twenty, with a matron in the rear, who very wisely began examining them—how they came on that wild heath at that hour, who and what they were. Mr. Berkeley, being spokesman, assured them that they were honest young men, students of St. Andrews. Still they were distrusted.

At length, fortunately for them, a young woman espied a youth in a Highland dress, and going up to him asked who he was.

Servant: 'Who? Why, I am servant to that tall gentleman.'

Young Woman: 'And who is he?'

Servant: 'Why, Mr. Berkeley, secondary at St. Andrews.'

Young Woman: 'Where does he come from to keep a servant at college?'

Servant: 'Why, from England.'

Young Woman: 'From what part of England?'

Servant: 'Why, from Canterbury. My master's father is one of the prebendaries there, and is a gentleman of *great* family.'

Mr. Berkeley used to laugh when relating this conversation, and say, 'All M'Nicoll's account of my father's dignity in the Church availed me no more than they will do in the world of spirits.' But luckily, some one asked Mr. Berkeley's Highlander, 'Who was his master's companion?' to which he, being irritated, replied, 'What does that signify? He is son of Dr. Flint, of St. Andrews.' The magical name of Flint, as Mr. Berkeley used to say, 'acted like a charm.' Dr. Flint is a most incomparable physician. Mr. Flint was immediately examined and cross-examined, and it was determined to admit them, they delivering up their guns to the nymphs. Mr. Berkeley, with his usual elegant gallantry, instantly delivered his into the hands of their kind guide. They then went into the house, being almost starved with cold and sadly tired. Plenty of food and a good fire soon re-animated them. Still they saw nothing but females, all clothed in white. No man appeared. The men were attending to the corn. At length they all agreed that it was time to set off—melancholy news, as Mr. Berkeley used to say, to a couple of young men. Whither were they to go? 'Could not the beaux escort them?' They replied: 'To a neighbouring harvest home, to a dance.' Mr. Berkeley, who was a remarkably fine dancer and loved it exceedingly, jumped up, forgot

all the fatigues of the day, and said that he and his friend would attend them. Their hospitable and sensible hostess replied: 'Oh, sir, it is not such a ball as you have been used to in England; there will be only farmers' daughters. I will have the pleasure of endeavouring to entertain you and Mr. Flint here.' Mr. Berkeley, with his usual engaging politeness, said: 'There will be *your* daughters, madam, and our kind conductress to your hospitable roof.' The young men went and danced in the barn till four in the morning, slept soundly, as may be guessed, till near noon, took an excellent breakfast (even Dr. Johnson liked the breakfasts in Scotland), and, after inviting his kind hostess and her son to dine at his father's house at St. Andrews, when either business or pleasure called them to that ancient city, took their leave. The young man went once or twice to Dr. Berkeley's. Mr. Berkeley, who was born with what is commonly though falsely called a princely spirit, although not to a princely fortune, did not think a few grateful speeches an adequate return for being rescued from sleeping among the heather on the heath, but sent his worthy landlady some fine prints, elegantly framed and glazed, to adorn her parlour, with which he had great pleasure in finding she was much delighted.

One of the commissions which visited St. Andrews found the windows of St. Leonard's in great need of the glazier. The reason may have been this. At the beginning of each term the porter collected five shillings from each student for the windows he might break. The money was never returned, so the men broke all the windows at the end of each term. Berkeley was asked to join, 'for no reason; it has been done from time immemorial.' Berkeley declined; he had never broken windows at Eton, and was not going to begin. The immemorial practice was therefore dropped, but the money was still collected. The porter told a friend of Berkeley's about a poor student who, having but one crown to keep him all the session, had spent sixpence thereof, and

was obliged to surrender the rest. A subscription, 'very noble,' was raised among the Scotch and English students. The boy's father had but three cows, and sold one to send him to St. Andrews. 'All the lower' (poorer) 'students study by firelight.' 'He brought with him a large tub of oatmeal, and a pot of salted butter, on which to subsist from October 20 to May 20.' Berkeley and his friend, Kincaldrum, by an arrangement with the cook, paid his battels for the term.

Berkeley lived in his father's house, and did not dine in hall. At St. Leonard's, in 1740, as the minutes show, there were 'boarders' at high table, a kind of gentlemen commoners. Their breakfast commons were one half loaf and one mutchkin of milk, and of bread and ale at supper as formerly. A bursar (exhibitioner) had 'one third of a scone, and a mutchkin of ale or milk,' which he had to fetch from the buttery, or 'pantry.' The portioner had to eat in the pantry.

No doubt great poverty was endured by some students, while others were public school men, with plenty of money. The author met once, in the quadrangle, a very old gentleman, who told him about the ancient days when students lived in the damp and dirty rooms of old St. Salvator's. He had seen one of them peeling his potatoes with his razor.

There appears to have been no debating society at that time, for Berkeley instituted one called *Literarii Viginti*. The principal and professors used to attend the debates. Prize exercises were delivered in the room where the cavalier prisoners were tried. Duels were not unknown. An English student insulted Berkeley, telling him that he was 'a coward, and afraid to fight.' Berkeley sent a challenge; his second was a Mr. Price.[1] 'The ground was measured, the pistols delivered, and the swords ready,' when Price extracted an apology from the offender. 'So this frightful affair ended.' Mrs. Berkeley accuses the shopkeepers of being 'wonderfully saucy and surly.' 'There is nothing in the world I enjoy so much as insulting a woman. I always did; and if she's a lady I like it ten times better,' said one of these bullies. 'He lived in North Street, and was a true disciple of the brutal John Knox' (p. dcxi). Wrecks were common. 'Well, now Rogers *is* happy; he is posting off to a wreck, with three or four bottles and blankets innumerable,' says Berkeley about an English friend.

These are all the scraps about St. Andrews which analysis can extract from a prodigious mass of prattle, the most disjointed chat ever offered by a fond mother to the world.

[1] *Poems*, lxxi.

A Mr. Cherry, a distinguished lawyer, was an ancestor of Berkeley's, and had once made a gallant, but fruitless, attempt to convert James VIII. He despatched a missionary at his private expense. James was obstinate in his errors, but not ungrateful. He sent a ring to Mr. Cherry, and the mere possession of this ring in the family made Berkeley a welcome guest all over the Highlands. He died at the age of twenty-nine, and, with all allowance for maternal partiality, seems to have been a fine, good-hearted, brave, and open-handed young fellow. Mrs. Berkeley presented his poems, and her preface, to the University, and an engraving of his portrait hangs in the room where he delivered his prize exercises.

CHAPTER XIII

RECENT ST. ANDREWS—DR. CHALMERS

In the course of these studies we have usually found an ecclesiastic dominating St. Andrews, and marking it with his own stamp. Bishop Robert, Lamberton, the Beatons, Knox, the Melvilles, Rutherford, Archbishop Sharpe have succeeded each other; the controversy of the Marrow had its forgotten heroes, and early in the nineteenth century we meet Dr. Chalmers. He had left St. Andrews long before the disruption and the rise of the Free Kirk. 'Your pot will be as black as ours when it has gone to the fire as long,' said a humorous friend of the old faith in the days when 'the Trewth' was new. Alas! 'the pot' was broken in half when it had gone to the fire for but three hundred years, or less. But Dr. Chalmers's share in shattering it forms no part of our subject; we have only to deal with his education here, and his brief tenure of the Moral Philosophy Chair.

Dr. Chalmers was born at Anstruther, where James Melville had been minister, on March 17, 1780. At

school he was a strong boy, idle and merry, with a taste for preaching, which came as naturally to a Scotch child of that age as acting comes to others. In November 1791, before he was twelve years old, he entered the United College. The classes must have been almost elementary in their work, or the time must have been wasted. Chalmers knew scarce any Latin—Dr. Hunter's scholarship must have been thrown away on him: he was chiefly distinguished in golf, football (afterwards forbidden in 1826), and fives.

To mathematics, as his intellect awoke, he gave much more attention. 'The chilling influence of Moderatism' made him regard 'all that is properly and peculiarly gospel' with some indifference. Of course there was later a reaction in favour of evangelical doctrines. At that time, and later, the divinity students used to conduct prayers in hall, and the townspeople were allowed to be present. Even at sixteen Chalmers was master of his rather profuse and magniloquent rhetoric, and the St. Andrews people flocked to listen. For a people naturally self-contained in most circumstances, the Scotch are curiously rhetorical, in a style marked rather by abundance and fervour than by finish and research. A good deal of Dr. Chalmers's work is really more remote in style from the literary manner of to-day than

is the composition of Knox. His ideas are rolled on a stream of long Latin words, precipitate and sonorous, *ruit profusus.* He took part in the discussions of a theological debating society, of which John Campbell (Lord Campbell) and Leyden, the friend of Scott, were members. It is said that just before the disruption (1841) Dr. Chalmers encouraged his followers by repeating, among other things, a passage from an old college essay of his own on the enthusiasm of the early Christians. It was, apparently, after Chalmers left St. Mary's and went to a tutorship in the country that an action of the noblest courage was performed here by a divinity student, Mr. John Honey. On New Year's Day, 1800, a ship was wrecked on the sands to eastward of the town. The surf was terrible; and though the sailors could be seen through the sleet and spindrift, none of the fishermen dared venture to swim out with a rope. Mr. Honey volunteered; he was roped and sprang into the surf. His friends on shore, doubting his ability to reach the vessel, began to drag him back. With a knife which he carried in his teeth he severed the rope, reached the ship, and brought a rope ashore. The crew were too weak and unnerved to use it, and Mr. Honey swam seven times to the vessel, each time returning with a rescued man. The last left go twice; twice Honey dived for him and brought him

SOUTH STREET: BEFORE THE TREES

back. He was injured by a spar; his health never recovered its vigour, and Dr. Chalmers preached his funeral sermon in 1814.

Since that time there have been many wrecks. One ship was lost within a short distance of the shore, where among the helpless lookers-on were students in the grotesque masquerading dresses of Kate Kennedy's day, a kind of carnival recently abolished. In 1891 a vessel was driven into the eastern bay, and all the morning could be seen, a ghostly shape in the mist. She let down two anchors, and efforts were made to launch the lifeboat, but the surf rendered this impossible. A crew of fishers went further along the coast eastwards to Boarhills, where lay a disused lifeboat of unapproved construction; the door of the boat-house was silted up with sand, the escape-pipes were choked. Nevertheless they launched her, taking their lives in their hands, dropped down on the vessel with the wind, and rowed for the east sands. It was terrible to see the boat, now high on a crest, now absolutely drowned in the breaking wave. Two men were swept overboard; they were rescued, however, and the fishermen with the crew of the vessel were landed in safety. It was an act of the noblest gallantry and devotion, as the boat was, and was known to be, unfit to outride the storm.

In 1802 Dr. Chalmers became Assistant Professor of Mathematics at St. Andrews. He seems to have made mathematics interesting, 'with applications and illustrations of the most lively nature.' A beauty and a glory hung over his demonstrations of geometry which kindled the most glowing emotions in every breast. In Mr. Todhunter's excellent Euclid this glory and beauty are absent, and Dr. Chalmers must have been singular as a mathematical professor if he could invest his topic with a glow of 'generous sentiment.' He asked his pupils whether any of them 'laboured under the discouraging impression' that Nature had unfitted them for an effectual prosecution of this science.' He bade them 'contemplate the fame of the illustrious dead who trod the lofty paths of discovery.' Discovery is all very well, but a congenital incapacity for mastering a single proposition of Euclid is a fact in some human natures. Euclid's arid work was, in the Professor's opinion, 'one of the few books which elevate our respect for antiquity.' Perhaps Dr. Chalmers was not very familiar with the works of Homer, the tragedians, the philosophers, the poets of Greece. Perhaps something in their genius was alien to his own. In any case his almost exclusive admiration of Euclid must have been unpleasant to the Greek professor.

Curiously enough, after appeals to the genius

of Discovery and the shade of Newton, the students at the end of the session knew even less of mathematics than usual. This may have been the result of Dr. Chalmers's well-meant effort to carry the whole class along with him. In mathematics, at all events, this cannot be done. The 'hard-grained muses of the cube and square' do not win some hearts at all, and a whole class must wait while some Macaulay declines or is unable to cross the ass's bridge. Consequently the assistant and the professor were at feud; and, at the examination in the hall, Chalmers 'broke out into a severe invective against Professor Vilant,' the professor in chief. 'The speech was long and sarcastic.' (1803.) Yet, after this early exhibition, the University, twenty years later, made Dr. Chalmers Professor of Moral Philosophy.

In 1803 his chief dismissed Chalmers, at which we need not marvel after his unseemly exhibition. He returned to St. Andrews and gave 'extra-mural' instruction in mathematics. He felt that he might conceivably be thought 'a fire-brand of turbulence and mischief.'

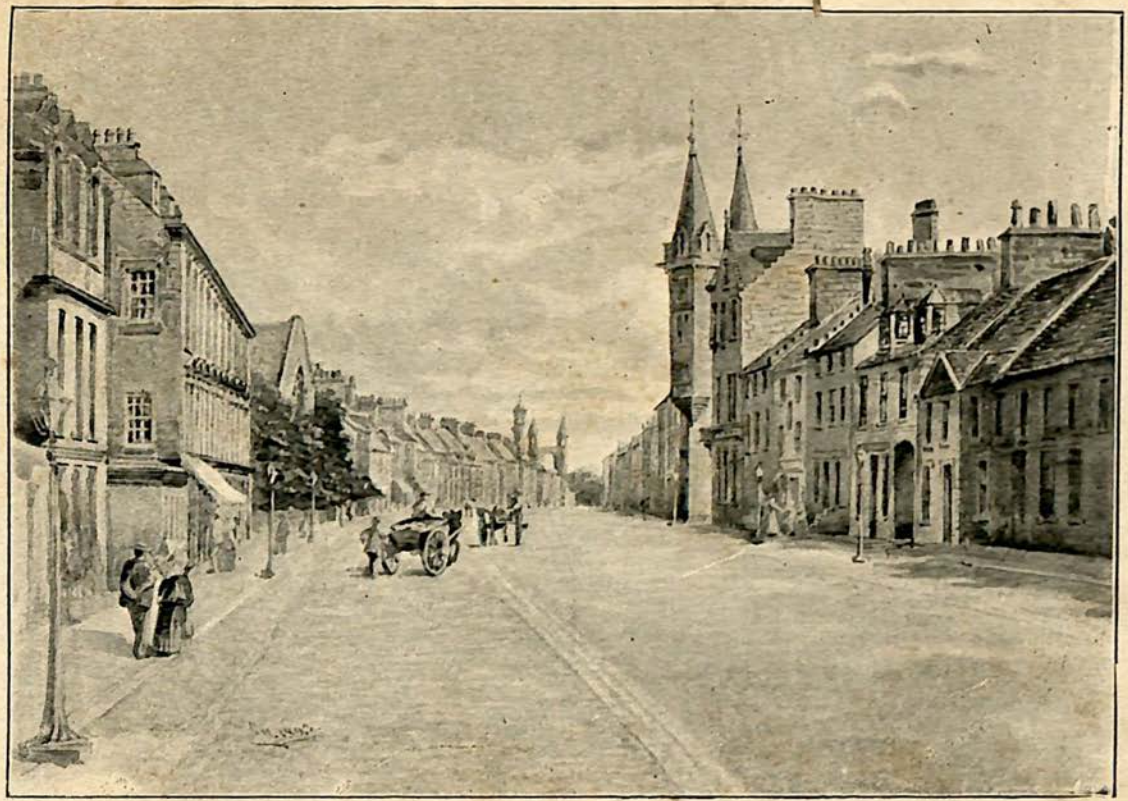
Meeting a Dr. R. in the street, Chalmers saluted him as 'the author of a false and impudent calumny.' Dr. R. was, apparently, Dr. Rotherham.

St. Andrews was again a vivacious place. John Knox, Andrew Melville, Samuel Rutherford, Dr.

Chalmers—how vigorously they have enlivened the local 'bowers,' as Dr. Chalmers afterwards called the colleges in a vein of eloquence somewhat Anacreontic. He added chemistry to the topics of his instruction. At this time he was minister of Kilmany, which he visited on Sundays. On workadays he defended geology. 'The writings of Moses do not fix the antiquity of the globe,' as indeed Colet had argued three hundred years earlier in Oxford.

Some of the ministers objected to Chalmers's conduct, and he denounced 'ecclesiastical persecution.' After an active career as minister at Kilmany and in Glasgow, Dr. Chalmers, without application from himself, was unanimously elected to the Chair of Moral Philosophy here in 1823. This proves that the early feuds had been forgiven or forgotten. His fame for eloquence was great in the land. On November 14, 1823, he delivered his inaugural lecture. 'I never thought that on this side of time I should have been permitted to wander in arbours so desirable . . . embowered among my most delicious recollections.' In his farewell speech at Glasgow the same flowery components marked his style. 'My footsteps have been lured into a most congenial resting-place, among whose academic bowers Rutherford and Halyburton spent the evening of their days.'

Alas! the bowers and arbours were soon to hear



SOUTH STREET: NEW TOWN HALL

the din of academic warfare, a warfare in which, at least on one point, Dr. Chalmers was conspicuously in the right. The expediency of appointing a popular preacher, however energetic, versatile, and in the best sense earnest, to a chair of what is practically mental philosophy and metaphysics, may be doubted. Education ought to be a strict training, and, in the philosophy of morals, which almost inevitably finds, or tries to find, a basis in metaphysics, a close historical survey of the Greek schools, and a study of such unpopular works as the Ethics and the *De Anima*, has usually been thought desirable. Dr. Chalmers told the Commission of 1827 that he examined 'the moralities which reciprocate between man and man on earth, and next the moralities which connect earth with heaven.' 'I give a course of natural theology, and make palpable demonstration of the insufficiency of natural theology,' a task now confined to the Gifford Lecturer, who is believed occasionally to 'make palpable demonstration of the insufficiency' of his theme. Dr. Chalmers thus led up to Christian theology, and much may be said for this way of understanding the duties of his chair.

Dr. Chalmers's connection with St. Andrews was brief and somewhat tumultuous. His biographer,

Dr. Hanna, speaks of Dr. Brown's 'greater antecedent familiarity with the subject,' adding that 'upon the subjects of many of his lectures Dr. Brown had not reflected till he sat down to write them.'[1] This injudicious phrase is calculated to give the impression that Dr. Chalmers had not reflected at all. 'His own state of unpreparedness was so great' as to alarm Dr. Chalmers. He was now forty-three, and why he became a Professor of Moral Philosophy at forty-three, if he was unprepared, is one of the problems that sometimes occur in Scotch academic appointments. He worked away, being about a lecture or two ahead of his class throughout the session. He was very fluent and sonorous; his popularity as a preacher made strangers as well as students crowd his lecture-room, and 'the eloquent passages of the lecturer were greeted by rounds of applause.' He bore with this till a dog was brought in, which seems to have testified its admiration with the most buoyant enthusiasm. His first lecture began 'Brethren,' as he had not, apparently, been much in the habit of addressing persons to whom that collective name was unfamiliar. The defects in his improvisations Dr. Chalmers was well acquainted with: he spoke of his lectures as 'the rough and unfinished sketches of one who has had to travel with rapidity over the land. . . .

[1] *Memoirs of Dr. Chalmers*, vol. iii. p. 6.

There is a certain showy and superficial something which can be done in a very short time.' He always got a cheer, or rather a thumping of feet on the floor, when he declaimed Cowper's lines about the eminence over Voltaire of the old woman who 'knows her Bible true.' It was magnificent, but it was not moral philosophy. As a rule, moral philosophy means a good deal of metaphysics in Scotland. Dr. Chalmers preferred to keep on the human side of the subject. Applause, and crowds of spectators, are not to be won by lecturing, like Professor Ferrier, on the Greek Presocratic philosophers. The general public, with dogs, are not attracted by Ritter and Preller. Dr. Chalmers strayed, as we saw, into natural theology, and afterwards remodelled these lectures to suit a theological chair. His treatment of his matter was 'diffuse and illustrative.'[1] The lecturer would spring from his seat, and bend over the desk, and 'find his way to some picturesque conception and expressive phraseology.' There were 'excitements' as Dr. Chalmers was finding his way in this manner, Dr. Hanna remarks, and some students may have been reminded of John Knox, when his awe-struck audience expected him to 'fly out of the pulpit.' Dr. Chalmers besought his pupils not to applaud every poetical quotation: a good plan would have

[1] Hanna, vol. iii. p. 58.

been not to quote poetry at all. Whatever moral philosophy may be, it clearly is not rhetoric. The habit of making a noise invaded some of the other classes. When Dr. Chalmers asked a pupil 'who was the father of the correct theory of population,' the young Highlander answered 'Julius Cæsar,' which seems to have been wrong. Nothing was visible of the Professor for some time but his back rising and falling, like that of a sea-shouldering whale. Dr. Chalmers took a lively interest in the controversy as to whether students of the Established Kirk should be compelled to attend the College Church, if they happened to prefer another tabernacle. There was an 'unacceptable' minister in the College Church, and Lord Melville did not select Dr. Chalmers's candidate. The object of the rule, of course, was to see that the men did go to church. Dr. Duff is kind enough to say that 'the St. Andrews students were, previous to the advent of Dr. Chalmers, a singularly Godless, Christless class.' The University could not make them godly, but it could make them go to the College Church. Hence the persecuting measure which restrained their tastes. We, who had been 'a Lebanon' under Rutherford, were 'a mass of moral putrescence on which the quickening salt then fell' in the person of Dr. Chalmers, says Dr. Duff. Dr. Duff's metaphors are mixed: salt

does not quicken putrescent matter—quite the reverse.[1]

Dr. Chalmers was involved in another controversy, out of which he came morally and deservedly triumphant. To put it briefly, since 1784, the professors, after a review of the finances, had helped themselves to the surplus, without much regarding the money needed for repairs of buildings and general expenses. About a third of Dr. Chalmers's income would have come from this source. He could not see that the proceedings were legal, and he refused to draw his 'Candlemas dividends.' The money lay in the bank, but, with an honourable scrupulousness, he refused to touch it. He stated his opinions to the Commissioners; nothing was settled. After he left St. Andrews for Edinburgh, the Commissioners, in 1829, informed him that they saw 'no good reason' why he should not receive the money. He therefore drew it, as he had a perfect right to do, and then found, in 1831, that the report of the Commission censured the principal and professors. Verily he did well to be angry. In his conduct he was a worthy Professor of Moral Philosophy; as to his lectures, his biographer leaves an impression that he was somewhat too rhetorical. But it is not easy to hit the happy medium between exciting too much

[1] Hanna, vol. iii. p. 196.

and not exciting at all. Dr. Chalmers was a great lover of the antiquities of St. Andrews. Among the oldest and most dilapidated were the College buildings.

In 1827 a Commission found the University rather ruinous in its buildings, and not absolutely at peace within itself. St. Mary's was 'wretched and dilapidated.' The ancient western part of the United Colleges' fabric 'appears entirely ruinous and incapable of repair.' The lecture-rooms were 'extremely mean, small, confined, and insufficient.' The newer part of the building was also 'in a most dilapidated state.' Professor Hunter was ashamed when people came to see the Colleges. It was asked whether professors detained library books 'for twenty or thirty years:' the vice-rector, Doctor Buist, thought this was unusual. Many books had been lost, and this is hardly strange, as books used to be lent to people living at the ends of the earth. The library had benefited by fees of medical graduates; this business of medical degrees is, or lately was, a burning question, into which the historian is anxious not to press. At this time the undergraduates seem still to have been divided into primars, sons of noblemen; secondars, gentlemen commoners; and ternars, 'from the common ranks of life.' These undemocratic distinctions are obsolete. The students in the two

first years were aged from twelve to fifteen; in the first Greek class the teaching was 'perfectly elementary.' As punishments sixpenny fines were imposed by the old statutes, and a student like Berkeley could cheaply have escaped all lectures. One rude student threw a shilling on the floor at Dr. Chalmers's feet, in his early days.

Among noted pupils about Dr. Chalmers's time was Dr. Robert Lee, minister, later, of the Grey Friars Church in Edinburgh, very well known for his efforts to get Presbyterian services conducted 'with amenity and reverence.' In his student years, about 1821, Mr. Skelton says that Dr. Lee found St. Andrews 'a truly academic city, a dark, sombre, ruinous, ill-lighted, badly paved, old-fashioned, old-mannered, secluded place. . . . Old-fashioned professors and old-fashioned ladies looked after keen-eyed, threadbare students, who, in red and ragged gowns, like the early Edinburgh Reviewers, cultivated the Muses upon a little oatmeal.'[1]

It is unnecessary, and might be dangerous, to examine the later history of the University. The old College buildings have been removed, except that tall block which contains Dr. Chalmers's class-room, and the little museum with Kennedy's maces and the silver arrows, with the medals of Argyll and Montrose.

[1] *Mary Stuart and Other Papers*, p. 308.

The new buildings are adequate and airy; they contain no rooms for students, who live in the town. The old house next the College, with the saint in a niche of the tower, is the Union; it answers the purposes of the Union at Oxford and Cambridge. There is dinner in hall daily, a thing not usual in Scotch Universities. The numbers of the students are as high as they ever have been, except perhaps in the years of Dr. Chalmers's attractions. The University has received a considerable bequest from an Australian benefactor; additional chairs have been founded, and there is a kind of unholy alliance or amalgamation with Dundee College.

Of recent times, even were it advisable, it is superfluous to speak.[1] The names of Forbes, Tulloch, Shairp, Ferrier, Sellar, and Campbell have illustrated the Principalships and the Chairs of Greek, Latin, and Moral Philosophy. The library has been added to, a fine hall has been built, and it is a bower, or arbour, much better regulated than in the days of Dr. Chalmers.

The town suffered and rejoiced forty years ago under a very energetic reformer, Sir Hugh Lyon Playfair. He swept away 'middens,' or dunghills;

[1] The curious may find plenty of personal information about St. Andrews professors and ministers in Mrs. Oliphant's *Life of Principal Tulloch*, in A. K. H. B.'s *Twenty-five Years of St. Andrews*, and in Professor Knight's *Life of Principal Shairp*.

he also swept away ancient remains, 'fore-stairs,' and old projecting porches of houses. Strange tales are told of his arbitrary acts and of assaults on St. Leonard's Chapel, in which the Principal, Sir David Brewster, is also implicated. God's revenge against Philistines fell on Sir David. He lived in George Buchanan's part of St. Leonard's, which was haunted by strange noises. Many a time his family heard the philosopher scurry in a terror from his study to his bedchamber. Once he saw the wraith of Mr. Lyon, the historian of St. Andrews, so Sir David's daughter testifies. Sir Hugh, for his wicked part, is said to have carried violently away the old arch in front of San Salvator's; it now lies in fragments on the grass behind the College. Sir Hugh Playfair found St. Andrews picturesque and left it clean, or cleaner than its ancient and fishlike wont. It is a melancholy topic, over which post-Playfairian visitors can only weep, not knowing how much mischief was done, and rather preferring not to know. George Buchanan's study in St. Leonard's had then its old fore-stair, by which alone it could be approached. 'Tis gone, much is gone; much that was old and might have been made clean.

The modern St. Andrews is a city of many schools, and in summer is a watering-place.

Its antiquities are kept in good repair; its hotels

do not invade the picturesque part of the town, the cathedral end, the beautiful Pends, the old abbey wall with its ivy-grown towers, the ruins of Kirkheugh and of the castle. It were superfluous to dwell on the attractions of golf; like certain golfing tombstones in the cathedral the topic is not harmonious with a history of ancient faiths and feuds, ruins and revolutions. The historian, however, cannot but chronicle the merits, so kindly and genial, of famous Tom Morris, the Nestor of golf, 'and wale o' auld men.'

Not in summer, among crowds of holiday-making strangers, but in winter, when the scarlet gowns of the students brighten the dim streets, and the waves fill the roofless fanes with their monotone, is the time to see St. Andrews. The world alters; new cries ring above the unceasing brawl of men, but the northern sea, with its changeless voice, we hear as Eadmer heard it, and St. Margaret, Beaton, and Queen Mary, Knox in his chamber in the besieged castle, and Bruce in the priory. Even so forlorn, when St. Andrews is but a fishing village again, men will hear the tide as they stand on the wave-worn promontory whence the great broken towers shall have fallen. Have all our revolutions, all our changes of creed, all the bloodshed and the burning, made men happier? Is the truth as near us now as

it was when the Pictish king died here in religion, or when Knox held, as he deemed, the actual verity and secret of the world? We grow grey like the 'dear city of youth and dream,' the city of our youth; like her, we have seen too many changes and known too many disappointments. Her shattered monuments yet behold the sea, the sun, the sky; to have done so much, says the Greek, is not to have failed. So some may muse as the pale winter sunset fades beyond the sands. In the minds of others their own memories will be uppermost, as in Scott's, while he sat, old and weary, but undefeated, at the foot of the great tower which he could no longer climb.

'I did not go up to St. Rule's tower, as on former occasions; this is a falling-off, for when before did I remain sitting below when there was a steeple to be ascended? . . . I sat down on a gravestone and recollected the first visit I made to St. Andrews, now thirty-four years ago. What changes in my feelings and fortunes have since then taken place! some for the better, many for the worse. I remembered the name I then carved in runic characters on the turf beside the castle-gate, and I asked why it should still agitate my heart.' *Humana perpessi sumus!*

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